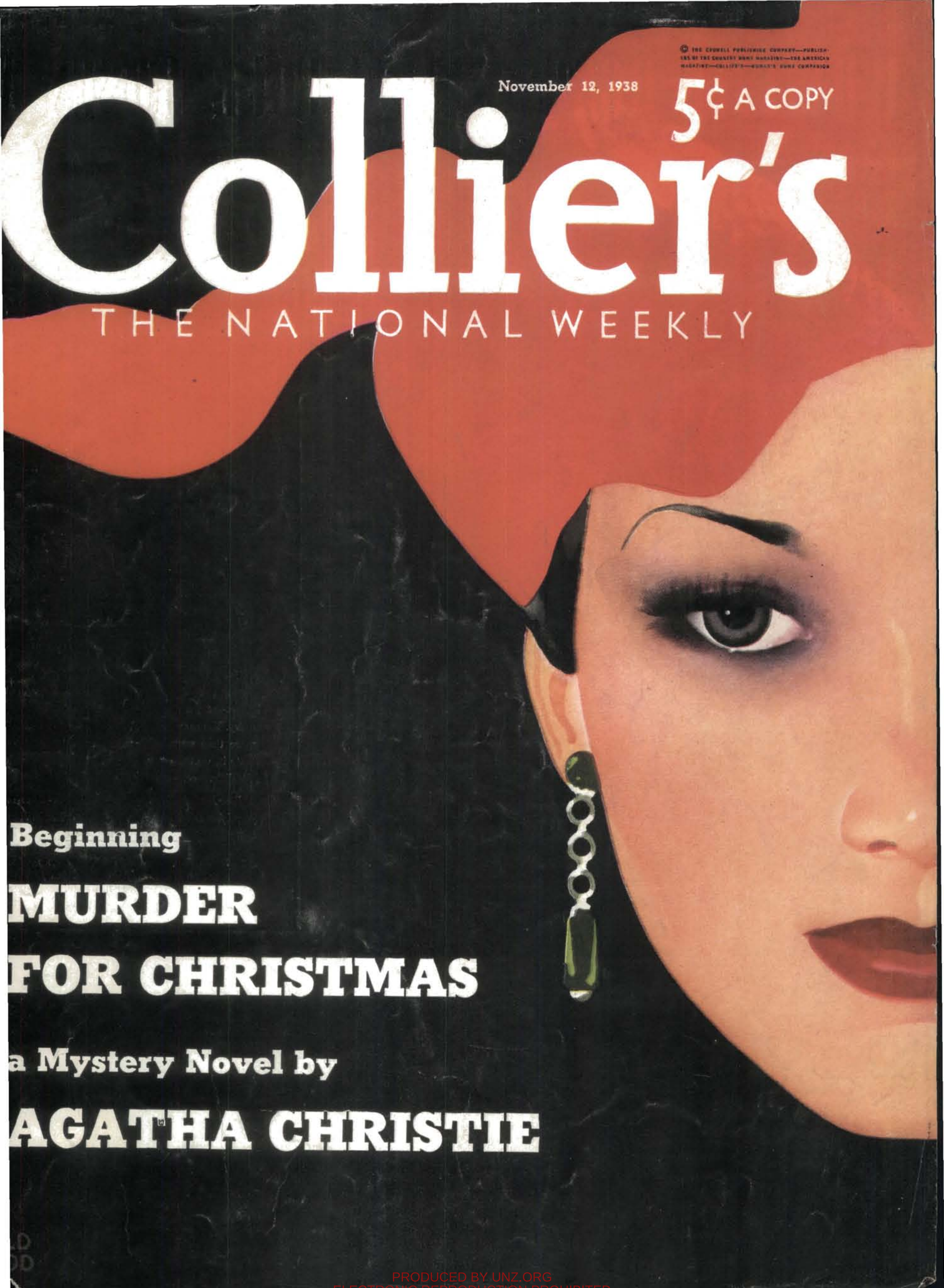


© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

November 12, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Beginning

MURDER FOR CHRISTMAS

a Mystery Novel by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

WHY FIVE ROSES....IN A FOUR ROSES AD

IT WAS A NEW JERSEY FLORIST who suggested that the greatness of Four Roses Whiskey could best be proved with *five* roses.

Said he: "Knowing how you people make Four Roses, I thought you'd be interested in a beautiful new variety of rose which has been developed in much the same manner—*by combining four different varieties.*"

We asked him to send us all five roses...and here they are.

Each of the four roses in the vase is a different variety. But the fifth rose is the most exquisite of them all! For *this* is the rose achieved by patient crossing and re-crossing...the rose that combines *all* the best qualities of the other four.

In much the same way, Four Roses Whiskey is a deliberate combination of *several* fine whiskies—*several* whiskies merged together to make *one* whiskey that's finer still—*Four Roses!*

Doesn't this sound like the whiskey you've been hoping to find? Just try it and see! Ask for Four Roses—at your favorite bar or package store—*today*. You may find that Four Roses costs a little more than some other whiskies, but when you taste it, we think you'll be mighty glad you paid the difference!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

The roses in the vase are the BRIARCLIFF, ROSE HILL, COLUMBIA, and OPHELIA. The fifth rose is the HAPPY DAYS rose.

Advice to Father from a Man aged Seven— Ipana and Massage for firmer gums, brighter teeth

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LUCKY YOUNG AMERICA! Thanks to their dentists and their teachers thousands of young Americans will have *healthier* and *brighter* smiles than their parents. Gum massage wasn't taught in the little red school house era, but it's being taught today in many classrooms all over the nation.

Young Billy here knows the importance of gum massage—the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth and a winning, sparkling smile. He knows the *meaning*—and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

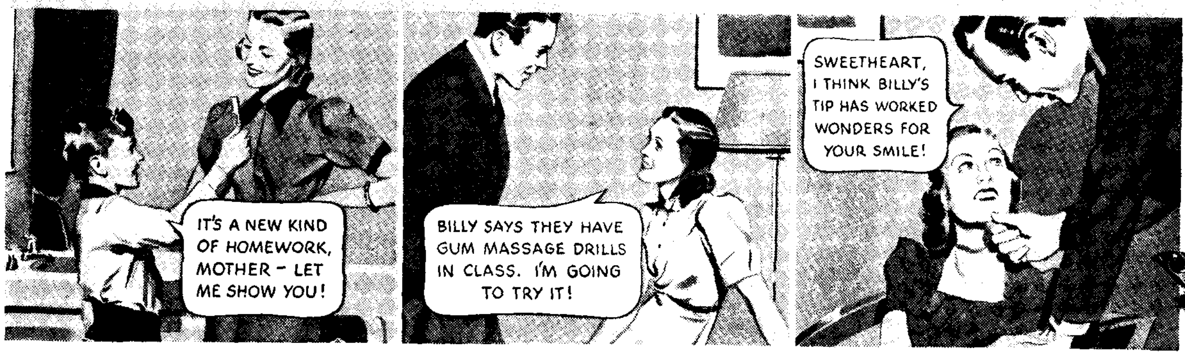
"Pink tooth brush," of course, is only a warning. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "lazy gums—gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier, more able to resist trouble.

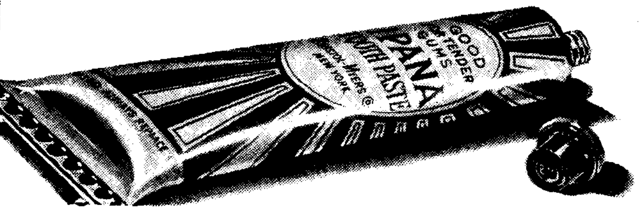
Play safe! Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage can do to help you keep your smile a winning, sparkling smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist today for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

BILLY TEACHES MOTHER HOW TO HAVE A LOVELIER SMILE!


IT'S A NEW KIND OF HOMEWORK, MOTHER - LET ME SHOW YOU!
BILLY SAYS THEY HAVE GUM MASSAGE DRILLS IN CLASS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT!
SWEETHEART, I THINK BILLY'S TIP HAS WORKED WONDERS FOR YOUR SMILE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

Nov. 12.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 12, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
ROBERT McCORMICK *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Transportation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
MAX WILKINSON *Fiction*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

A MAN needs an audience. Even a man like Patsy with ten years of big-time pro football to his credit. Every week thousands of eyes watched him. But that was different. What he needed was a personal audience, and Georgie Brown supplied that.

That is, for a time she did. But Georgie belonged at the top of the world, and Patsy was almost too tired to climb the steep and social stairs that led to her. Especially when he could look up and see Barry Edwards already there, already part of Georgie's gay little world. But there was *still* a lot of football left in Patsy and even enough brains to discover a more important audience than Georgie. "Uptown Boy" is by William Fay.

WHEN Hitler raises his voice in a half-threatening, half-pleading squeak for a return of Germany's colonies what's in his mind? Raw *materials? Glory? Don't be naive.* Germany doesn't need colonies, but she will overlook no chance to improve her trading position. The whole story of "The Colony Racket" is told by Winston Churchill, who, in the various cabinet posts he has occupied, has had a ringside seat for the show.

WHAT Midge Evans asked Merry to do for her was simple enough—just to make one unscheduled stop of the bus to save her a walk of three miles. Against the rules, of course, but really a small favor. How was he to foresee that she *would have men with her, men who* carried guns? After that Merry had it all figured out: If one woman was a tramp, they were all tramps. "Sweet Poison" by D. D. Beauchamp shows you what led him to change his mind.

WHATEVER severities this winter may have in store, fashion is giving no encouragement to girls who like to sit indoors. She has arranged for them to be not only comfortable but beautiful outdoors. Aimee Larkin gives you a "First Look at Winter."

FOR four years in boarding school Cairnsy waited on Francy. She even lied, connived and helped her straighten out her string of men. All because Francy was pretty and spoiled and looked so innocent. And then came Paul Farr, who understood Francy with upsetting completeness. "Eyes of Blue" is by Duncan Norton-Taylor.

ADDITIONAL stories and articles come from Daniel Fuchs, Humphrey Cobb, Katharine Roberts, Agatha Christie and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

HARRY SYLVESTER
Orders Disobeyed. Gridiron feud—and the girl who couldn't *understand it.* Page 12

RICHARD HOFFMAN
Little Dope. Jail break! Page 16

FRANK CONDON
Slow Emotion. Hawaiian romance at the double quick. Page 20

LESTER ATWELL
Ruthie. Love story of a reluctant tutor. Page 25

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Fortitude, by Robert Ormond Case. Page 17

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder for Christmas. The first of ten parts. Candidate for death—the new serial. Page 9

HUMPHREY COBB
None But the Brave. The third of six parts. Patterson takes charge. Page 22

ARTICLES

R. S. RICHARDSON
Shadow on the Moon. Spying on a neighbor. Page 14

JACK DEMPSEY
Girls Go for Massacres. Bring on the gladiators! Page 15

HAROLD L. ICKES
Our Right to Power. The government's power policy—by the man who executes it. Page 18

KYLE CRICHTON
On Pins and Needles. Garment workers on tour. Page 34

ELWYN GIBBON
Commuting to War. An American pilot fights for China. Page 44

●

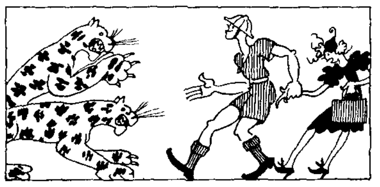
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
You Can't Go Back.
Let's See Your Credit Card. Page 74

COVER RONALD McLEOD

Any Week

OUR burning passion to serve is cooled somewhat by the last paragraph of a letter from an English gentleman in Africa. Therein he asks us not to identify him. And this is too bad because we're pretty sure that this department might rustle him up precisely what he asks for—a wife. However, we may tantalize you with a few particulars. He owns a large coffee, maize and dairy ranch on a cool plateau. There are not, he regrets, any elephants, lions, tigers, rhinos or giraffes to be hunted on his acres but there are leopards—and leopards can be "lots of fun." He writes that there are no marriageable young women in his sector and that he doesn't care for English gals. Too scratchy, he says. But he'd like an American girl. Thinks they're "marvelous." If she'd like to invest $3,000 in his ranch, he'd appreciate her all the more. But she'd be welcome provided she could pay her own passage out. "I'm six feet," says he, "slim, athletic, educated, fair hair, blue eyes, thirty-one years old and not bad-looking. If you can do anything for me I should be immensely grateful." We spoke to our secretary about it. She says she'd hold out for more information about the leopards—and *how funny are they!*

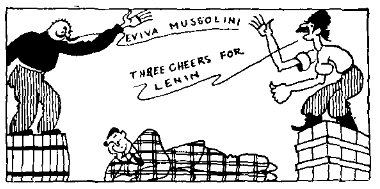


BUT maybe it's just as well we don't become too deeply involved. Much safer to deal with fellows who don't want our help. For example, here's Mr. Andrew Bunter of Aberdeen, Mississippi. Mr. Bunter invites us to call on him but warns us that it will be "an unprofitable and perhaps dull" expedition. "I am an obscure individual," writes Mr. Bunter, "a relic of the past, existing on a pension of eight dollars a week, with nothing to do all day except write letters to editors. I can be of no use to you in any way and probably of little interest. I have never done a thing that I consider important. I have raised a family of four daughters and one son, all of whom are successful plain citizens. I have had some of the simple troubles of life and many of the simple pleasures. I want little, owe nothing, and, doubt it if you will, I'm happy."

POOR fellow. Maybe he's never read the Congressional Record or listened to speeches by Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, or Mr. Harold Ickes. Probably he's never been glowered at by Mr. John L. Lewis nor yearned over by Mr. Harry Hopkins. Possibly he's so far gone that he doesn't devote his time to speculating upon whether Mr. Roosevelt will seek a third term. Yes, and re-reading his letter we find that Mr. Bunter hasn't even a plan to revise our currency or create a new banking system. The fellow's hopeless. As far as we're concerned he's in the same class as Mr. Arthur McM. Padden of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who has just informed us that "the United States of America is okay and there ought to be a law making politicians leave it alone and compelling editors to shut up."

IF THERE were such a wholesale law we'd have time to look up the answer to a defeater sent in by Mrs. Jessie J. Luckener of Washington, D. C. "What is the charge for bringing in Oriental women for household purposes?" asks she. "And where does one apply?"

OR WE'D be able to solve a problem that's been depriving Dr. H. H. Marriatt of Chicago, Illinois, of sleep. "Why is it," asks the doctor, "that the minute a fellow starts running for public office he becomes an economist, sociologist and expert in government in spite of the fact that he's never got higher than the two-bit stage in private life?"



BUT as long as we're at liberty to keep on erupting opinions and scattering advice we'll continue to argue with correspondents like Mr. Joe Timmanus of Wilmington, Delaware, who would dissolve the Dies Committee, which, as you know, is looking for un-American political activities. Says Mr. Timmanus: "There are no un-American activities of any kind. If there is anything going on in the world that isn't being done here it don't amount to anything anyway. And anyway, if there is anything going on that we don't do ourselves what is a guy like Martin Dies going to do about it? Who is he to say that a crackpot can't get up on a barrel and give three cheers for Lenin or Mussolini? I'm just a goofy Democrat but I'd like to point out that I've got a right to say what I like and so has everybody else."

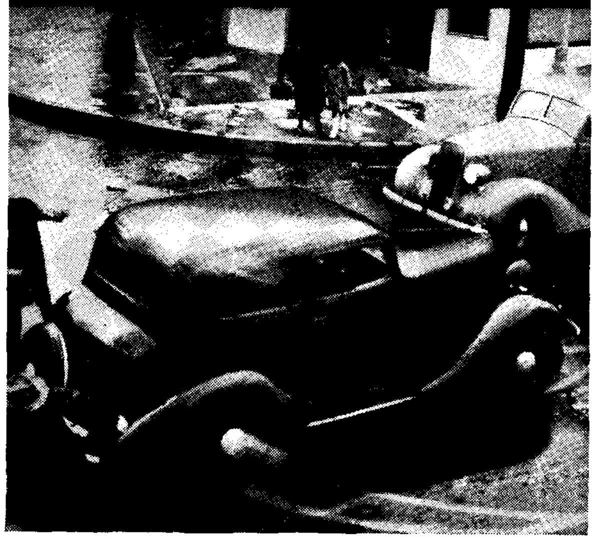
INCLUDING Mr. Dies. W. D.

Vol. 102. No. 20. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

WATCH OUT FOR THESE THIS WINTER!

1. STALLS!

2. SKIDS!

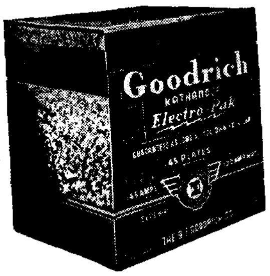


3. SHIVERS!

3 WAYS YOU CAN GET QUICK RELIEF FROM WINTER DRIVING GRIEF!

New-Type Battery Guaranteed As Long As You Own Your Car

QUICKER STARTS



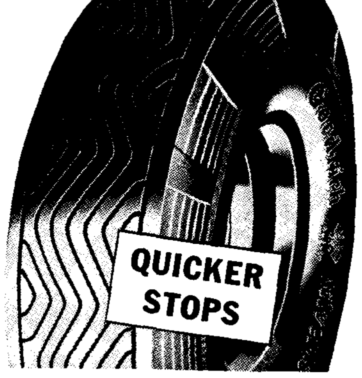
● Think of it! No matter how long you own your car—no matter how far you drive it—if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak* you buy fails to give satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge*, as clearly stated in the written guarantee. Isn't this the super-power battery you're looking for to save you battery grief and expense for years to come? See it today.

*Made under the Kathanode patent

The New Goodrich KATHANODE *Electro-Pak*

NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN

● WET ROADS AHEAD! *Now* is the time to replace those smooth, dangerous tires with the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. Its amazing Life-Saver Tread acts like a whole battery of windshield wipers—*sweeps wet roads dry*—stops you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before! And Silvertowns also give you the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection. *Yet they cost not a penny extra!* For *tomorrow's* safety get Silvertowns *today!*



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

New Twin-Fan Heater "Heat Conditions" Your Car Front and Back

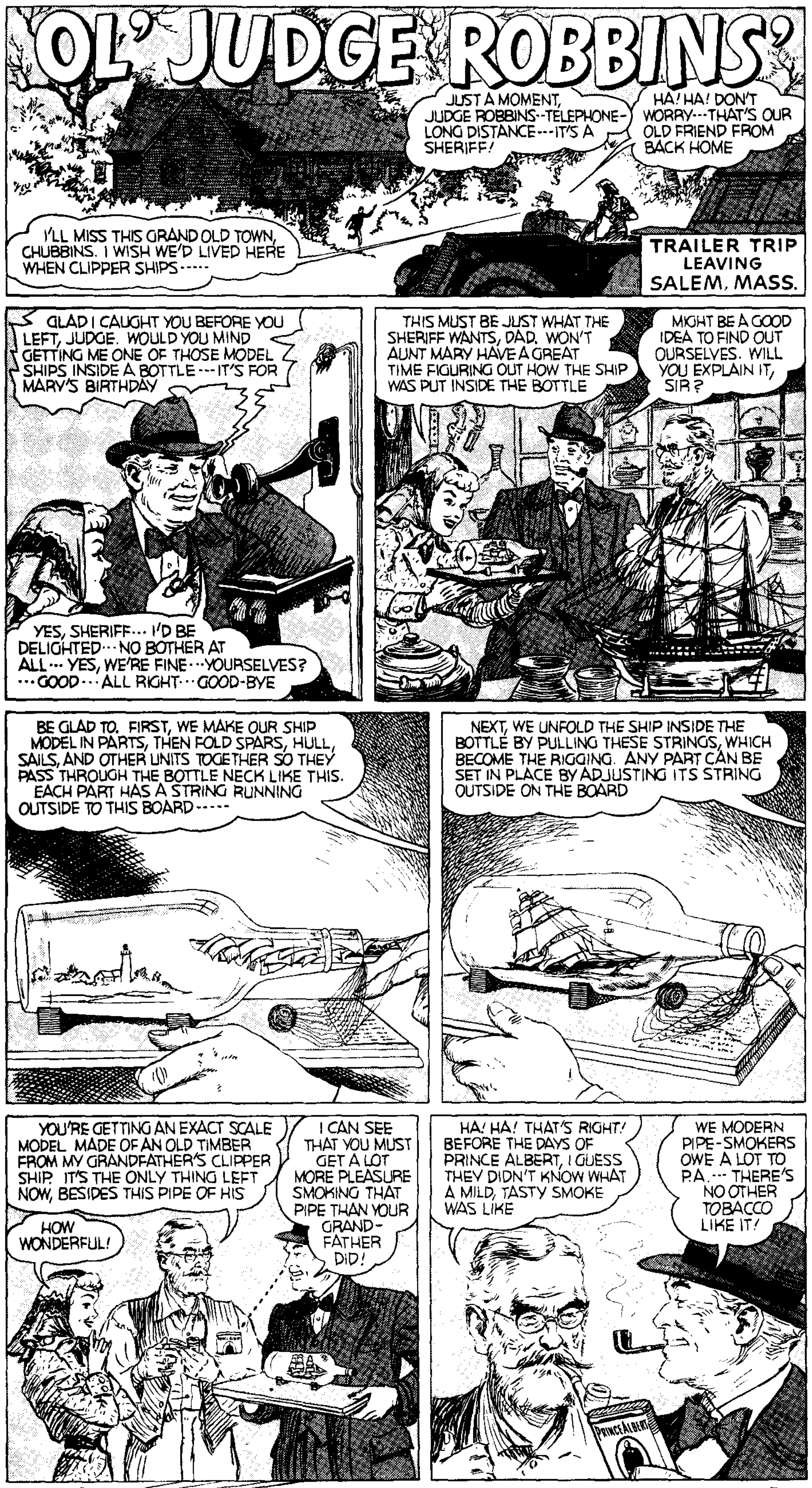
● "Down draft" heat! *Two* fans instead of one! Here's a complete *heat conditioning unit* that sends warmth down to the floorboards—up to the windshield defroster outlets—to the whole front seat—and out through the entire car. If you want a real "heat conditioned" car, get a Goodrich Model "81" Heater now.

QUICKER HEAT

The New Goodrich *Model "81"* Heater

See Your Goodrich *Dealer*

FOR MONEY-SAVING, TROUBLE-SAVING PRODUCTS ALL YEAR 'ROUND · *Free Service*


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
JUST A MOMENT, JUDGE ROBBINS--TELEPHONE--LONG DISTANCE---IT'S A SHERIFF!
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY---THAT'S OUR OLD FRIEND FROM BACK HOME
I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN CLIPPER SHIPS-----
TRAILER TRIP LEAVING SALEM, MASS.
GLAD I CAUGHT YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT, JUDGE. WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME ONE OF THOSE MODEL SHIPS INSIDE A BOTTLE---IT'S FOR MARY'S BIRTHDAY
YES, SHERIFF... I'D BE DELIGHTED...NO BOTHER AT ALL... YES, WE'RE FINE...YOURSELVES? ...GOOD...ALL RIGHT...GOOD-BYE
THIS MUST BE JUST WHAT THE SHERIFF WANTS, DAD. WON'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?
BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD-----
NEXT, WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD
YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS
I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THAT PIPE THAN YOUR GRAND-FATHER DID!
HOW WONDERFUL!
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE
WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO P.A.--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
PRINCE ALBERT

YOUR GUIDE TO REAL SMOKING JOY
PRINCE ALBERT'S A SURE WAY TO MORE PIPE-PLEASURE. IT'S EXTRA MILD —TASTES RICHER WITHOUT HARSHNESS!
P.A. MEANS FAST, EASY-ROLLING 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES, TOO—I GET AROUND 70 MELLOW SMOKES TO THE TIN!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

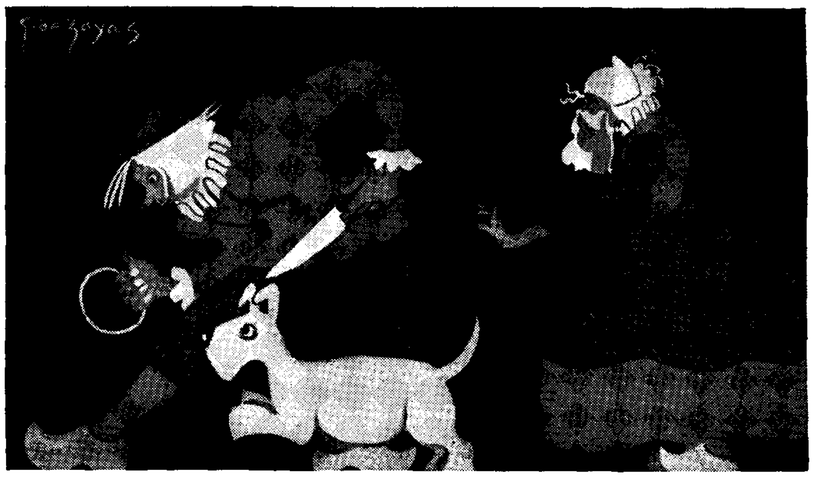
SO MILD!

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

YOU'LL SAY: DELIGHTED! OR BACK COMES YOUR MONEY

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

During the periods of famine in the Netherlands in bygone years, all dogs over a certain size, or those that could not pass through the "dog ring," were ordered killed because they required too much food. One of these iron rings may still be seen in The Old Church in Amsterdam.—*By F. W. van Emden, Wichita Falls, Texas.*

The longest dialogue scene ever released in an American movie is believed to be in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." This one scene, in which Andy talked to his father "as man to man" about his love affairs, covered 978 feet of film, contained 1,022 words and ran ten minutes and 52 seconds, or longer than most animated cartoons.

An 82-year-old monk, one Mihailo Tolotos, who died recently in a monastery on Mount Athos in Greece, was given a special burial ceremony because, according to available records, he was the only man known who had never seen a woman. His mother having died when he was born, Mihailo was taken to Athos the next day and remained there throughout his life, never once leaving this mountain where all female creatures have been excluded for centuries.

A set of drawings, believed to illustrate all the emotional expressions of the face, contains nearly seven hundred portrait sketches.—*By Arthur Hirose, New York City.*

The Great Geyser of Iceland was one of the most peculiar natural springs of its kind ever known. Although in eruption since remote antiquity, it virtually died about 1910. For several years, however, it would erupt when some forty pounds of soap were thrown into it.

Of all the thousands of species of flowers growing throughout the world, more than ninety per cent either have an unpleasant odor or none at all. An outstanding example of an odorless flower is the rose, among whose numerous wild and horticultural varieties ninety-nine per cent are without fragrance.

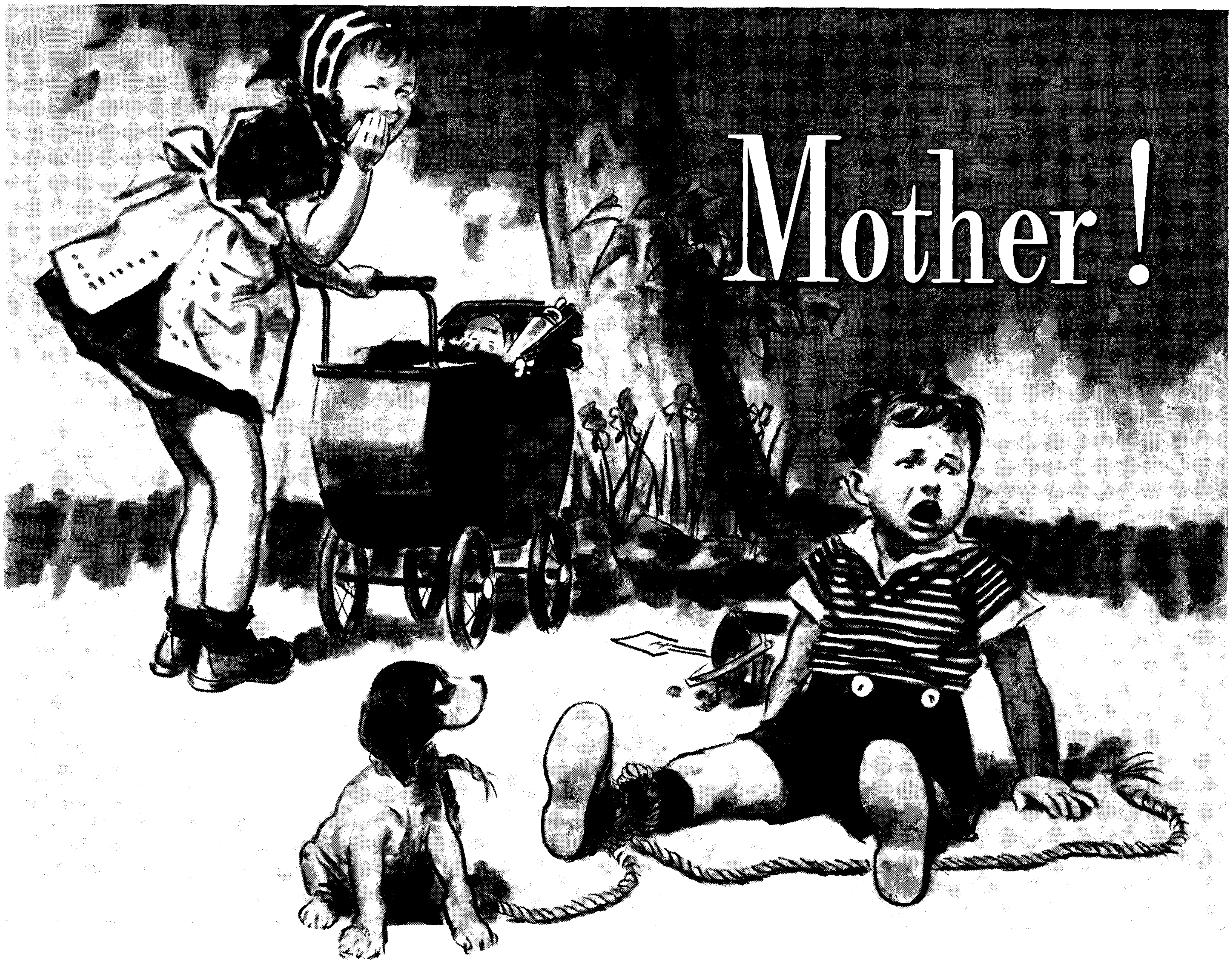
The largest tuned bell in the world, weighing 18¼ tons, is in the great 72-bell carillon in the Riverside Church, New York City. Incidentally, such a bell can never get out of tune except, of course, when it is cracked.—*By Mabel Giraud, San Antonio, Texas.*

Before 1492, neither a single food plant nor a domesticated food animal was common to both the Eastern and Western hemispheres, despite the fact that man had inhabited both sides of the earth for thousands of years.—*By John Roche, New York City.*

Although there are at least 11,000 musical tones that can be distinguished by the human ear, only a relative few are used in music because the scale is based on the human voice with its various limitations.

A study of the eyes of Americans reveals that 37 per cent have blue eyes, 26 per cent gray eyes, 18 per cent hazel eyes, 17 per cent brown eyes and two per cent eyes that cannot be classified.—*By Evangeline Pugsley, Framingham, Massachusetts.*

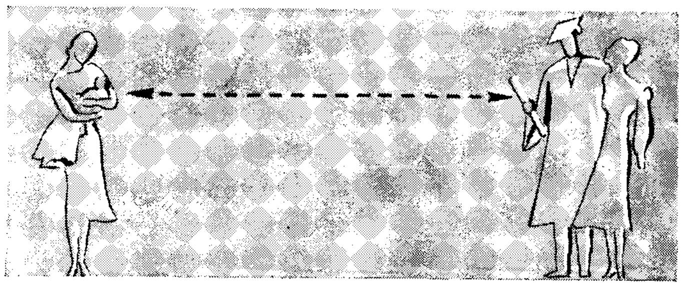
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



FROM CRADLE TO COLLEGE IT'S "MOTHER"—24 HOURS A DAY

YOU want your children to have a 24-hour MOTHER, at least until they are "on their own". Do you know that you can guarantee them a substantial monthly income from now until this period of greatest need is over? You can do it, even though your earnings are modest, through special John Hancock plans which provide maximum protection over the years when your family needs it most.

These plans have double-protection periods of 10, 15, or 20 years, during which maximum INCOME is provided. Should you not live to the end of those years when the children are growing up and wholly dependent upon you, a definite monthly income would be provided until they are capable of self-support. Then the full value of the policy would become payable. With this fund, mothers can be protected for life.

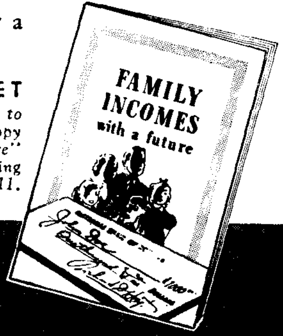


When the Family Needs Income Most

Should your earnings stop permanently, would your wife have to seek work to support herself and children? From babyhood through their 'teens, children need the 24-hour supervision that only a mother gives.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET

John Hancock income plans can be arranged to fit the needs of YOUR family. Send for a copy of our booklet, "Family Incomes With a Future" and learn about modern methods of planning life insurance. Address Department C-11.


FAMILY INCOMES with a future

John Hancock

GUY W. COX, President

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WHAS
WSB
WSM
WIS
SOFT
LOUD
PHILCO

...WHAT A THRILL!
IMAGINE! ...NO WIRES...
NO CONNECTIONS TO ANYTHING...
YET YOU RUN THE NEW PHILCO
FROM ANY ROOM IN YOUR HOME!

PHILCO *Mystery Control*

No Wires..
No Plug-in..
No Cords of any kind

BE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND *. . . for the miracle of Philco Mystery Control is hard to believe!* There are absolutely no wires, no connections of any kind between the Mystery Control and the radio. It has no cords, no plug-in connection to the house current or anything else. It is free of all attachments and as light as a book on your library table! And still, by Mystery Control, you operate the new Philco in your living room from any place, any chair, any spot in your home . . . as far away as you can enjoy its glorious tone.

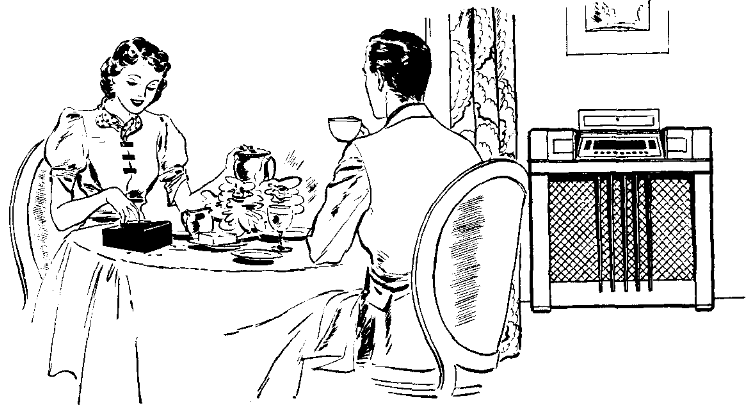
That's why Philco Mystery Control is so *thrilling!* When you turn the dial at your dining room table, for instance, and hear the station change on the radio in your living room, you seem possessed of a strange, magical power . . . a sixth sense that astonishes you, no less than those who are near you.

And from day to day, the great *practical* value of this miraculous Philco achievement grows upon you. Every time you comfortably run the radio from wherever you may be in your home, without the annoyance of jumping up and running to and fro as you did before, you thank the scientific research that brought you this new radio comfort . . . the inventive genius that adds this new triumph to the long series of inventions that have kept Philco first in public preference.

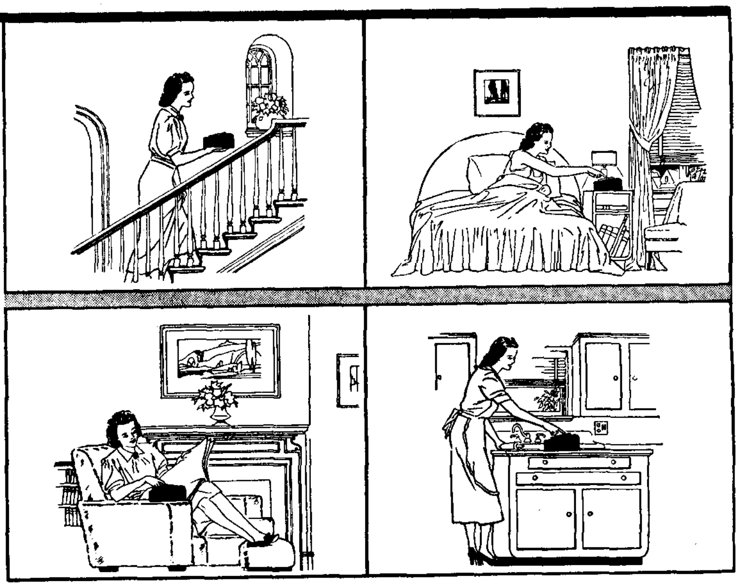
See it! Try it! Buy it! Enjoy it! The Philco dealer near your home is ready to demonstrate and explain the wonders of Philco Mystery Control—without obligation. It's worth your while to visit him . . . *today!*

The easiest of Monthly Terms make Philco Mystery Control truly easy to buy. Liberal Trade-in Allowance! Ask your Philco dealer.

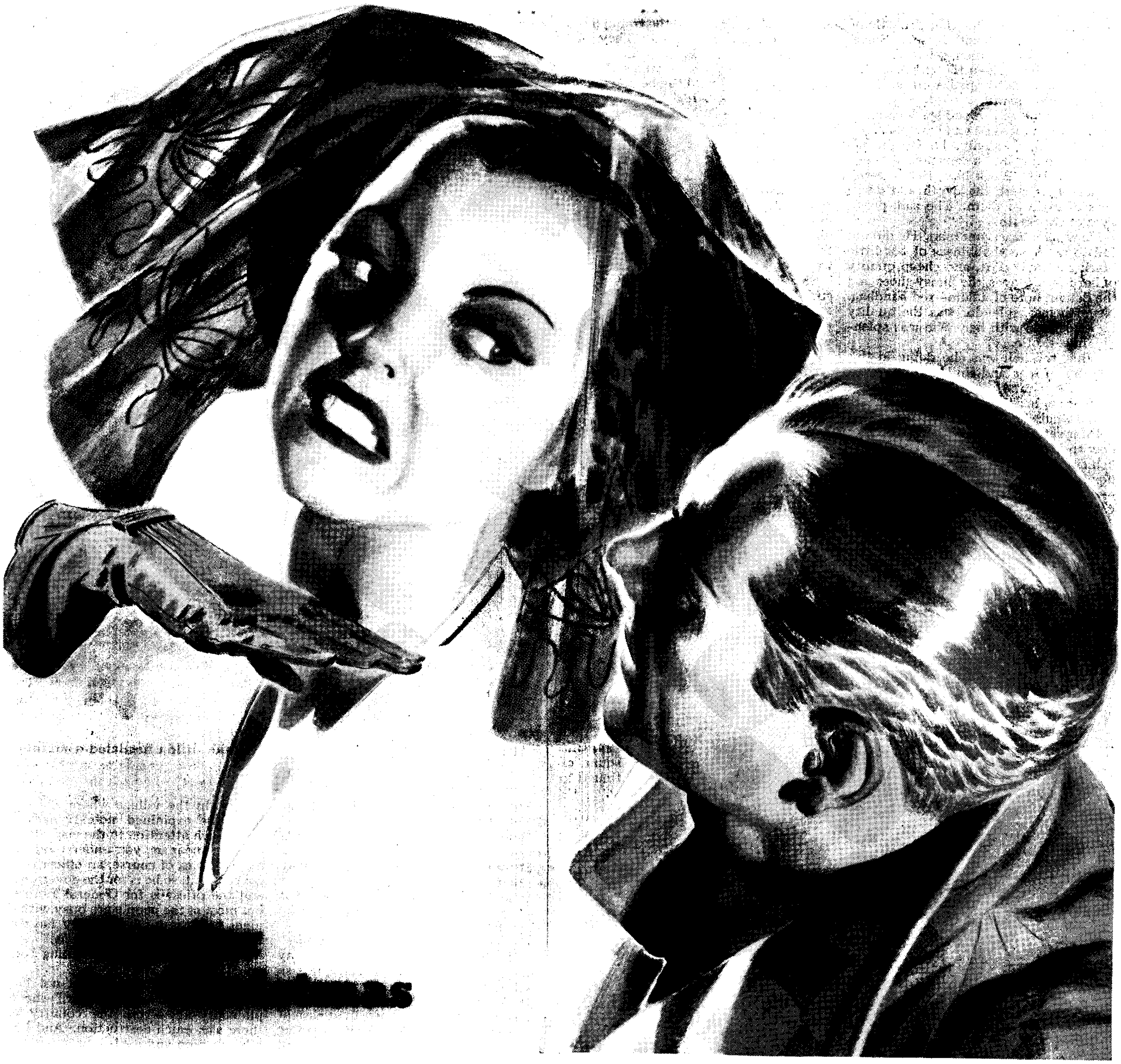
PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL *gives you both the beautiful new Spinet type radio with complete American and Foreign reception, using the new, streamline disc controls for manual tuning . . . and also the exciting Mystery Control unit for convenient Remote Control from any room in your home.*



Since the Mystery Control unit has no wire connections of any kind to the radio or anything else, you carry it easily in one hand, and place it wherever you may wish in your home—by any chair in the living room, in the dining room, kitchen or bedroom, upstairs or downstairs, even outside on your porch or lawn. And then, by simply turning the dial, you control from a distance the lovely new Philco in your living room—change stations, control volume, turn the radio off!



Collier's The National Weekly for November 12, 1938



[illegible]

Stephen Farr was momentarily taken aback. He said: "You're a bloodthirsty young woman!"

By Agatha Christie

As long as there is a Hercule Poirot there can never be a perfect crime. Here the French genius—who knows even better than you how good he is—begins again the fascinating process of bringing a killer to doom

STEPHEN pulled up the collar of his coat as he walked briskly along the platform. Overhead a dim fog clouded the station. Large engines hissed superbly, throwing off clouds of steam into the cold raw air. Everything was dirty and smoke-grimed.

Stephen thought with revulsion: "What a foul country—what a foul city!"

His first excited reaction to London, its shops, its restaurants, its well-dressed, attractive women, had faded. He saw it now as a glittering rhinestone set in a dingy setting.

Supposing he were back in South Africa now. . . . He felt a quick pang of homesickness. Sunshine—blue skies—gardens of flowers—cool blue flowers—hedges of plumbago—blue convolvulus clinging to every little shanty.

And here—dirt, grime and endless, incessant crowds—moving, hurrying, jostling. Busy ants running industriously about their anthill.

He thought: "I wish I hadn't come. . . ."

Then he remembered his purpose and his lips set back in a grim line. No, by hell, he'd go on with it! He'd planned this for years. He'd always meant to do—what he was going to do. Yes, he'd go on with it!

That momentary reluctance, that sudden questioning of himself: "Why? Is it worth it? Why dwell on the past? Why not wipe out the whole thing?"—all that was only weakness. He was not a boy—to be turned this way and that by the whim of a moment. He was a man of forty, assured, purposeful. He would get on with it. He would do what he had come to England to do.

He got on the train and passed along the corridor looking for a place. He had waved aside a porter and was carrying his own rawhide suitcase. He looked into carriage after carriage. The train was full. It was only three days before Christmas.

Stephen Farr looked distastefully at the crowded carriages.

People! Incessant, innumerable people! And all so—so—what was the word?—so drab-looking! So alike, so horribly alike! Those that hadn't faces like sheep had faces like rabbits, he thought. Some of them chattered and fussed. Some, heavy middle-aged men, grunted. More like pigs, those. Even the girls, slender, egg-faced, scarlet-lipped, were of a depressing uniformity.

He thought with a sudden longing of open veldt, sunbaked and lonely. . . .

And then, suddenly, he caught his breath, looking into a carriage. This girl was different. Black hair, rich, creamy pallor—eyes with the depth and darkness of night in them. The sad, proud *eyes of the South*. . . .

He was an observant man. He did not fail to note the shabbiness of her little black coat and skirt, and cheap quality of her fabric gloves, the flimsy shoes and the defiant note of a flame-red handbag. Nevertheless, splendor was the quality he associated with her. She *was* splendid, fine, exotic. . . .

What the hell was she doing in this country of fogs and chills and hurrying industrious ants?

He thought: "I've got to know who she is and what she's doing here. . . ."

Pilar sat squeezed up against the window and thought how very odd the English smelled. . . . It was what had struck her so far most forcibly about England—the difference of smell. There was no garlic and no dust and very little perfume. In this carriage now there was a smell of cold stuffiness—the sulphur smell of the trains—the smell of soap and another very unpleasant smell—it came, she thought, from the fur collar of the stout woman sitting beside her. Pilar sniffed delicately, imbibing the odor of moth balls reluctantly. It was a funny scent to choose to put on yourself, she thought.

A whistle blew, a stentorian voice cried out something and the train jerked slowly out of the station. They had started. She was on her way. . . .

Her heart beat a little faster. Would it be all right? Would she be able to accomplish what she had set out to do? Surely—surely—she had thought it all out so carefully. . . . She was prepared for every eventuality. Oh, yes, she would succeed—she must succeed. . . .

THE curve of Pilar's red mouth curved upward. It was suddenly cruel, that *mouth. Cruel and greedy—like the* mouth of a child or a kitten—a mouth that knew only its own desires and that was as yet unaware of pity.

She looked around with the frank curiosity of a child.

That was a handsome man standing in the corridor. . . . Pilar thought he was very handsome. She liked his deeply bronzed face and his high-bridged nose and his square shoulders. More quickly than any English girl, Pilar had seen that the man admired her. She had not looked at him once directly, but she knew perfectly how often he had looked at her and exactly how he had looked.

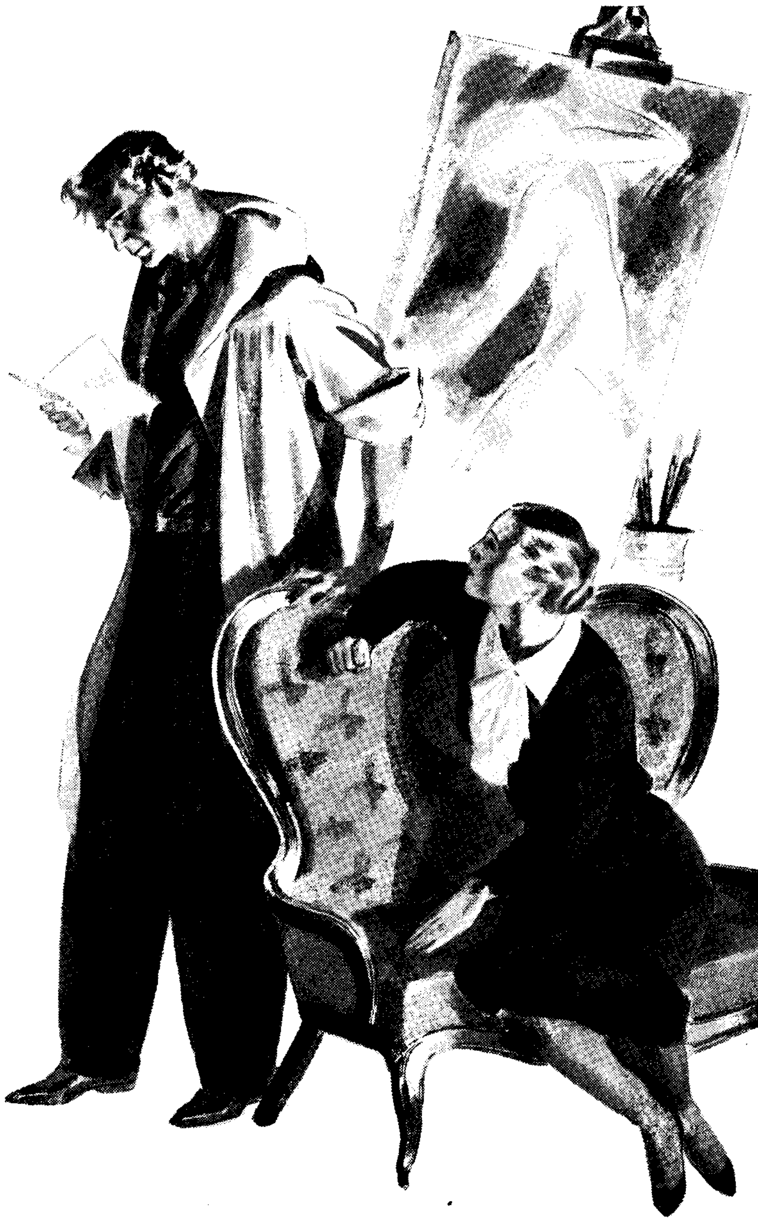
"He is too alive, too real, to be English," Pilar decided. "And yet he is fair. He may be perhaps Americano." He was, she thought, rather like the actors she had seen in *Wild West* films.

An attendant pushed his way along the corridor.

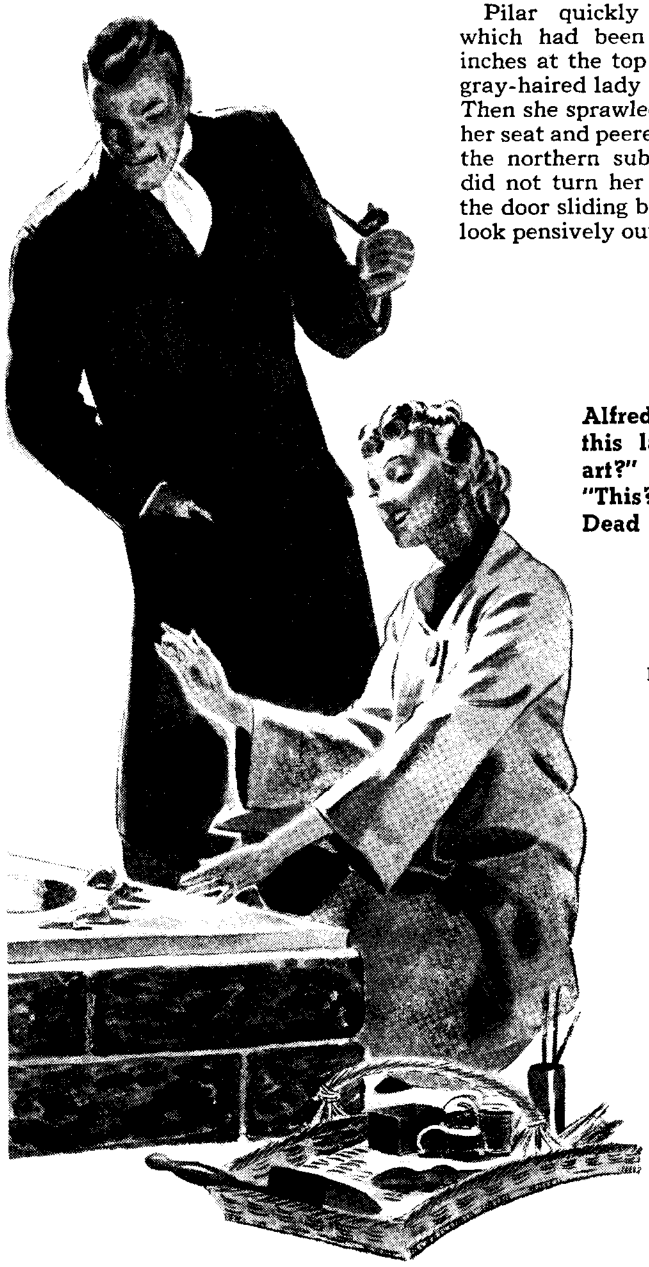
"First lunch, please. First lunch. Take your seats for first lunch."

The seven occupants of Pilar's carriage all held tickets for the first lunch. They rose in a body and the carriage was suddenly deserted and peaceful.

Pilar quickly closed the window, which had been opened a couple of inches at the top by a militant-looking gray-haired lady in the opposite corner. Then she sprawled comfortably back on her seat and peered out of the window at the northern suburbs of London. She did not turn her head at the sound of the door sliding back. She continued to look pensively out of the window.



"Hilda, what shall we do about it?" he said. Hilda hesitated a minute



Alfred said, "What's this latest work of art?" She looked up. "This? Oh, it's the Dead Sea, Alfred"

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

Stephen Farr said, "Would you like the window down at all?"

Pilar replied demurely: "On the contrary. I have just shut it."

She spoke English perfectly, but with a slight accent.

Pilar thought: "I like his voice. It is big and strong. He is attractive—yes, he is attractive."

Stephen said: "The train is very full."

"Oh, yes, indeed. The people go away from London, I suppose, because it is so black there."

If Stephen had been brought up in England he might have felt ill at ease at entering into conversation with a young girl. But Stephen was a friendly soul who found it perfectly natural to talk to anyone if he felt like it.

HE SMILED without any self-consciousness and said: "London's rather a terrible place, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. I do not like it at all."

"No more do I."

Pilar said; "You are not English, no?"

"I'm British, but I come from South Africa."

"Oh, I see, that explains it."

"Have you just come from abroad?"

Pilar nodded. "I come from Spain."

Stephen was interested.

"You're Spanish, then?"

"I am half Spanish. My mother was English. That is why I talk English."

"What about this war business?" asked Stephen.

"It is very terrible, yes—very sad. There has been damage done, quite a lot—yes."

"Which side are you on?"

Pilar's politics seemed to be rather vague. In the village where she came from, she explained, nobody had paid very much attention to the war. "It has not been near us, you understand. The mayor, he is, of course, an officer of the government, so he is for the government, and the priest is for General Franco—but *most of the people are* busy with the vines and the land, and they have not time to go into these questions."

"So there wasn't any fighting round you?"

Pilar said that there had not been. "But then I drove in a car," she explained, "all across the country and there was much destruction. And I saw a bomb drop and it blew up a car—yes, and another destroyed a house. It was very exciting!"

Stephen Farr smiled a twisted smile. "So that's how it seemed to you?"

"It was a nuisance, too," explained Pilar. "Because I wanted to get on and the driver of my car, he was killed."

Stephen said, watching her, "That didn't upset you?"

Pilar's great dark eyes opened very wide.

"Everyone must die! That is so, is it not? If it comes quickly from the sky—bouff—like that, it is as well as any other way. One is alive for a time—yes, and then one is dead. That is what happens in this world."

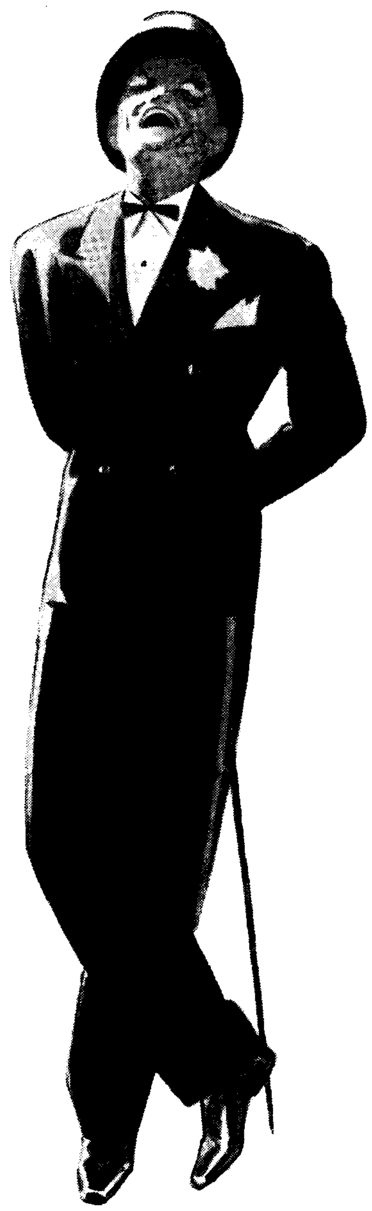
Stephen Farr laughed.

"I don't think you are a pacifist."

"You do not think I am what?" Pilar seemed puzzled by a word that had not previously entered her vocabulary.

"Do you forgive your enemies?"

Pilar shook her head. "I have no enemies. But if I had—"



"Harry's behavior was disgraceful"

"Well?"

He was watching her, fascinated anew by the sweet, cruel, upward-curving mouth.

Pilar said gravely: "If I had an enemy—if anyone hated me and I hated him—then I would cut my enemy's throat like *this*. . . ."

She made a graphic gesture.

IT WAS so swift and so crude that Stephen Farr was momentarily taken aback. He said: "You're a bloodthirsty young woman!"

Pilar asked in a matter-of-fact tone, "What would you do to your enemy?"

He started, stared at her, then laughed. "I wonder!" he said. "I wonder!"

Pilar said disapprovingly, "But, surely—you know."

He checked his laughter, drew in his breath and said in a low voice, "Yes. I know. . . ."

Then, with a rapid change of manner, he asked, "What made you come to England?"

Pilar replied with a certain demureness:

"I am going to stay with my relations—with my English relations."

"I see."

He leaned back in his seat, studying her—wondering what these English relations of whom she spoke were like—wondering what they would make of this Spanish stranger . . . trying to picture her in the midst of some sober British family at Christmas time.

Pilar asked, "It is nice, South Africa, yes?"

He began to talk to her about South Africa. She listened with the pleased attention of a child hearing a story. He enjoyed her naïve but shrewd questions and amused himself by making a kind of exaggerated fairy story of it all.

The return of the proper occupants of the carriage put an end to this diversion. He rose, smiled into her eyes, and made his way out again into the corridor.

As he stood back for a minute in the doorway, to allow an elderly lady to come in, his eyes fell on the label of Pilar's obviously foreign straw case. He read the name with interest: Miss Pilar Estravados, then as his eye caught the address, it widened to incredulity and some other feeling. Gorston Hall, Longdale, Addlesfield.

He half turned, staring at the girl with a new expression—puzzled, resentful, suspicious. . . . He went out into the corridor and stood there smoking a cigarette and frowning to himself. . . .

IN THE big blue-and-gold drawing room at Gorston Hall, Alfred Lee and Lydia, his wife, sat discussing their plans for Christmas. Alfred was a squarely built man of middle age with a gentle face and mild brown eyes. His voice when he spoke was quiet and precise with a very clear enunciation. His head was sunk into his shoulders and he gave a curious impression of inertia. Lydia, his wife, was an energetic, lean greyhound of a woman. She was amazingly thin, but all her movements had a swift, startled grace about them.

There was no beauty in her careless haggard face, but it had distinction. Her voice was charming.

Alfred said, "Father insists! There's nothing else for it."

Lydia controlled a sudden impatient movement. She said: "Must you always give in to him?"

"He's a very old man, my dear—"

"Oh, I know—I know!"

"He expects to have his own way."

Lydia said dryly, "Naturally, since he has always had it! But sometime or other, Alfred, you will have to make a stand."

"What do you mean, Lydia?"

He stared at her; she was so palpably upset and startled that for a moment she bit her lip and seemed doubtful whether to go on.

Alfred Lee repeated: "What do you mean, Lydia?"

She shrugged her thin, graceful shoulders.

She said, trying to choose her words cautiously: "Your father is—inclined to be—tyrannical—"

"He's old."

"And will grow older. And consequently more tyrannical. Where will it end? Already he dictates our lives to us completely. We can't make a plan of our own! If we do, it is always liable to be upset."

Alfred said, "Father expects to come first. He is very good to us, remember."

"Oh! Good to us!"

"*Very* good to us."

Alfred spoke with a trace of sternness.

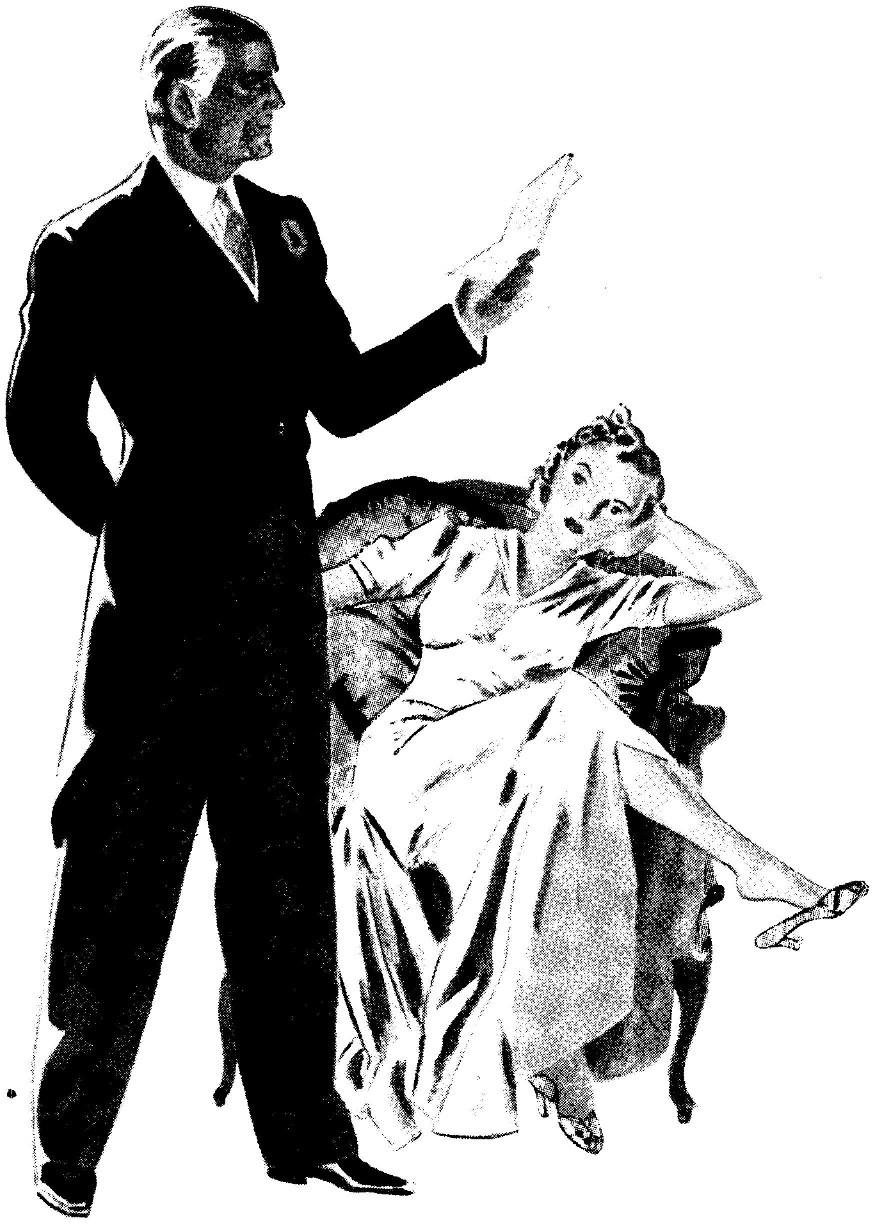
Lydia said calmly, "You mean financially?"

"Yes. His own wants are very simple. But he never grudges us money. You can spend what you like on dress and on this house and the bills are paid without a murmur. He gave us a new car only last week."

"As far as money goes, your father is very generous, I admit," said Lydia. "But in return he expects us to behave like slaves."

"Slaves?"

"That's the word I used. You *are* his slave, Alfred. If we have planned to go away and Father suddenly wishes us not to go, you cancel the arrangements and remain without a murmur! If the whim takes him to send us away, we go. We have no lives of our own—no independence."



He said now, "I have told you, Magdalene, that I think it my duty to go"

Her husband said distressedly, "I wish you wouldn't talk like this, Lydia. It is very ungrateful. My father has done everything for us. . . ."

She bit off a retort that was on her lips. She shrugged those thin, graceful shoulders once more.

Alfred said, "You know, Lydia, the old man is very fond of you—"

His wife said clearly and distinctly, "I am not at all fond of him."

"Lydia, it distresses me to hear you say things like that. It is so unkind—"

"Perhaps. But sometimes a compulsion comes over one to speak the truth."

"If Father guessed—"

"Your father knows perfectly well that I do not like him! It amuses him, I think."

"REALLY, Lydia, I am sure you are wrong there. He has often told me how charming your manner to him is."

"Naturally, I've always been polite. I always shall be. I'm just letting you know what my real feelings are. I dislike your father, Alfred. I think he is a malicious and tyrannical old man. He bullies you and presumes on your affection for him. You ought to have stood up to him years ago."

Alfred said sharply, "That will do, Lydia. Please don't say any more."

She sighed.

"I'm sorry. Perhaps I was wrong. . . . Let's talk of our Christmas arrangements. Do you think your brother David will really come?"

"Why not?"

She shook her head doubtfully.

"David is—queer. He's not been inside the house for years, remember. He was so devoted to your mother—he's got some feelings about this place."

"David always got on Father's nerves," said Alfred, "with his music and his dreamy ways. Father was, perhaps, a bit hard on him sometimes. But I think David and Hilda will come all right. Christmas time, you know."

"Peace and good will," said Lydia. Her delicate mouth curved ironically. "I wonder! George and Magdalene are coming. They said they would probably arrive tomorrow. I'm afraid Magdalene will be frightfully bored."

Alfred said with some slight annoyance, "Why my brother George ever married a girl twenty years younger than himself I can't think! George was always a fool!"

"He's very successful in his career," said Lydia. "His constituents like him. I believe Magdalene works quite hard politically for him."

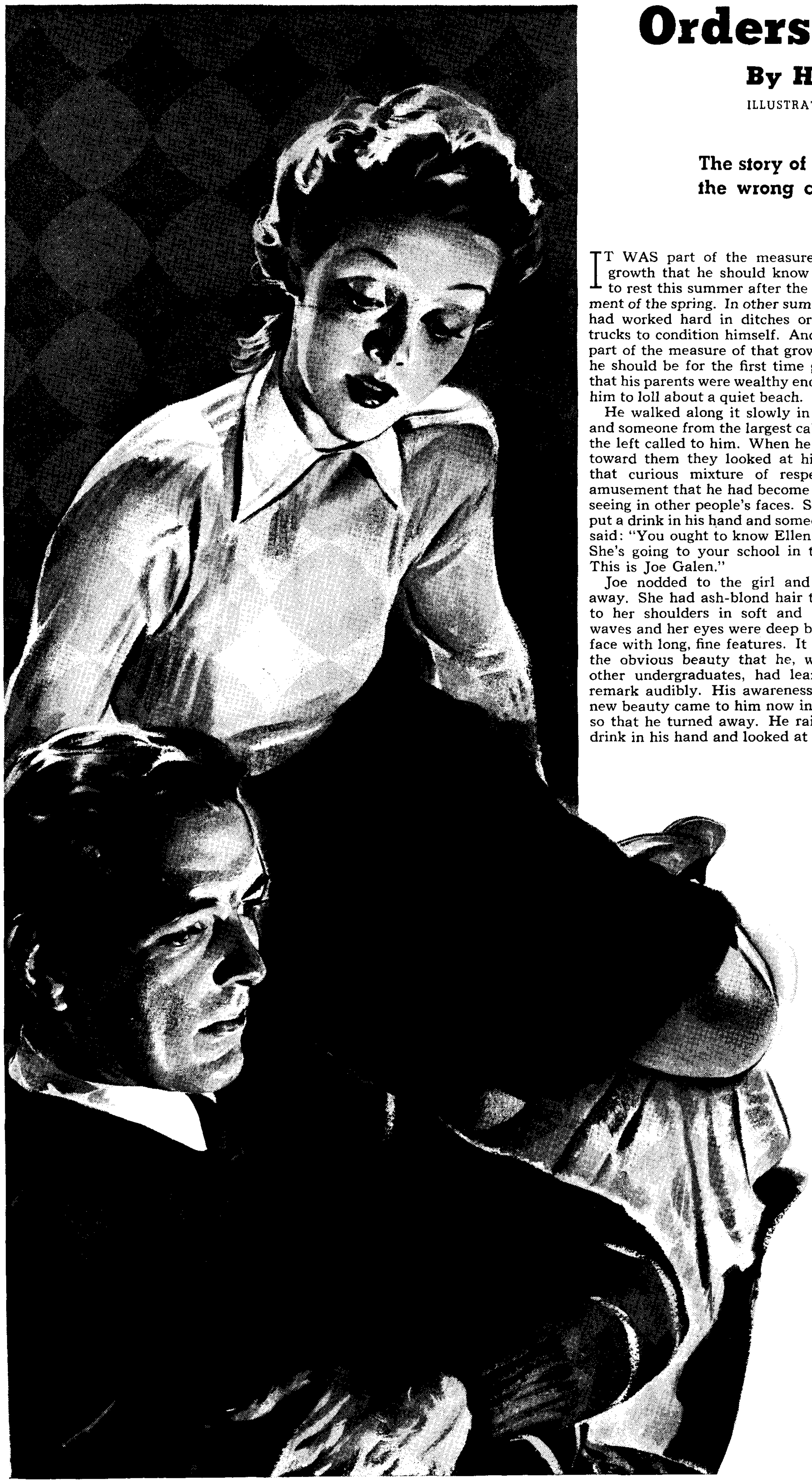
Alfred said slowly, "I don't think I like her very much. She is very good-looking—but I sometimes think she is like one of those beautiful pears one gets—they have a rosy flush and a rather waxen appearance—" He shook his head.

"And they're bad inside?" said Lydia. "How funny you should say that, Alfred!"

"Why funny?"

She answered: "Because—usually—you are such a gentle soul. You hardly ever say an unkind thing about anyone. I get annoyed with you sometimes because you're not sufficiently—oh, what shall I say?—sufficiently suspicious—not worldly enough!"

(Continued on page 28)



"I can't let Merne whip me," he said. He told her the whole story

Orders Disobeyed

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The story of a football player who met the wrong coach—and the right girl

IT WAS part of the measure of his growth that he should know enough to rest this summer after the punishment of the spring. In other summers he had worked hard in ditches or on ice trucks to condition himself. And it was part of the measure of that growth that he should be for the first time grateful that his parents were wealthy enough for him to loll about a quiet beach.

He walked along it slowly in August and someone from the largest cabaña on the left called to him. When he walked toward them they looked at him with that curious mixture of respect and amusement that he had become used to seeing in other people's faces. Someone put a drink in his hand and someone else said: "You ought to know Ellen Moore. She's going to your school in the fall. This is Joe Galen."

Joe nodded to the girl and turned away. She had ash-blond hair that fell to her shoulders in soft and delicate waves and her eyes were deep blue in a face with long, fine features. It was not the obvious beauty that he, with the other undergraduates, had learned to remark audibly. His awareness of this new beauty came to him now in a rush, so that he turned away. He raised the drink in his hand and looked at the sea.

"I hear you have a lovely campus there," he heard her say.

It was conventional to say that it was, but Joe told the truth. It was the way she affected him. He said: "They say it is. I honestly don't know."

"You've been there three years and you don't know?"

"That's it." He was facing her now and, after a summer of virtual tranquillity, was feeling desperate again. He saw that, although he was a year or two older than she, in her mind she was older than he was. "I suppose it's pretty strange," he added.

"Yes—"

"There are other things there."

"You're an athlete?"

"Alleged." He had to turn from her again. "If I can help you in any way there," he said, "let me know. I'm going back early for practice, so I'll be there when you arrive. I don't suppose you're a freshman."

"No. I'm transferring there. I'm a senior. But I would like to know more about it now—if it wouldn't bore you."

He told her what he could. He could not be sure whether she seemed annoyed with him. "You see," he said, "its always best in the spring and fall. When I remember it, the spring or fall has always gone by."

"Is your football such an intense thing?"

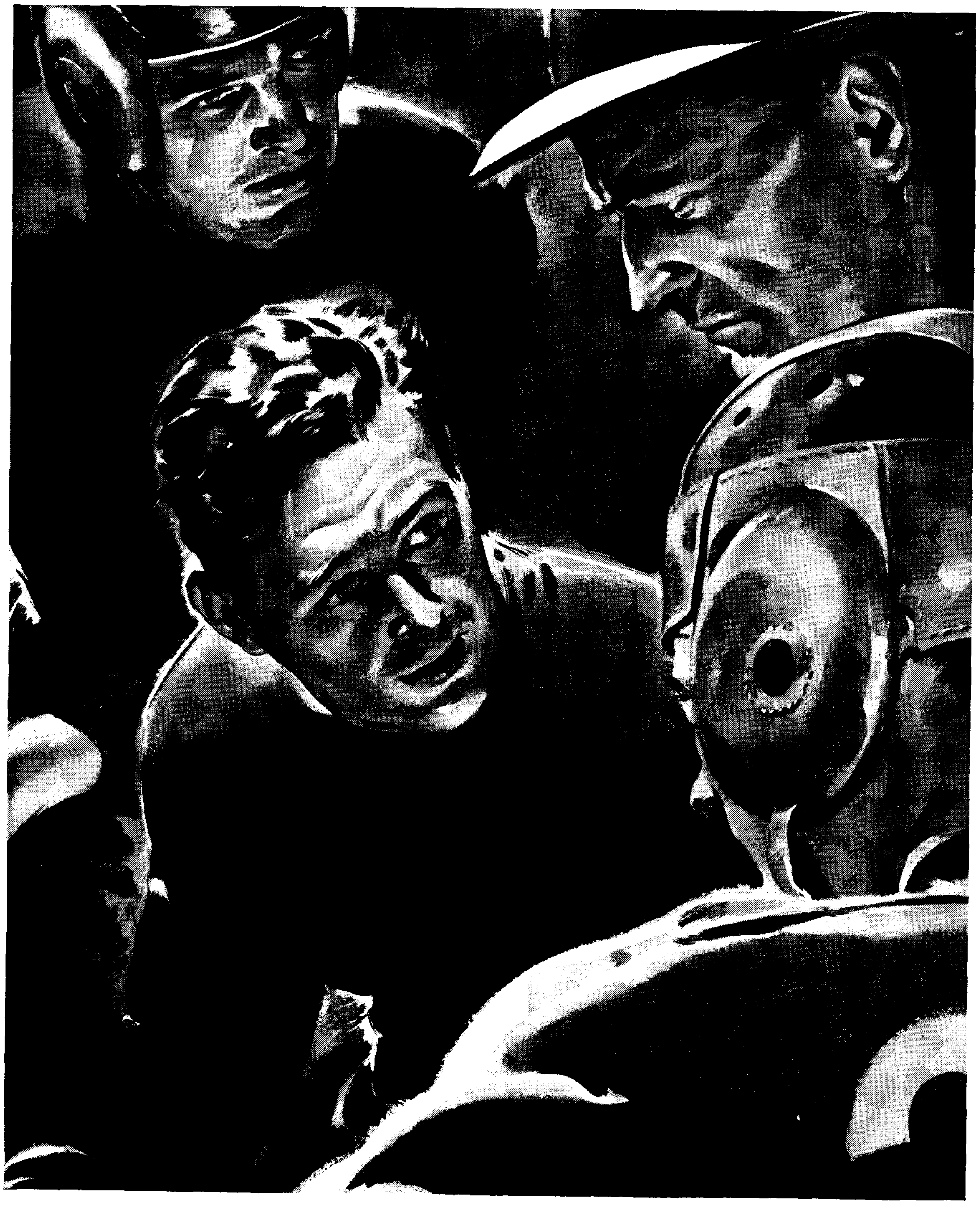
Joe Galen nodded and felt young and a little foolish. He wanted to see her that evening but felt that he could not bear a refusal now. She was gone the next day.

IN THE spring of his freshman year at the university, Joe Galen had been just one of several hundred young men who came out for practice. He had been fourth- or fifth-string left half on the large freshman squad in the fall and, being unprecocious, like most of the young men at the school, his principal ambition was to play on one of Hack Merne's football teams.

Each day in that spring the sun was higher and warmer, and each day more and more of the young men dropped from the squad as the play grew fiercer and more bitter. Now was the time when positions on the varsity were won, Merne was fond of telling his players. In the fall they would be too busy polishing plays and preparing new defensive formations each week to have a lot of interteam scrimmage to decide positions.

They believed Merne. It was one of the facts of his peculiar genius that young men believed him implicitly. Perhaps it was due to his great success as a coach, perhaps to the mixture of rough kindness and almost implacable harshness on the field. But the young men believed him as they did not believe their fathers. So, believing him in the hot, green spring, when their blood was warm and thick, they fought bitterly under the new whiteness of the sun.

Like the others, Joe Galen believed Hack Merne and thought he was a great man. It was in one of those fierce spring scrimmages that a left half was hurt and Merne, looking over the circle of faces



In the silence, Joe said softly, "Remember?" No one dared to laugh

that hemmed the scrimmaging men, saw Joe Galen and remembered that he had run well several times.

So Joe began to do that day the thing he liked best to do—carry the ball in a football game. Play after play, Gan Martin, the quarterback, called Joe's signal. Now an end sweep, then cutting more sharply over tackle, but principally he called Joe's number on a cutback over guard. It was a nice play. The lead half (they used the Rockne system) blocked the end; the offensive end checked the tackle; Joe started wide, took three steps, then broke suddenly, at less than a right angle, with the quarterback and fullback driving ahead of him and over the strong-side guard.

TIME after time Joe went through this hole, for nine, five, thirteen yards. His hips moved like a dancer's, he feinted with his arms and the ball; he used the cross-over and side-step and stiff-arm.

Hack Merne kept talking to the defensive men Joe was going through rather than to Joe. They began to close up and the hole was smaller. Joe got through it most of the time, in the fraction of a second his own men held it open before it closed behind or on him. Then he began to notice that there was a bigger hole opening to the left. The weak-side guard on defense was green and he pulled over each time Joe started to the right, whether Joe cut back or kept going right on over tackle. And when the green guard pulled over he left a gaping hole to the left of the one Joe was supposed to go through.

Joe cut even more sharply, went through this new and larger hole, sidestepped the fullback and ran until the whistle stopped him. He did it again for eighteen yards and then for seven.

"You're not going through the right hole, Galen," Merne said.

Joe heard him but didn't speak. Part of him realized that he wasn't going through the right hole but it was the spring and this was his first real triumph and the blood was moving in him hot and fast. He cut very sharply again the next time the play was called and he drove through the big hole for eleven yards.

"I said that's the wrong hole you're hitting through," Merne said. Joe heard him. But when the play was called again, there was so little time to think, so keenly were his reflexes attuned to his quick eyesight, that he could see the larger, unexpected hole and his body would be driving into it before his mind seemed fully aware of it. He was lost in the savage, driving rhythm, in the smashing contact or the pivoting which shook him free from tacklers.

MERNE swore. "Galen, can't you hear? That play calls for you to go over the strong-side guard. Go where you're supposed to."

Joe Galen spoke without thinking. In a sense he was blind, in a sense he had lost control of words. "But there's a bigger hole over the weak-side guard. Can't you see it?"

A literal pall and hush fell over the assembled players, newspapermen and alumni. All but Joe seemed to notice it. He was walking to his place in the line-up, not knowing that those around him were looking at him as though he had committed sacrilege in a holy place. Hack Merne smiled his famous, crooked smile but it was thin this time. Merne knew he must do something, but he must not do it too suddenly; he must do it in a way commensurate with the legend that had grown around himself. . . .

After another play, Merne said: "You can go in now, Galen. You, too, Martin." He sent Martin in at the same time so that the thing wouldn't appear too obvious.

As he turned away, Joe Galen did not see the others looking at him, nor feel the sudden coolness on his forehead as he removed the helmet. He walked erect and sure in spite of his tiredness and he felt like a man who has come into his own after a long time. He would be a great hero; he had always wanted to be one; and today he had had his first sign that he was on his way.

Gan Martin caught up with him walking across the stretch to the field house. Joe waited for him to say: "Boy, you were hot," or, "Nice going, Joe," or any of the dozen things that young men say to each other after a triumph. But all Gan said, after walking silently alongside him a while, was: "What the hell did you say that for?"

"What?" Joe said. He didn't remember speaking.

"What you said to Hack."

"What did I say?"

Gan Martin looked at him. "You mean to say you don't remember telling Hack there was a bigger hole on the weak side and couldn't he see it?"

"I remember," Joe said, "and it was bigger, too. That's why I kept going through it. Wasn't it all right?"

Gan Martin was younger than Joe in most ways, but he knew he couldn't say certain things in words, so he kept quiet.

THE next day a note in a sports column read: "Joe Galen might turn into a good running back if he could keep quiet." Joe didn't think it was funny; to him, as to most young players, newspapermen seemed an unnecessary and annoying adjunct of the game.

The two years that followed were strange, bitter ones for Joe. If Hack had cut him off the squad in the spring or fall it would have been a definite thing and Joe could have made some equally definite readjustment of his life and aspirations. But Hack was a national figure and a legend and, because he was a legend, he was paid twenty-two thousand dollars for a job that was worth ordinarily about twelve thousand. So Hack had to act like a legend and Joe Galen was a help that way.

Joe became "the guy that tried to talk back to Hack." Part of the legend about Hack was that he was an iron disciplinarian. This part of the legend wasn't hurt any when some newspaperman from out of town would show up at practice, like the way Joe Galen, playing with the scrubs, ran, and would ask: "Say, who is that guy? Someone Hack's holding out on us?"

"Yeah, Hack's saving him for the junior prom," some hanger-on would say and they would laugh at the old joke, and the hanger-on would get confidential and say: "Well, you know how Hack is. He runs things his way and he don't take advice from no one. He don't take talk from no one. Well, this Galen kid tries to sass him back one day and —well, he's still playing on the scrub."

(Continued on page 46)

Shadow on the Moon

By R. S. Richardson

MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY
CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1938, the sun, the earth and the moon will be in line with one another in the order named, so that the shadow of the earth will fall upon the moon and produce a total eclipse. Lunar eclipses occur less often than those of the sun, although the former seem to be a more common phenomenon. There must be at least two solar eclipses in a year, and there may be as many as five. On the other hand, the moon cannot be eclipsed more than three times in a year, and may even escape without being eclipsed at all. But a lunar eclipse can be seen by everybody on the half of the earth that is turned toward the moon, while a total eclipse of the sun is visible over a narrow path only a few miles in width. Also a total solar eclipse cannot last longer than 7 minutes and 40 seconds at the very most; while the moon may remain in the earth's shadow for as long as 100 minutes. Even when the moon is entirely enveloped by the earth's shadow, it is still distinctly visible as a dull, copper-colored globe. This illumination comes from rays of the sun that graze the daylight side of the earth and are bent down into the shadow cone by the effect of refraction in our atmosphere. From the color of the moon at totality we can tell something about weather conditions at those points where the sun's light passes through the earth's atmosphere. For if the moon is very dark, it means that clouds are obstructing most of this light; but if the moon is bright, the atmosphere is clear.

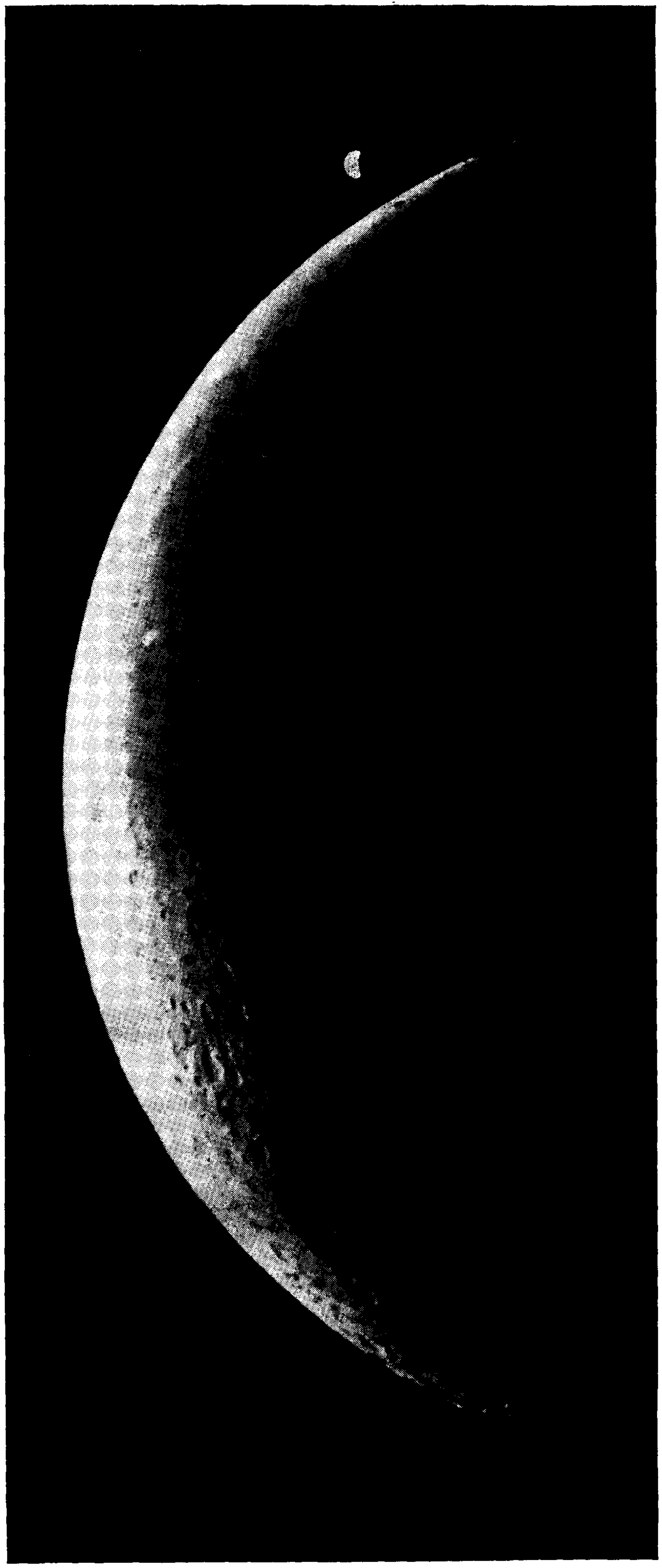
A lunar eclipse can be made to give us valuable information concerning the surface soil of the moon. This is done by measuring the change in temperature of the moon as the earth's shadow passes across its disk. The amount of heat received from the moon is, of course, very small. It can, however, be detected by means of an instrument called a thermocouple. Used with the 100-inch reflector of the Mount Wilson Observatory, the thermocouple is theoretically sensitive enough to respond to the heat from a candle 100 miles away.

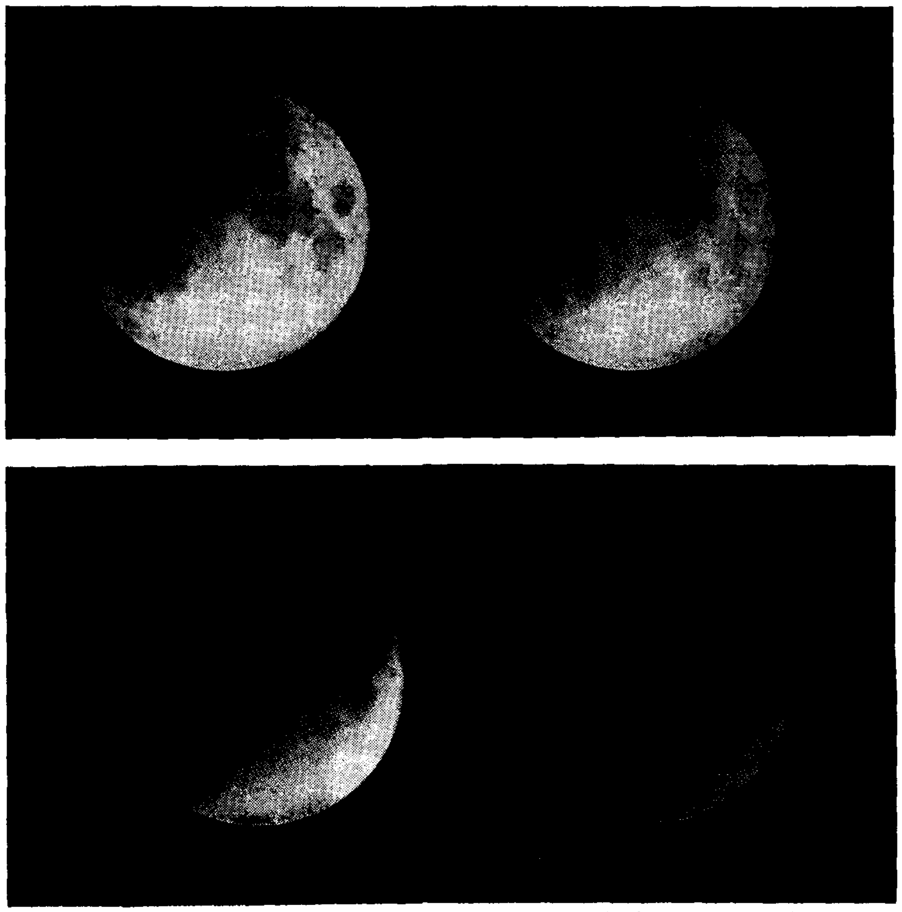
From a series of measurements made with the thermocouple, it has been found that if we were at a point on the moon where the sun is directly overhead, the temperature of the soil would be 275° F., or 63° hotter than boiling water.

During a total eclipse of the moon, as the shadow passes over the surface the temperature drops to –144° F. during the first part of the eclipse, and finally reaches –179° F. during totality. As the shadow begins to pass off, the temperature rises rapidly and soon regains its original high value. Thus during the space of about two hours an observer on the moon would experience a change in temperature of 454° F.

The fact that the moon cools off and heats up again so quickly shows that it consists of light substances that are good insulators and poor conductors, with a small capacity for absorbing heat. Therefore, they cannot be massive rocks such as granite or limestone, but rather light minerals similar to pumice or volcanic ashes.

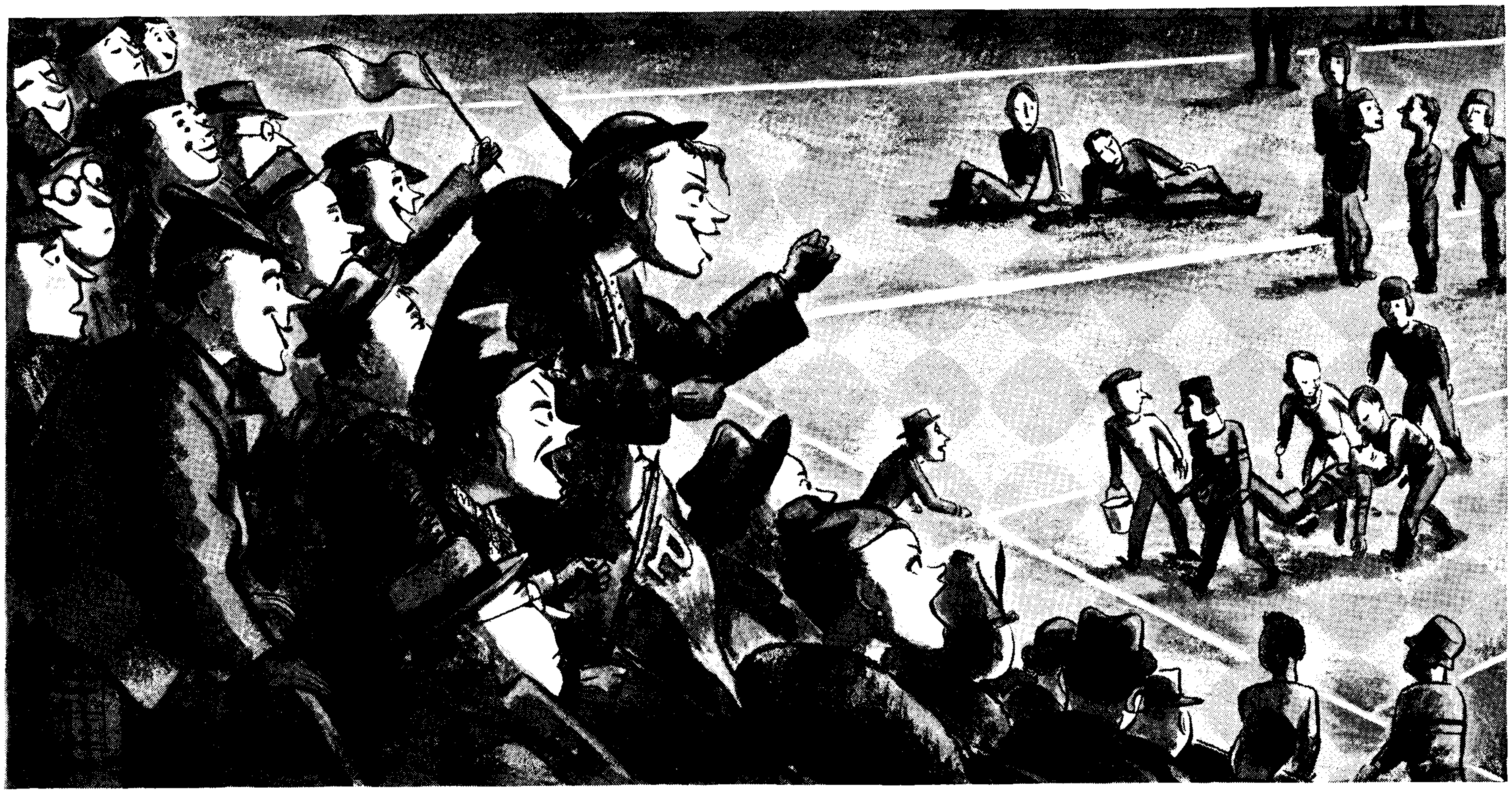
It is disappointing to find that the only planet whose surface we can ever hope to examine in detail is completely devoid of air and water and hence a lifeless world. The only forces we can think of that might still be in operation are the expansion and contraction of the rocks due to the extremes in temperature, and the impact of meteors. Apparently the moon is destined to revolve around the earth until the end of time, unless some catastrophe should turn both into globes of fire again.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES A. FEDERER, JR., AND ROBERT COX OF THE OPTICAL DIVISION OF THE AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS ASSN.

In the photograph above, made by Frederick Slocum with the 20-inch refractor at Wesleyan University, Venus, seen as a crescent, is about to be occulted by the crescent moon. Right: A series of photographs of the lunar eclipse of May 14, 1938, made through a six-inch reflecting telescope. Sunlight, grazing the earth and being bent inward by atmospheric refraction, faintly illuminates the surface of the moon during totality



There are twenty-two sinister gents walloping the daylights out of one another, the basic requirement for captivating the female trade

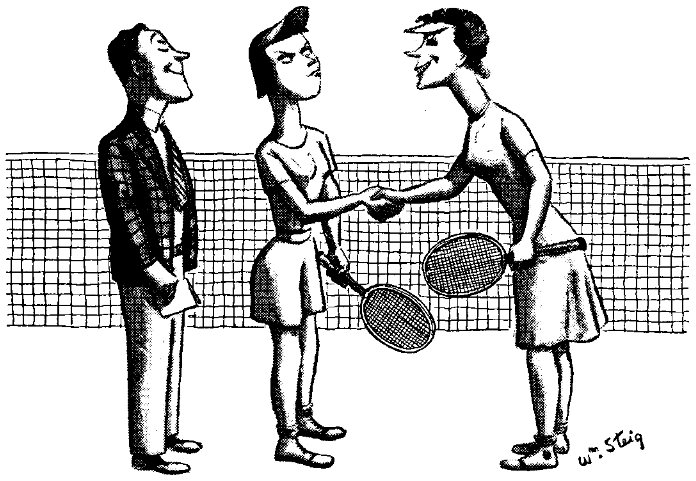
Girls go for Massacres

By Jack Dempsey

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The game gets out of hand when a gal makes two passes

Don't be misled by that ecstatic look on your girl friend's face. It's not enthusiasm for sport. The sad fact is that the pretty creatures go to games just to see the slaughter



A lady athlete is always in a feud with her contender

FROM time immemorial men, in their dumb, devoted fashion, have been lugging their womenfolk to sporting events secure in the beautiful belief that they are bringing new converts to the temples of pure, ennobling athletics and they haven't come close yet. Women go for sports, all right, but for a reason that never fails to disillusion their escorts. The lovely ladies are interested only when somebody is in imminent danger of being killed.

A fact, and none of us will be getting anywhere until it is recognized. Look at the sports that get a heavy, consistent play from the feminine trade: boxing, football, horse racing, wrestling, hockey and polo. The dolls dearly love these blood-and-thunder exercises for the enchanting contingency that at least one of the adorable athletes will get his large, well-shaped ears knocked off or a lump of meat, bone and hair will be left for dead in the arena.

It also happens that men zealously attend those courses in the sports curriculum. They, too, holler rapturously when blood other than their own is leaking and the sight of a thoroughly broken nose splashed over a pulverized pan has caused very few citizens to swoon dead away. Yet men, if they are inveterate fans, have a sense of appreciation for the technique and subtle strategy necessary to play the several games well, a consideration that never enters the minds, if any, of the gals.

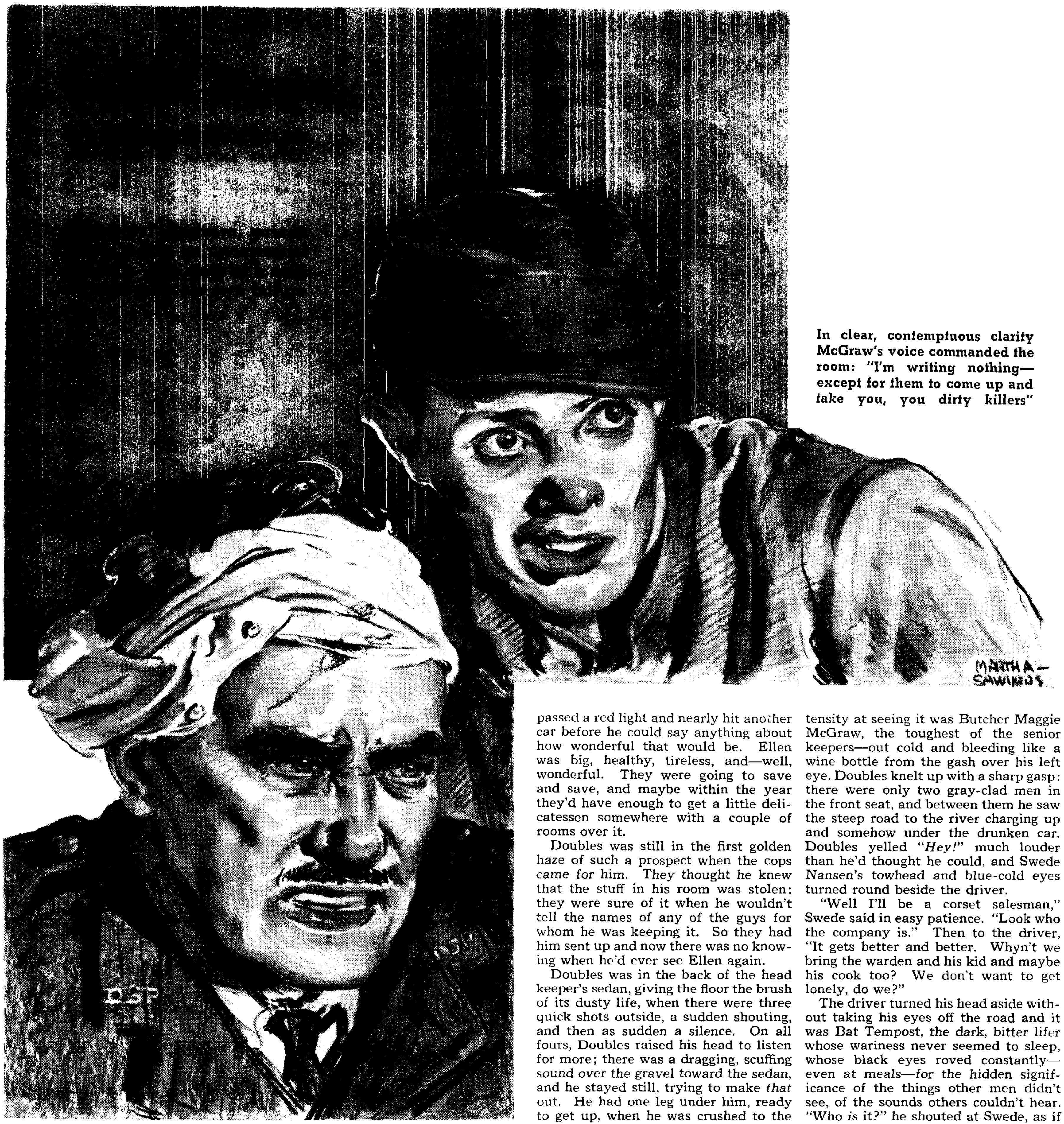
Eulogize a fighter's footwork and your female friend will yawn inelegantly in your face. Explain the delicate timing required of a blocking back to knock the defensive end into the laps of the customers in the third row mezzanine, and she will ask for a cigarette, a drink, or both. Extol a brilliant combination play made while men are racing at furious speed on skates or straining ponies and the little woman will be giving the nearest fancy-pants the old come-on.

Horse racing falls into another category because there is hardly a man alive naïve enough to think that the patrons who pay for the privilege of making a little investment on an oat-burner are sterling sportsmen. It is a fact, though, that the shining hours at the track mark one of the few times in a woman's life when she has a passionate disinterest in breeding, which is a very important factor in thoroughbreds, anyway.

The bright boys can contend, of course, that any attention sports command from women is merely another manifestation of the sex impulse and emphasizes the clinging-vine instinct of our fine-feathered friends. There may be a lot in what they say and your confused correspondent would be a sucker to argue with the kid brothers of Freud and Adler. It is a question, however, whether the parlor psychologists have ever sat in the cheap seats and heard the charming creatures defame the character of a defeated player on whom they misplaced confidence or a few bob. Or whether they have ever seen the enraptured expression on the face of a lady fan while interesting atrocities are being committed on an athlete. And did you ever hear tell of a fallen hero being consoled by a skirted sympathizer unless he was a meal ticket or the woman was accompanied by a process server? History fails to reveal that the matrons of ancient Rome rose in righteous indignation and demanded the abolition of the gladiatorial contests or that a Roman deb ever refused a seat on the fifty-yard line in the Colosseum when it was public feeding time for the lions. Two thousand years of civilization still go for Sweeney when a woman has the choice between decorum and destruction.

The vindictiveness and cruelty of women as sports spectators is highlighted by the numerous and outrageous demonstrations of downright bad sportsmanship by the critters who are participants in major-league golf and tennis, the two games that engage them as featured competitors. No man likes to lose, of course, but a woman has a passionate and positive hatred for seeing

(Continued on page 63)



In clear, contemptuous clarity McGraw's voice commanded the room: "I'm writing nothing—except for them to come up and take you, you dirty killers"

THE little guy's name was Bartram Bartram, which had bothered him all his life, though he didn't mind the prison nickname, "Doubles." He had soft, patient eyes that held an habitual expression of anxiety barely below the surface even when they were giving their pleasant smile; his nose began to come out of his face about an inch below where it should have, then stopped almost at once; and his mouth had been up against some tough stuff somewhere. Nobody knew what he was in for because nobody bothered to ask.

He'd been a trusty for ten days, and this afternoon he was at his favorite job—cleaning up the head keeper's sedan. Doubles liked doing it partly because he was a neat little guy, and partly because it reminded him of a time just before the cops picked him up, and mussed him up, and locked him up. It was the time when one of the boys had given him a specially fat present for keeping some stuff, and he'd had the inspiration of hiring a car for Ellen's day off, and he'd cleaned it up while he was waiting for her outside the apartment house where she worked.

They had a picnic at Echo Lake, and afterward Ellen picked an armful of daisies while Doubles sat beside the main line and waited for the Chicago Flyer to go by. Then, driving home in the cool evening, Ellen had said why didn't they get married, and Doubles passed a red light and nearly hit another car before he could say anything about how wonderful that would be. Ellen was big, healthy, tireless, and—well, wonderful. They were going to save and save, and maybe within the year they'd have enough to get a little delicatessen somewhere with a couple of rooms over it.

Doubles was still in the first golden haze of such a prospect when the cops came for him. They thought he knew that the stuff in his room was stolen; they were sure of it when he wouldn't tell the names of any of the guys for whom he was keeping it. So they had him sent up and now there was no knowing when he'd ever see Ellen again.

Doubles was in the back of the head keeper's sedan, giving the floor the brush of its dusty life, when there were three quick shots outside, a sudden shouting, and then as sudden a silence. On all fours, Doubles raised his head to listen for more; there was a dragging, scuffing sound over the gravel toward the sedan, and he stayed still, trying to make *that* out. He had one leg under him, ready to get up, when he was crushed to the floor by what might have been a large sack of sand thrown in through the open door behind him.

The door slammed, and the sedan rolled and shook with the hurry of people scrambling in front. Then there was a double slam of doors there, and the car catapulted forward on the first grind of the starter as if the chassis would leap out from under the body. An impact of solid, smashing wood staggered the car crazily, but it found its footing and charged ahead in suicidal recklessness, and the prison siren soared to its outraged scream somewhere high behind.

Frantically Doubles writhed out from under the sack of sand that had limp arms and legs to entangle him, and when he was free, his fright came to new intensity at seeing it was Butcher Maggie McGraw, the toughest of the senior keepers—out cold and bleeding like a wine bottle from the gash over his left eye. Doubles knelt up with a sharp gasp: there were only two gray-clad men in the front seat, and between them he saw the steep road to the river charging up and somehow under the drunken car. Doubles yelled "*Hey!*" much louder than he'd thought he could, and Swede Nansen's towhead and blue-cold eyes turned round beside the driver.

"Well I'll be a corset salesman," Swede said in easy patience. "Look who the company is." Then to the driver, "It gets better and better. Whyn't we bring the warden and his kid and maybe his cook too? We don't want to get lonely, do we?"

The driver turned his head aside without taking his eyes off the road and it was Bat Tempost, the dark, bitter lifer whose wariness never seemed to sleep, whose black eyes roved constantly—even at meals—for the hidden significance of the things other men didn't see, of the sounds others couldn't hear. "Who *is* it?" he shouted at Swede, as if he'd asked three times before.

"Doubles What's's-name," Swede said lazily. "You know, the little dope. He'll come in handy to shine our shoes—sort of a valley for us, hunh? Bat, you sure do think of everything."

"What's difference?" Bat said. "We don't have to carry him. How's Maggie look? Alive?"

The towheaded Swede, elbow on the seat back, forehead to his hand, looked down at McGraw and said cheerfully, "Not your fault if he is. How much good does a dead hostage do you?"

Bat snarled in reply, "They don't have to know if he's dead, do they? All they need to know is we've got him with us—if they catch up."

(Continued on page 59)

Fortitude

By Robert Ormond Case

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

IN THE North, in wintertime, you don't stand on ceremony. So when old George Peabody saw the airplane staked out there, waiting out the storm, he took a big chew of tobacco, stamped into the office and spread his hand.

The pilot, a freckled lad named Briggs, was sympathetic.

"How do you know your partner's up against it?" he asked.

"He can't help but be," old George Peabody explained. "Matt's been in there three months now, on two months' grub. That there slide choked off the canyon and there's only the glaciers on the other side. I figure he'll have to start on the dogs about now, which is tough eating. Besides, they're good dogs."

The pilot nodded.

" 'S all right, Perkins." He was evidently careless about names, and old George didn't bother to correct him. "It so happens I've got to deliver some stuff up the Parsnip as soon as the weather clears. I could swing east and drop some grub on a baby 'chute. But how'll I locate your partner's camp?"

"I'll go with you," said George.

They took off the next morning, the storm having blown over. It was clear and cold, plenty cold. But it was a cabin ship, heated from the exhaust. Old George had to admit that he was scared.

But you can't keep on being frightened when nothing happens. Besides, they could set down again whenever they took the notion. He told Briggs which way to go, recognizing the peaks ahead.

THEY found Matt's camp, on the middle fork of the Parsnip. There was smoke coming out of the cabin, and pretty soon Matt and the dogs came running out to see what this uproar was about. Old George counted the dogs and felt better; they were all there. He wanted to stop to chin a while with Matt, but Briggs gave him a funny look when he suggested it.

"This is a helluva country, Perkins," he said. "Horse that stuff overboard and let's get out of here."

So George held the door open, with his knee braced against it, and pushed the grub and the 'chute over. It opened all right. They could see it settling down as they banked like an eagle against the wall; Matt and the dogs came running toward it, floundering in the deep snow.

"A helluva country," Briggs repeated as they climbed up over the glacier; it glittered down there like a frozen sea. "For a plugged nickel I'd turn back to the Parsnip. How high d'you suppose that hump is? It looks mighty close to the ceiling for this crate. And what's on the other side?"

"More glaciers," George told him. "But it's all downhill."

The motor labored heavily on the way up; you could feel it shaking the ship. When they finally made it to the top there were clouds on the other side. They were pretty, and no mistake; you'd never suspect how many peaks were hidden down there. While Briggs cruised in a big circle, muttering, the motor coughed. It coughed again, and kind of sputtered; then it died away entirely.

At the first cough, Briggs had wheeled her back, the way they'd come. He bent over, monkeying with the instruments, then stood up and looked out at the motor and shook his head. He told George what was wrong, but George didn't get it. The point was that the motor wasn't getting any gas.

"And we can't set down in that blasted canyon where your partner is, Perkins," Briggs told him. "What's farther west?"

"Swing to the right of that there black pinnacle," said George. "We could probably coast down that canyon clean to the Parsnip."

"Better than eighty miles? On a dead stick?" Briggs grunted. "Nerts. Just give me a half acre that isn't straight up and down."

"So you can fix 'er?" said old George. "You got to get your tools out and get that bolt back in place, eh?"

"Sure," said Briggs with a twisted grin. "Yeah. We set 'er down first, then get out the tools."

They eased down past the pinnacle and over the glacier.

Briggs looked over the side—they were just skimming the glacier. The glacier petered out and they were in the canyon. It went down sharply; the walls were straight and sheer alongside. Ahead was a bend to the right, almost at right angles.

"You got any folks, Perkins?" said Briggs. "Owe any debts you're ashamed of? Ever do any praying?"

George grinned, and shifted his quid to the other cheek.

"There's a falls just around the corner," he said. "Going over that ought to give us another start."

Briggs aimed right at the canyon floor at the bend, and they got up quite a speed. Then they went up and up on their right wing tip, so close to the wall that the wind of it swirled up the snow from the cracks. Then over and down. It seemed that they fell pretty fast, but they made it to the falls. They skimmed over the brink, going down, and Briggs looked at him again.

"Must be your brand of tobacco that does it, Perkins," he said. "Let me have a chew. . . . What's below?"

"A lake. But not so big—you could heave a rock across it."

They streaked and dodged down the narrowing canyon. You had to hand it to these pilots: they could sure make a plane do tricks.

They came closer to the canyon floor. Rocks as big as houses were just under their skids.

"The lake, the lake," Briggs kind of chanted, talking to the ship. "Where's our blasted lake?"

"Right around the bend," said George.

The wind had blown the gap clear of drifts. One skid was on the ice when they made the turn. They kept turning around as they settled down, a kind of end-for-end that shook your eye teeth. One wing tip plowed through a drift; they didn't upset, but they'd spun around twice and were facing the gap they'd just entered when they finally stopped.

They climbed out, and Briggs leaned his arm against a strut and his face against his arm. He stood there, shaking, and you knew he was sinking his teeth into his chew, trying to hang on.

"I'm a mite dizzy myself," George had to admit. "Do you always make her do a toe dance when she stops thataway? . . . Show me where you got your tools cached, son."

It was a narrow lake, but long. An hour later they were out of there and over the Parsnip.

"YEAH," old George told Matt next spring, showing him the newspaper clipping. "That's the airplane, and that's the pilot, young Briggs. I saved this so you could see what the outfit looked like."

"I seen it from the ground," said Matt. "It looked swell."

"Good lad, that Briggs," said old George. "Seems like he's continually going out of his way to do somebody a good turn, over in that Parsnip country. Good contraptions, them airplanes."

"I'll take dogs," said Matt. "They're built closer to the ground."

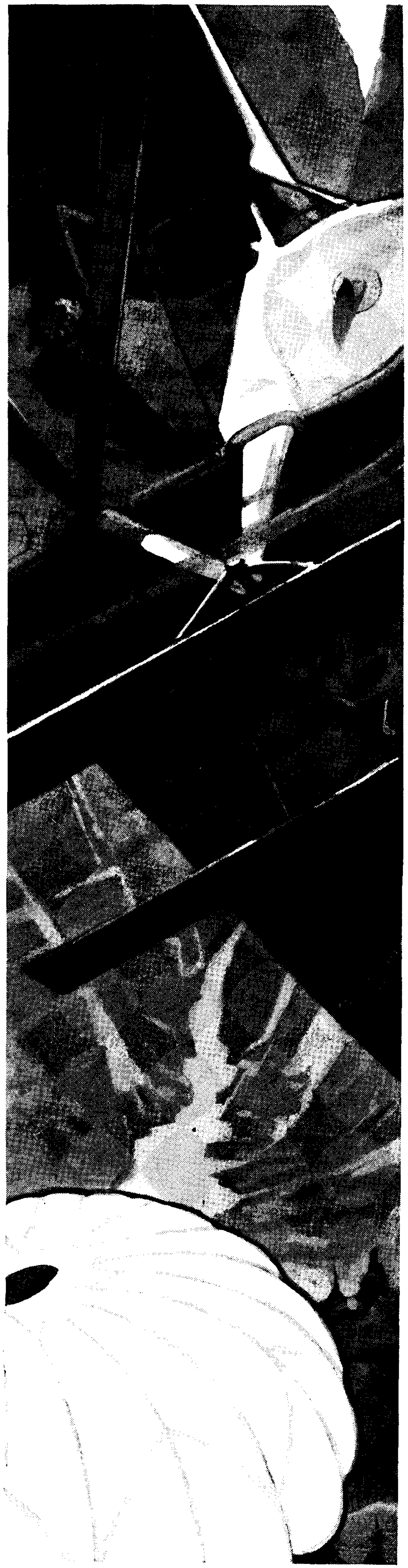
He read laboriously from the newspaper account:

"Pilot Briggs claims no credit for his successful forced landing, though other skilled fliers dub the feat near incredible in such terrain. It was the unshaken calm of his passenger, according to Briggs, that nerved him to the forlorn attempt.

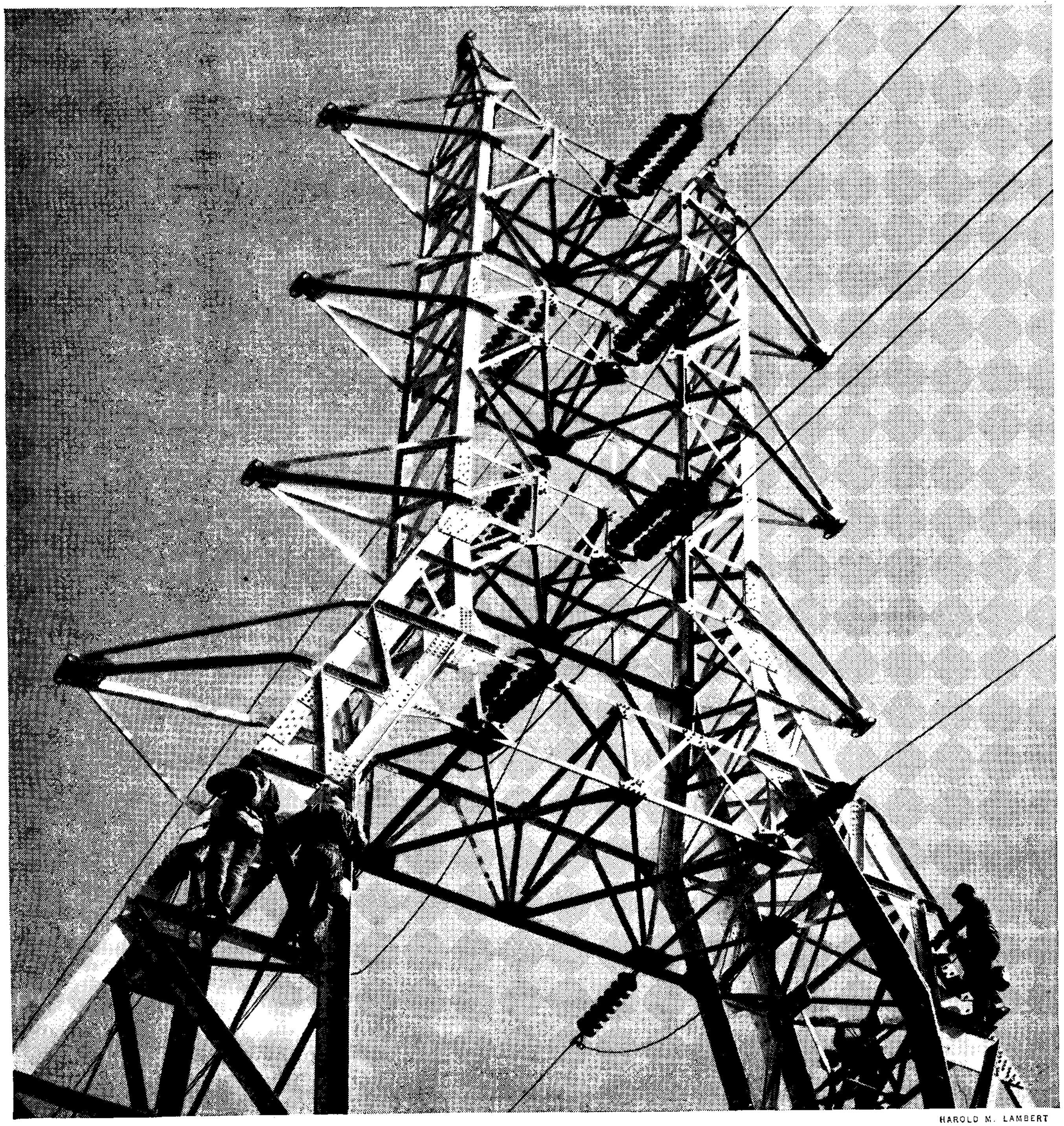
" 'These prospectors face death so often in the wilds that it becomes commonplace,' said Briggs. 'I'll be a better flier, I think, for having known Perkins. Whenever I'm in a blue funk again I'll just remember the fortitude of that iron-jawed, placid-eyed old-timer—and take another chew.' "

"Which reminds me," said Matt. "I'll have a chaw myself. Who's this guy Perkins?"

"You got me," said old George. "Whoever he was, he must have impressed Briggs. He miscalled me Perkins a couple of times, just thinking about him."



George held the door open and pushed the grub and the 'chute over. It opened all right. They could see it settling down as they banked



HAROLD M. LAMBERT

"Electricity holds out opportunities far beyond anything any of us can now predict"

FOR a hundred years the municipalities of America have been fighting for the right to build and operate their own public utilities. The war started in Boston when it was proposed to build a free bridge to compete with the Charles River toll bridge which had been erected by a private company under a franchise and charter from the legislature of Massachusetts. This controversy, in due course, reached the courts and, again in due course, the United States Supreme Court decided that the mere grant of a franchise for a private bridge did not bar the construction of a competing public bridge.

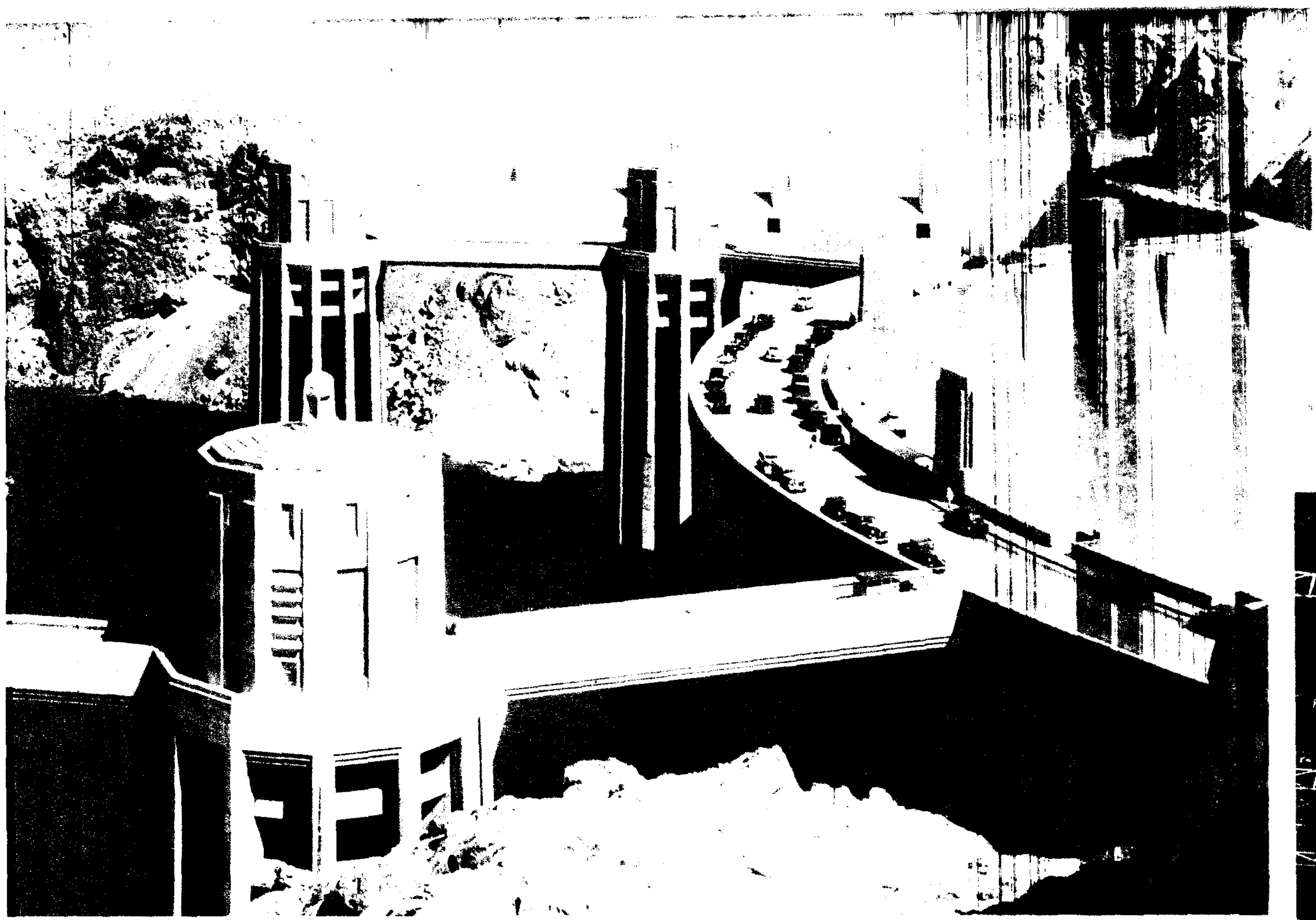
This significant decision has constituted a charter of municipal right from that day to this. Starting with the bridge across the Charles River, municipalities in all parts of the country have gone ahead building public bridges as well as public roads, public schools, sewage systems and waterworks. They have even ventured in many instances to build and operate such essential services as gas plants and power systems. But notwithstanding the public sentiment that has been growing at rapid strides and the decisions of courts that have followed the theory laid down in the Charles River bridge case, private interests have continued to oppose the furnishing of such services as electric power, although long since as a general proposition they have bowed to the right of an American community to operate its essential community services.

There is an increasing demand on the part of municipalities to manufacture and distribute electric energy at a minimum cost to their citizens. There are several persuasive reasons for this demand, the first of which is that the municipalities think they can give better service at a lower cost. Then citizens have discovered that the private utility companies, like the railroads in former days, have a disposition to concern themselves too intimately with local politics. Often this influence has been a corrupt one and the average citizen does not relish the thought of paying as a tax added to his electric-light bill the price that the public utilities have paid to corrupt his own public officials. Another reason undoubtedly is the fact that American citizens enjoy the satisfaction of demonstrating that they can operate their own electric power plants honestly and efficiently. They cannot see any distinction in principle between supplying themselves with water and furnishing their own electric current.

It's Up to the Consumers

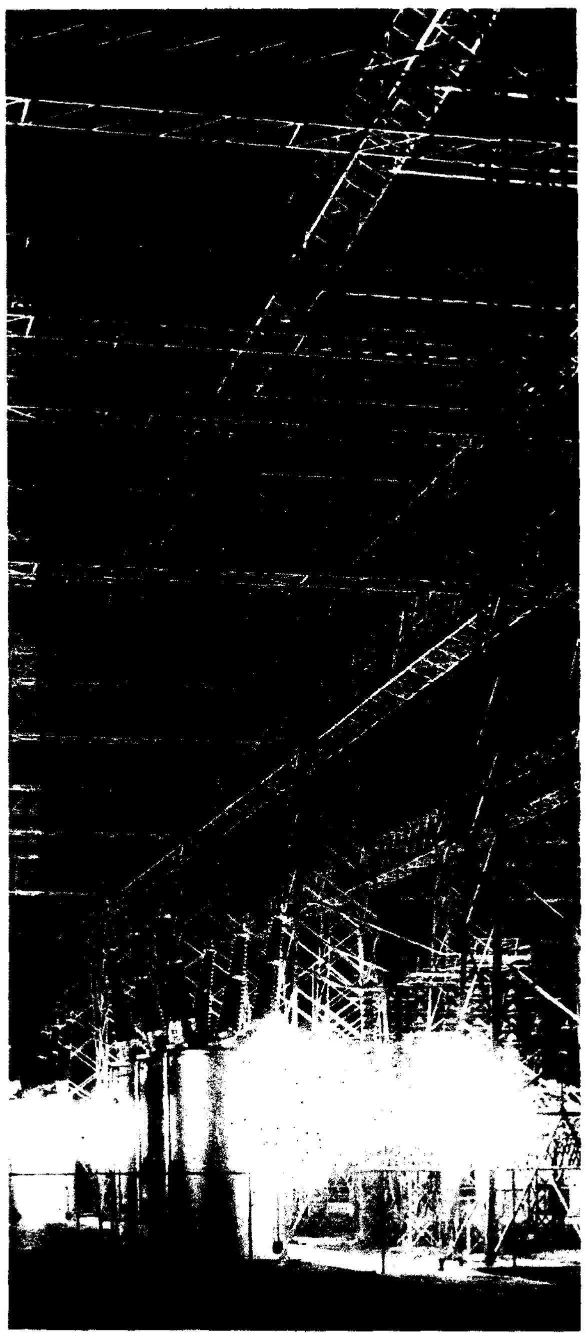
Undoubtedly the disposition of many municipalities in various parts of the country to own and operate their own electric power systems was stimulated by the Congress setting up the Public Works Administration in 1933. Here was presented an opportunity to finance any sound public works project (not excluding an electric power system) on a basis more favorable to the municipality than had theretofore existed. At first the federal government offered a grant of 30 per cent of the cost of labor and materials involved in the project, which in 1934 was increased to 45 per cent of the total cost, at which figure it still stands. The result has been that cities and towns throughout the country that had been toying with the idea of self-service have presented applications to PWA for loans and grants, and PWA has been glad in appropriate cases to approve these applications because they meant that men would be put to work and orders would be placed for essential materials which would have the effect of stimulating the heavy industries.

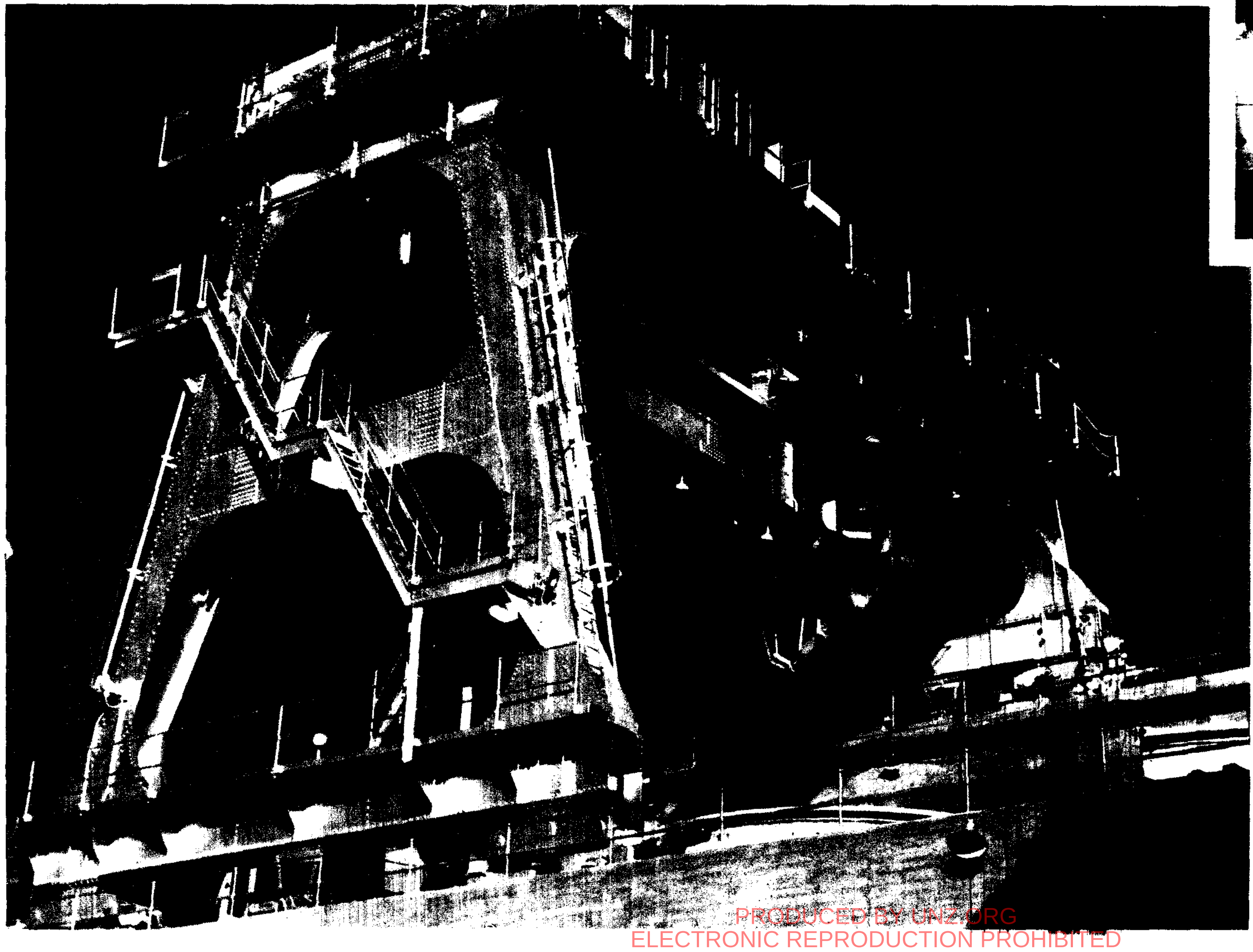
So far as PWA was concerned, applications for help in financing power plants were no different than applications for



PIX

"Many jobs are too big for cities or states. . . . Boulder Dam was the first notable fruit of the conclusion that government has the primary responsibility for river planning and water conservation." Below: The switchyard through which all Boulder Dam power is routed. At bottom: A huge crane at TVA's Wheeler Dam on the Tennessee





money to build schools or hospitals or waterworks or sewage plants or courthouses or parks or airports or bridges or roads. There has been the erroneous impression, undoubtedly stimulated to a large degree by protesting private utilities, that PWA has encouraged, if it is not actually instigating, applications for municipal power projects. This is not now and never has been the fact.

We have operated on the theory that it is up to the cities themselves to choose the kinds of projects that they want. It is no concern of ours whether this happens to be a school or a bridge or a sewage plant—or even a power plant. According to our concept, a municipality is well within its rights in building its own power plant and distributing its own electric current. We have never conceived it to be our duty to say to any municipality that it ought to prefer an auditorium or a stadium. It may be observed as an interesting commentary on the perversity of human nature that many a man who has charged this Administration with a tendency toward "dictatorship" has insisted that the PWA, as an arm of the government, should dictate to municipalities a choice of some other public facility than a power plant when the municipality in fact wants a power plant.

The Fight in the Courts

All that PWA has concerned itself with has been whether the project proposed by the municipality, whether this happened to be a power project or some other kind, was legally and technically sound, and whether the bonds that the city offered to PWA to secure the federal loan, if money were loaned, were sound bonds. Yet PWA has been accused of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors by well-known lawyers retained by the private utilities because we conceded to a municipality the right to have a power plant if it happened to want a power plant. Among other things, we were charged with conspiracy with other administrative arms of the government—as if the government could conspire with itself! As if it were a crime for one administrative arm of government to try to understand the policy of another arm! Along with the municipalities that had the temerity to believe that they wanted their own power plants, PWA was haled into court after court in all parts of the country by means of bills of injunction. And more than one judge, used to issuing injunctions at the drop of the hat when a great corporation demanded them, promptly enjoined PWA from helping to finance municipal projects that clearly it was the intention of the Congress that PWA might finance.

For three years this phase of the hundred years' war was waged in the federal courts of the land. Money which should have been paid out for labor and materials in order to help restore prosperity to the country was tied up in legal knots. Then at last the issue reached the Supreme Court of the United States in the Alabama and the Greenwood County, South Carolina, cases and the court, on January 3, 1938, by a unanimous opinion, decided that the private power companies had no standing in court to question the right of the government

(Continued on page 50)

Slow Emotion

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Dilatory romance of a young man with a lady to persuade and a boat to catch

IN THE routine ship news report of the Honolulu Evening Sun, it said: "Steven Reeves of Singapore came in this morning on the Alexandria and will spend the day contemplating the lovely vistas of our favored city, leaving tonight for the mainland. Mr. Reeves is in the safety-razor business. The Alexandria sails at nine."

It was a frugal outline and fairly accurate, although the Sun might have noted that Mr. Reeves was young, athletic, had black eyes, looked like a cheerful tourist and seemed to be a man of rampant enthusiasms.

The Alexandria docked at eight in the morning, or thereabouts, and by ten o'clock Mr. Reeves was indubitably staring at a lovely vista. . . . Only it was not an actual Honolulu vista. It happened to be a brown-eyed mainlander named Margot, who came from California, and consequently was in no respect a product of Honolulu, which is a starry-eyed community given to claiming everything not nailed down.

About thirty minutes after eight, this Mr. Reeves of Singapore walked down the gangplank of the Alexandria, which was beginning to load canned pineapples and coffee. He passed leisurely across the covered pier, removed his several layers of pink-and-white leis, fought off a small army of dusky Honolulu sirens who sought to bury him under fresh leis, climbed into a taxicab and started for the Imperial Hotel.

His list of acquaintances in Hawaii consisted of one lone human being—Mr. John Fishbeck, manager of the Imperial, which perches jauntily on the sands at Waikiki Beach. Being a passer-through with a twelve-hour stopover, Steven determined to say hello to the one person he knew, so he hauled up beneath the Imperial portico and was presently shaking hands with the chief official.

"And how's Singapore?" demanded Fishbeck, who was fat, rosy and genially managerial.

"Same as ever—best city in Asia."

"Are those savages still buying safety razors out there?"

"They are indeed and more each year."

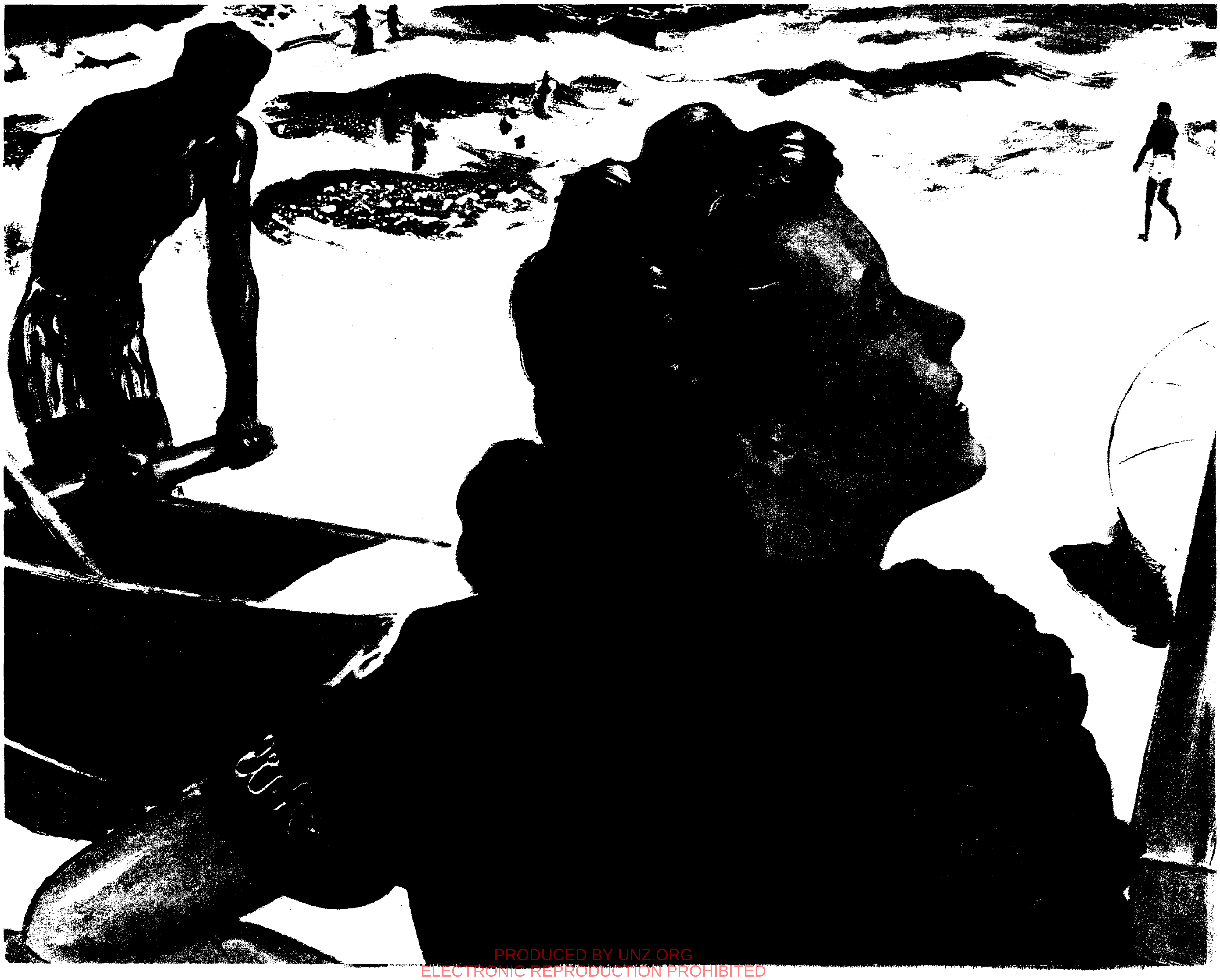
"Hot countries seem to agree with you, my lad," said Fishbeck. "You look healthy."

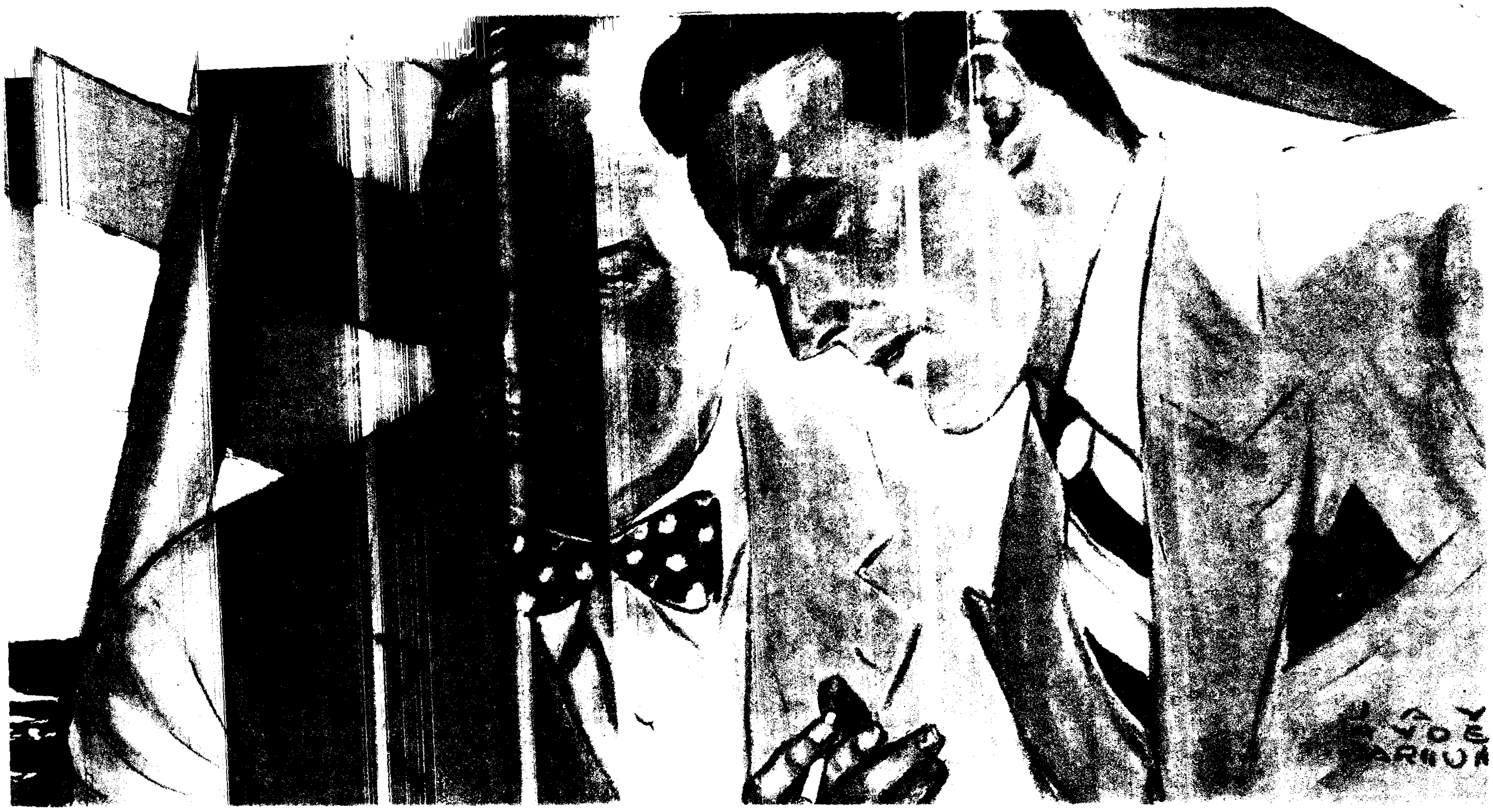
Mr. Reeves was undoubtedly healthy, admitted it and added that Singapore was cooler than a heap of towns he could name.

"I suppose you're on a business trip?"

"No, this is a vacation. I've two months off and thought I'd go home for a change. Three years since I left California."

It was nearer four years since Steve had headed out to the Malay country to see what he could do with safety razors, and now he was drawing three hundred a month and stood high with his firm. For two years, his home had been a lofty room in the American Club and he had made a new record by not trying to live exclusively on Scotch and soda. In tropic countries, an American is likely to complain bitterly of the muggy heat and eventually overcome it with Scotch, and





"Miss McEvery," said Fishbeck in his official voice, "this is Mr. Reeves. Seems to me you Berlin folks ought to know each other"

there is no flaw in this system except he frequently dies in the process.

When the season came for his annual vacation, he first considered Shanghai, but gave up that notion because of disturbed conditions and decided on a run back to the old home and mother. That old home town happened to be Berlin, California, and thus Mr. Reeves bumped into Miss Margot McEvery, who was slim, a greenhorn at sea, bright-eyed as a tourist should be and excessively easy on the wandering eye. Manager Fishbeck engineered the deal.

"Steve," he said, in their casual discourse, "there's a girl tourist here from California — from Berlin, California. That's your town. She came in last night on the Montezuma. The name is Margot McEvery. Know her?"

STEVE said he didn't and remarked it might be nice to meet a home-town gal, especially as he had twelve hours ahead of him in the sun-kissed isles.

"What's she like?" he demanded.

"Fret not the soul," said Fishbeck.

He telephoned up to Miss McEvery's room with no result, inquired at the desk, learned she was somewhere on the terrace or maybe on the beach and finally ran her down under a beach umbrella, where she seemed to have nothing much on her mind. She was alone, clad in an outfit of tropic blue and wearing the inevitable lei. She looked summery and attractive as she idled there. As Steven moved forward with the friendly Fishbeck, he could see instantly that no mistake was being made, for this was a rare specimen of Hawaiian tourist.

"Miss McEvery," said Fishbeck in his official voice, "this is Mr. Reeves from Singapore, just in on the Alexandria and heading home and, strangely enough, his home is Berlin. Seems to me you Berlin folks ought to know each other."

She looked surprised and pleased, said she was glad to meet him and invited him to sit down. Sure enough, that was her home town, too, Berlin, one of those small inoffensive California purlieus, tucked away against the side of a mountain—the sort of town through which you drive with great rapidity, contemplating your luck in not living there. It is famous only for the supreme quality of the local eggplant.

Her manner was so immediately cordial that Mr. Fishbeck felt safe in leaving them, which he did with a word of warning: "Don't you get too thick, just because you're a couple of Berliners. Out here, beauty lives on every hand and the visitor is enchanted and often goes haywire."

Steve laughed and said everything would probably be all right; Fishbeck disappeared and they settled down to talk, looking at each other with growing curiosity. Twenty yards away curled the tumbling waters of Waikiki, over their heads spread the famous blue sky and around them stirred the swaying palms seen in colored newsreels, and the fleecy trade-wind clouds.

She said: "It is interesting, isn't it? I've met your father and mother and I believe your dad sometimes plays golf with mine. You haven't been home in a long time."

"About three years," Steve answered, fixing her with a steady gaze. "Let's order ourselves some coffee and cake. . . . So you're leaving Honolulu tonight?"

"Sail at nine o'clock, and isn't it queer that, never having met you back home, I should cross your path out here on this little dab of mud in the Pacific?"

STEVE replied that it was not only queer but looked to him like the finger tips of Fate. She was getting out at nine. He was getting out at nine. They were going in opposite directions. They came from the same town. Astounding! . . . So they breakfasted in contentment together and surveyed the handsome beach boys as they paraded by in muscled arrogance. They talked about the Billings family back in Berlin and the school-board scandal, about ocean liners and ship doctors and ship drunkards and English tourists and the foreign cities of the East. . . . They talked not casually, like a couple of passengers leaning against a ventilator, but with the energy that makes conversation fascinating when two people take a sudden liking to each other.

"If you're in from Singapore," Margot remarked, "then you must know Bryan Kennedy."

"Of course I do."

"That's why you see me here today," she said with a smile. "I'm going out to Singapore to marry him."

Steve placed his coffee cup on the saucer and fitted it slowly and exactly into its proper circle, after which he looked up at the lady and laughed.

"So that's it. Beautiful California heiress crosses broad Pacific to wed childhood sweetheart. . . . How do you know you'll like the Malay Peninsula?"

"I don't know. I should think that after a person has lived most of a person's life in Berlin, California, then the person would be quite happy in Singapore—or any town you can name."

"How long since you've seen Bryan?"

"Maybe two years this summer. But I've known him for ages. We made a sort of bargain before he left California and he was to send for me when he needed a wife and could support one. We were interested in the same things. Do you know him well?"

"I should say I do. We borrow shirts from each other. Make no mistake about that lad—he's tops."

"Has he changed at all?"

"Not a lick. Same old Bryan—full of life and fun. He lives at the American Club some of the year, and that's my hangout. . . . The fellows out there like him, so maybe you're a lucky lady."

The waiter brought more coffee and Margot McEvery, assured that she was sitting with a friend, talked freely of herself and her plans, discussed her own special philosophy and the way life looked to her. Steve listened sympathetically and made wordless noises indicating acquiescence. He observed the earnest sparkle in her eyes when she referred to the future under strange conditions. . . . Yes, Singapore was a fine city. . . . She would certainly adore the town and find it interesting endlessly. There was a jolly group of Americans that ganged around together and would approve of her instantly; and if you liked the British, there would be plenty doing . . . Singapore wasn't like any other town on earth. . . . Young Bryan Kennedy had a future and nobody doubted it. They lolled on the sand for two hours, watching the fabulous white clouds slither across the brow of Diamond Head. Now they had ten hours left. He said:

"How would it be if we got us a car and prowled among the fragrant oleanders and exotic hibiscuses of these paradise islands, where they tell me life pulses with all the surprise of a happy dream?"

MARGOT hopped up at once and declared she had lived for this moment. "We will drive," Steve stated, "slowly through the warm heart of old Hawaii and maybe we will see natives roasting a young pig. It is a town of museums, aquariums, palaces and melancholy tunes."

They paused in the lobby to ask Manager Fishbeck if he thought it would look all right for a young gentleman from Singapore, formerly from Berlin, to go gadding around Honolulu with a girl just in from his home town. Fishbeck answered that such incidents often happened and that it looked harmless enough to him.

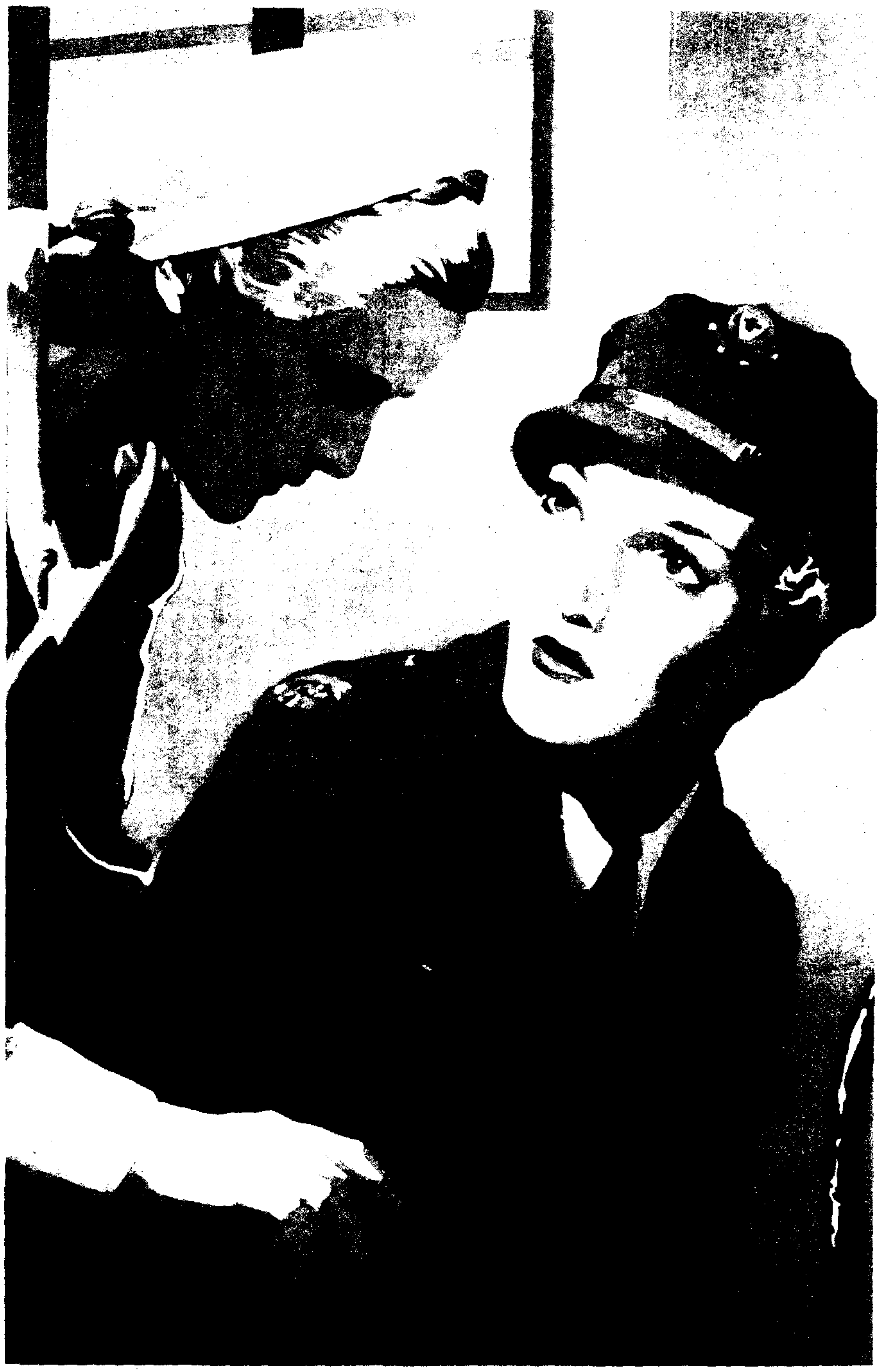
"And," said Steve, "this charming young traveler is heading out to Singapore to get married. The lucky man is a friend of mine."

"Cable him," Fishbeck grinned, "that *you are* taking his bride up for a peek at the Pali, which is a cliff where saddened lovers hurl themselves into space."

That was roughly around the hour of eleven in the morning and Steve procured the car, open touring, and aided Miss McEvery aboard, holding her arm carefully and with the solicitude generally accorded crippled old ladies and Confederate veterans. He twisted himself into a corner opposite her, where he could stare undisturbed and became aware of the fact that strange surgings were galloping up and down his inner cosmos. In a lightning flash, it came to him that this chance collision in mid-Pacific was probably the most important thing that had ever happened to him.

"Just where would you like to drive?" he asked.

(Continued on page 37)

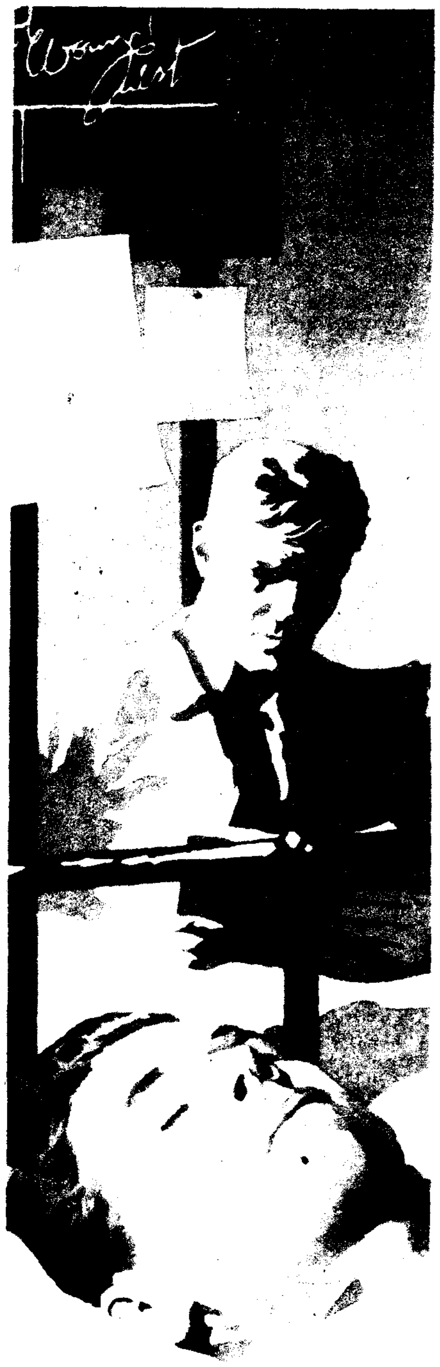


She had visited him but he never knew she'd been there

None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



The Story Thus Far:

CLOSE friends and in love with the same girl—Louise Frawley—Andy Paige and Dick Patterson are living in a small Canadian town when the World War starts. They enlist in Canada's army; and presently, privates both, they are at the front together, in France.

Three times Andy has a strong premonition, a "hunch," that some man whom he knows has not long to live. On each occasion, the man is killed. Then comes the fourth hunch: Joe Miller, of whom Andy is genuinely fond, is to be the victim this time. And, as usual, the hunch is a correct one—while on a patrol in no man's land, Joe is killed!

Meanwhile, Andy has observed that something is wrong with Dick. His friend seems nervous, jittery. And he seizes every opportunity to expose himself to danger! Why? Andy thinks he knows the answer: Dick is a victim of fear; and, realizing it, he is going out of his way to prove to himself, and others, that, although he may not be able to control his nerves, he is not a coward.

Scout Sergeant Williams questions Andy about Dick. Andy stands by his friend loyally, allays the sergeant's suspicions that Dick has a "yellow streak."

The battalion moves to a new sector—a very dangerous one, where in order to reach one of the observation posts one must move overland, *within plain sight of the enemy*. And right there Dick Patterson faces his first serious test: he and Andy are ordered to carry some supplies to that post!

The two boys start, early in the morning. They walk down a trench. They reach the point where they must begin their hazardous overland journey. They drop their loads, rest for a few moments. Then— "Come on," says Andy. Dick makes no move. "I'm tired," he says. "Let's wait a bit."

III

NO," I said, "come on. This snow will help to conceal us. Also we want to get across so it'll blot our tracks behind us."

"What's the use?" said Dick. "Fritz knows we're in that ruin."

"Maybe he does, and maybe he doesn't. Come on, Dick, get a move on!"

"Andy, I can't."

"What d'you mean, you can't?"

"I can't face that trip. I just can't, that's all!"

I put the petrol tin down again and reached for my Webley.

"Why, Andrew! You wouldn't—"

"Yes," I said, "that's the way it is, Dick. Get up on that parapet. I'll give you till I count three."

Dick didn't move. He just stood there with the snow coming down on him and I could feel him looking at my gun.

"One!"

I thought I heard someone coming along the trench, so I purposely delayed my count. . . .

"Two!"

Still he didn't budge. The steps sounded closer. . . .

"Thr—"

"Password!" said a voice that I recognized as belonging to the captain in command of No. 3 Company.

"Ferguson," I said.

The officer came right up to us and I could smell the aroma of pipe smoke that clung to his uniform.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Scouts."

"What are you doing here?"

"Ration party, sir. We're on our way back to our post out there," I said, pointing off toward where a star shell had just burst.

That seemed to satisfy him and he said, "All right, carry on!" He did not, however, make a move to carry on himself, and I was tickled to death he didn't.

"Okay, Dick," I said. "Let's go."

I clambered up over the parapet and dropped down the slope on the other side without looking at Dick again. I knew that with the officer standing there watching him he would have to follow, and, sure enough, a few seconds later he did.

"Come on," I said, "let's make it snappy and it'll soon be over."

Dick didn't answer, but I could hear him tagging along as I crouched down, bit hard into my chewing gum, and started off across the ruins.

BECAUSE of the snow, Fritz had more flares up than usual, but it wasn't doing him much good as it was coming down thicker now and making a nice opaque curtain between us and the German lines. A machine gun opened up, right in my ear, so it felt. I ducked into a hole.

When the firing stopped, I realized that I had lost touch with Dick and so I stuck my head out of the hole. I couldn't see him anywhere. I looked around for him and, failing to see any trace of him, started to call his name.

No answer.

I left the Lewis gun drums and the petrol tin in the shell hole and retraced my steps to hunt for him.

I found him at last, lying on his stomach behind a little heap of bricks, his face in his hands, sobbing quietly to himself.

"Are you hit?" I said.

"No, I'm not."

"I'll give you three again," I said, kneeling down beside him and covering him with my revolver.

"All right, all right," he said. "I'll go, Andy."

"You'll go ahead of me," I said through clenched teeth. I was furious with him for putting me in the position of being a cattle driver.

He made no protest—which angered me more than ever—and got up. He forgot all about the two bags of rations, and I didn't remind him because I was going to give him a bullet in the leg as soon as he got far enough away from me. I knew I could count on Fritz to provide the light to do it by, so I cocked my gun.

Dick seemed to be in a sort of trance. He just strolled out from behind those bricks as if he were going to pick flowers or something. I stayed where I was, kneeling on one knee and supporting my elbow on the other, drawing a careful bead on the back seam of Joe Miller's left boot at about the level of the calf. I remember saying to myself, "Too bad about spoiling the boot!" I was just beginning to press the trigger when I saw Dick spin round and flop in the snow. As soon as the firing stopped, I crawled over to him.

"Well, anyway, I'm hit now, Andy," he said, giving me a quizzical sort of look.

"That's swell," I said, and neither of us noticed what a peculiar remark that was. "Let me get you back behind the bricks, then I'll put a dressing on you."

I ROLLED him over on his stomach and saw a dark patch in the snow on which he had been lying, and then as I looked at the corresponding portion of his back, I found the little frayed hole right in the center of his belt. It looked to me as though it was mighty close to his spine, but I didn't say anything.

Dick seemed to be able to wriggle a bit, so between the two of us we got him back to the shelter of the bricks.

"Thanks," he said, as I fished around inside his tunic for the field dressing.

"I'm not through yet," I said. "I've got to put a bandage on you first and then get you out of here."

"No, I mean thanks for the blighty," he said, and I've never seen such a genuinely grateful expression on any man's face. It was so damned grateful it made me feel embarrassed for him.

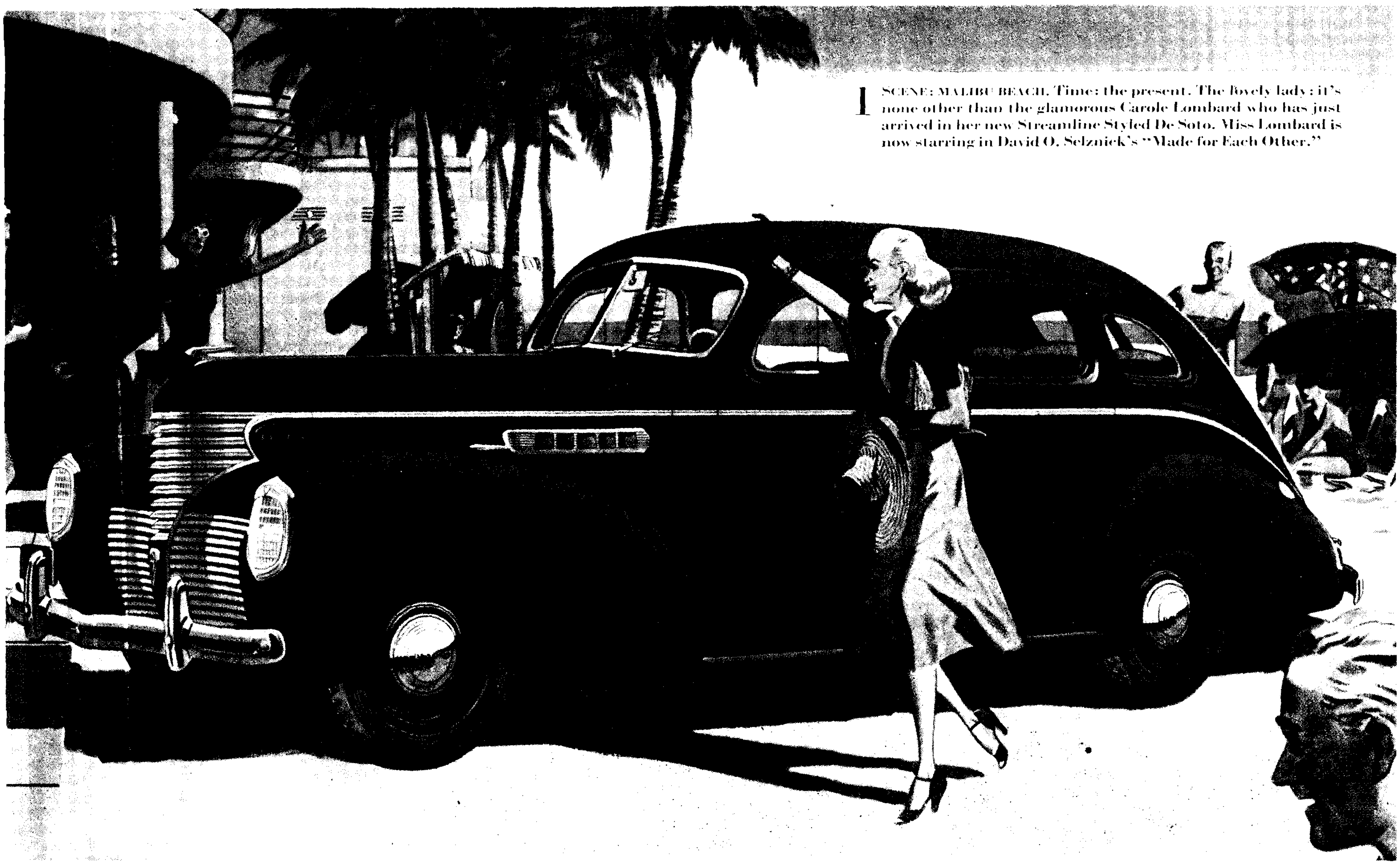
"It wasn't me," I said, kind of gruffly.

"Oh, of course not!" he said in a tone that meant the exact opposite.

"Listen," I said. "You may as well

(Continued on page 55)

CAROLE LOMBARD TELLS WHY SHE PICKED DE SOTO

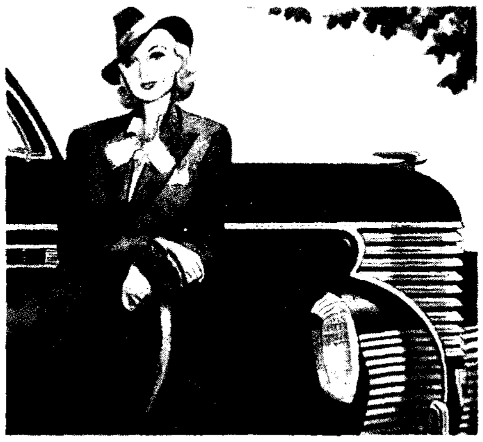


1 SCENE: MALIBU BEACH. Time: the present. The lovely lady: it's none other than the glamorous Carole Lombard who has just arrived in her new Streamline Styled De Soto. Miss Lombard is now starring in David O. Selznick's "Made for Each Other."

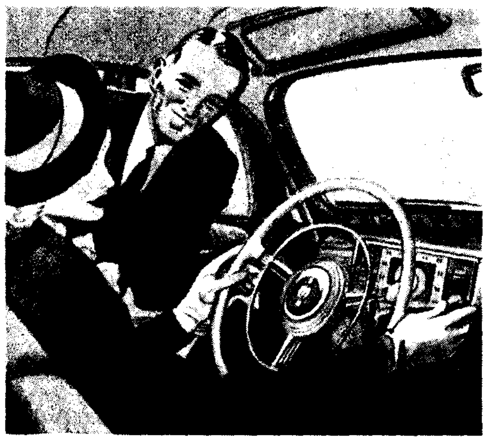
MY STORY

Carole Lombard

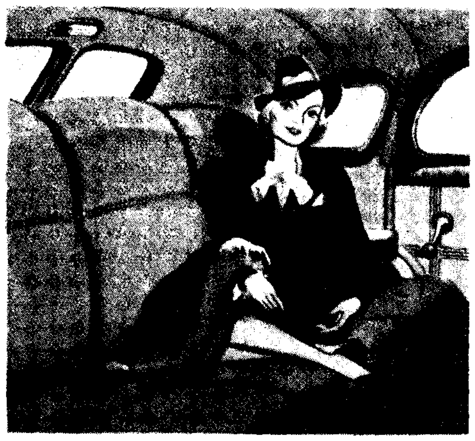
"I wanted a Smart Car that was easy to drive and economical to own —I chose De Soto."



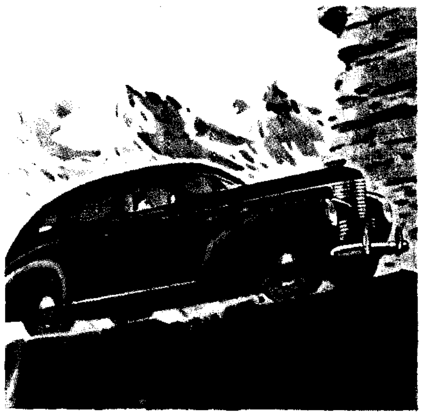
2 "STYLE COMES FIRST with me. I like De Soto's Streamline design, the fascinating headlamp treatment . . . thank heavens, there's no old-fashioned trunk bustle.



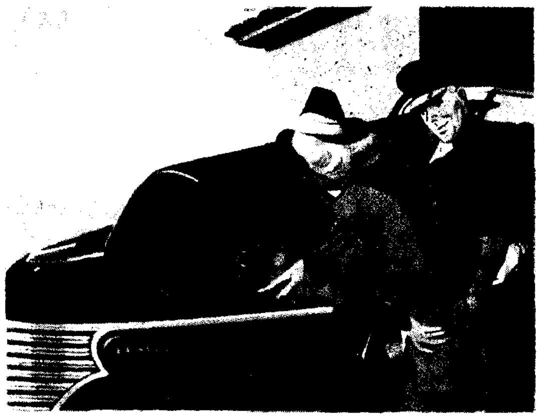
3 "THEN I DISCOVERED De Soto's new Handy-Shift—simplest gear shift I've ever used. It's mounted right on the steering post. More room for everybody up front.



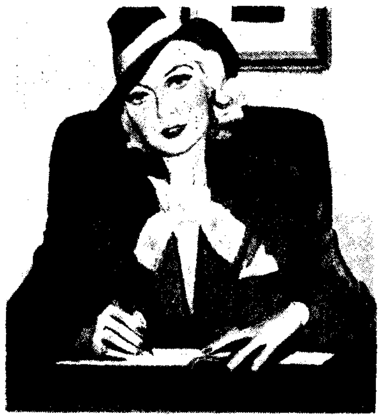
4 "FRONT AND BACK, seats are wide as sofas. Six big people can ride in comfort. That big luggage locker has plenty of room, too.



5 "I LIKE DE SOTO'S Five Speeds Forward. It's well worth the modest extra cost. And that new 'passing gear' just zooms you ahead.



6 "I NATURALLY like De Soto's economy. Safety-Steel body and hydraulic brakes: all my friends say I used very good judgment getting such a dependable car.



7 "I WATCH my check stubs carefully. De Soto's low price is good news." DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP., Detroit, Mich.

SEE YOUR
DE SOTO DEALER
FOR A GREAT CAR... FINE SERVICE & A SQUARE DEAL

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

News for thrifty Pullman Passengers!

THE *NEW* CONVERTIBLE S.O.S.*

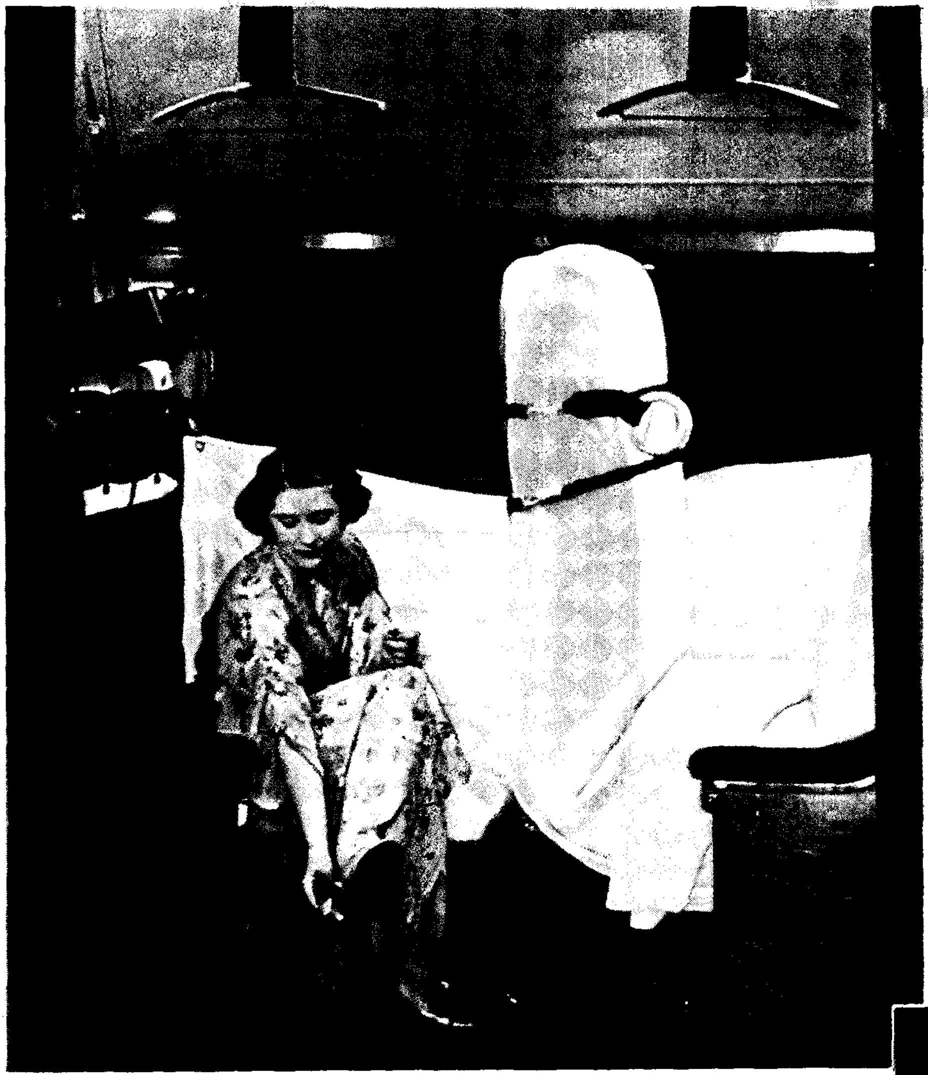
● Like "elbow room" when you travel? Privacy? Thoughtful little conveniences that seem to smooth out the miles? And, with it all, *real economy?* Then you'll enjoy this new Pullman accommodation—the Convertible Single Occupancy Section. When you're ready to retire or get up, half of the bed folds upward—you can easily do it yourself, or the porter will with controls outside your curtains—creating a miniature dressing room right in your own section! Ample space for dressing, sitting or standing. Full head-room, too. The upper isn't lowered at all. And you're using the safest travel in the world. As this advertisement is written there has not been a passenger fatality in a Pullman-owned and operated car in four years!

The cost of the Convertible Single Occupancy Section is extremely reasonable. Ask your ticket agent for the cost of this and other Pullman accommodations on your next trip. Or write,

THE PULLMAN COMPANY • CHICAGO

Because of increased operating expenses, the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized an increase of 5% in the rates for all Pullman accommodations. The rate for upper berths, however, was not increased. The new rates became effective August 1, 1938.

* SINGLE OCCUPANCY SECTION



THE NEW CONVERTIBLE SINGLE OCCUPANCY SECTION

Pictured above is Pullman's latest contribution to travel comfort and convenience. Increasingly popular with travelers, this new *convertible feature of the S.O.S. is now* being installed throughout the Pullman System as rapidly as possible.

THE PULLMAN PORTER KNOWS WHAT TRAVELERS WANT

Want an early morning call—want to send a telegram—your porter is there to serve you efficiently but—always unobtrusively.

KEEP CLOTHES FRESH—UNWRINKLED

Plenty of room to hang your clothing in this new Pullman accommodation. Seat is at a convenient height for dressing. There is a handy shelf for small articles.

AWAKE REFRESHED—ALERT

Pullman S.O.S. passengers enjoy deep, restful sleep on comfortable mattresses—two deep. You have freshly laundered bed linen each night of your journey. As many as four pillows if you desire. Soft, shaded lights for bed-time reading. You reach your destination rested—relaxed.

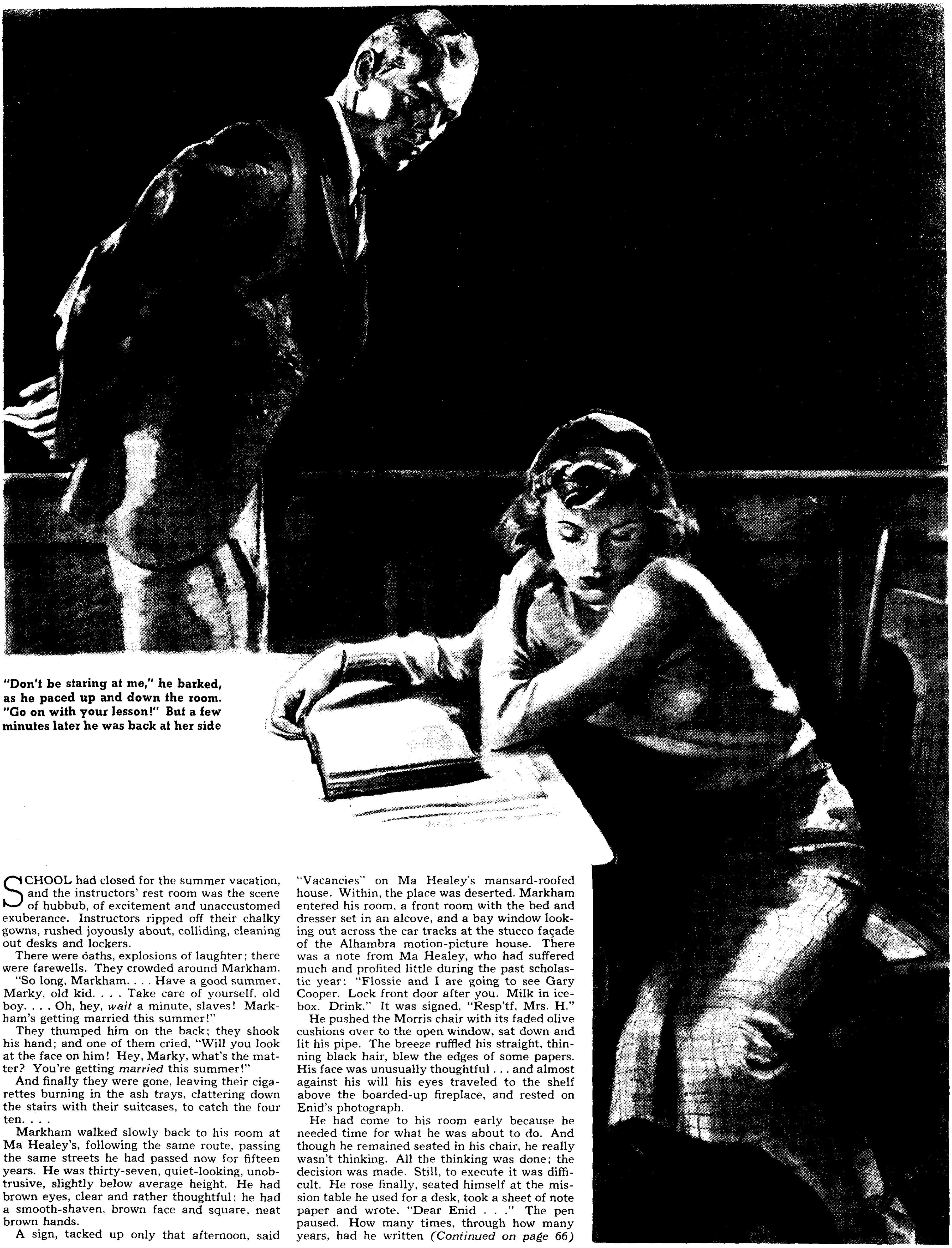
DAYTIME—AS YOU LIKE IT!

All through Single Occupancy Section passengers may use the bed for daytime lounging if desired. At your request the porter will make the bed and draw the curtains—insuring you complete privacy. It's like loafing on a sofa before a big window at home. Or, if you want to write or work or play games, you can have two roomy double seats facing—all to yourself—and a table, too, if you wish it.

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1938, The Pullman Company



"Don't be staring at me," he barked, as he paced up and down the room. "Go on with your lesson!" But a few minutes later he was back at her side

SCHOOL had closed for the summer vacation, and the instructors' rest room was the scene of hubbub, of excitement and unaccustomed exuberance. Instructors ripped off their chalky gowns, rushed joyously about, colliding, cleaning out desks and lockers.

There were oaths, explosions of laughter; there were farewells. They crowded around Markham.

"So long, Markham. . . . Have a good summer, Marky, old kid. . . . Take care of yourself, old boy. . . . Oh, hey, *wait* a minute, slaves! Markham's getting married this summer!"

They thumped him on the back; they shook his hand; and one of them cried, "Will you look at the face on him! Hey, Marky, what's the matter? You're getting *married* this summer!"

And finally they were gone, leaving their cigarettes burning in the ash trays, clattering down the stairs with their suitcases, to catch the four ten. . . .

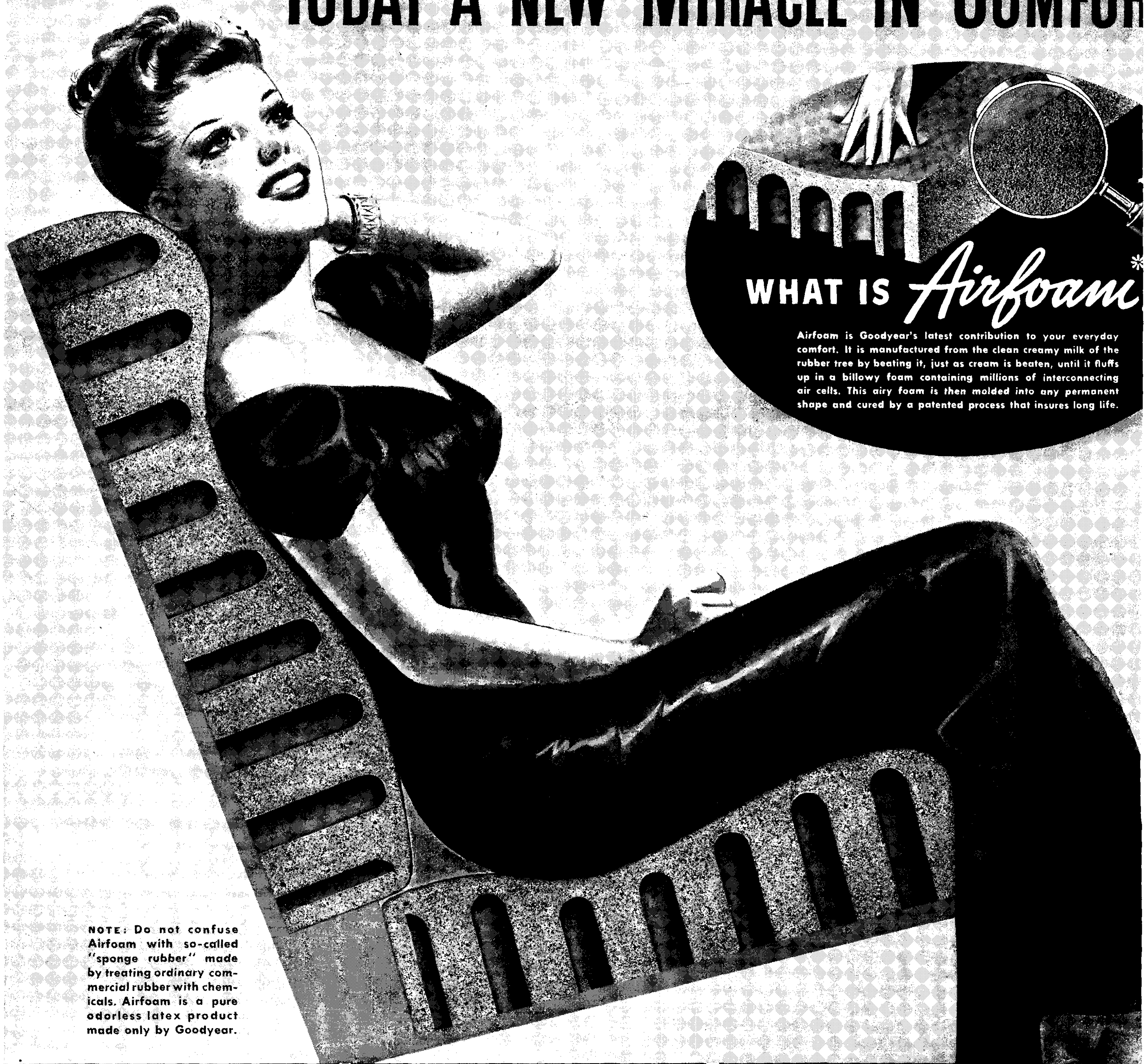
Markham walked slowly back to his room at Ma Healey's, following the same route, passing the same streets he had passed now for fifteen years. He was thirty-seven, quiet-looking, unobtrusive, slightly below average height. He had brown eyes, clear and rather thoughtful; he had a smooth-shaven, brown face and square, neat brown hands.

A sign, tacked up only that afternoon, said "Vacancies" on Ma Healey's mansard-roofed house. Within, the place was deserted. Markham entered his room, a front room with the bed and dresser set in an alcove, and a bay window looking out across the car tracks at the stucco façade of the Alhambra motion-picture house. There was a note from Ma Healey, who had suffered much and profited little during the past scholastic year: "Flossie and I are going to see Gary Cooper. Lock front door after you. Milk in icebox. Drink." It was signed, "Resp'tf, Mrs. H."

He pushed the Morris chair with its faded olive cushions over to the open window, sat down and lit his pipe. The breeze ruffled his straight, thinning black hair, blew the edges of some papers. His face was unusually thoughtful . . . and almost against his will his eyes traveled to the shelf above the boarded-up fireplace, and rested on Enid's photograph.

He had come to his room early because he needed time for what he was about to do. And though he remained seated in his chair, he really wasn't thinking. All the thinking was done; the decision was made. Still, to execute it was difficult. He rose finally, seated himself at the mission table he used for a desk, took a sheet of note paper and wrote, "Dear Enid . . ." The pen paused. How many times, through how many years, had he written *(Continued on page 66)*

TODAY A NEW MIRACLE IN COMFOR



WHAT IS Airfoam*

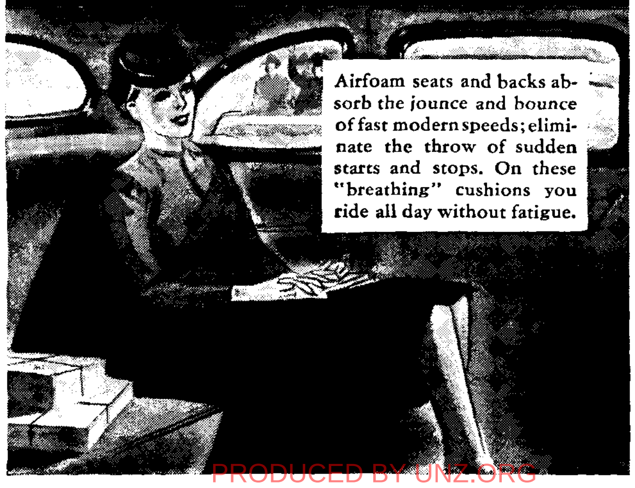
Airfoam is Goodyear's latest contribution to your everyday comfort. It is manufactured from the clean creamy milk of the rubber tree by beating it, just as cream is beaten, until it fluffs up in a billowy foam containing millions of interconnecting air cells. This airy foam is then molded into any permanent shape and cured by a patented process that insures long life.

NOTE: Do not confuse Airfoam with so-called "sponge rubber" made by treating ordinary commercial rubber with chemicals. Airfoam is a pure odorless latex product made only by Goodyear.

GIVES FURNITURE NEW COMFORT

Goodyear Airfoam gives luxurious restfulness to all types of upholstered furniture. Repels moths, germs and vermin. Airfoam cushions hold their shape; *do not need constant* "fluffing."

ABSORBS "SEAT BOUNCE" IN MOTORING



Airfoam seats and backs absorb the jounce and bounce of fast modern speeds; eliminate the throw of sudden starts and stops. On these "breathing" cushions you ride all day without fatigue.

SMOOTHS OUT BUMPS IN FLYING

Airfoam seats take the bumps out of rough air and hard landings . . . cradle passengers in protective softness . . . add new pleasure and comfort to flying.

YOURS—*Airfoam*

by GOODYEAR

It's an amazingly buoyant new material . . . an airy billow on which you literally float . . . with the body uniformly cushioned in any posture . . . cool . . . dustless . . . vermin-proof . . . and unbelievably restful . . . for all types of seats, furniture and mattresses

YOU get a hint of the welcome awaiting Airfoam from such facts as these—

The designers of America's newest streamlined trains checked into it, and adopted it for seat cushions and mattresses—

Airlines looked it over, and promptly began to install it in pilots' seats, when tests showed it cut fatigue in half—

Long distance buses are replacing former seat cushions with Airfoam to give their passengers day-long comfort, and truck operators have adopted it for drivers' seats—

Hospitals are discovering that bed-weary patients get healing relaxation when transferred to wonder-soft, sanitary, tuftless, self-ventilating mattresses made of Goodyear Airfoam—

Fine furniture is beginning to be Airfoam-cushioned, Airfoamed mattresses for the home are already a reality—

And some of the smartest 1939 cars, ready now for the market, are adopting Airfoam to give their seats bounceless, jolt-free restfulness beyond anything you have ever known!

Airfoam is an entirely new kind of cushion—far superior to present materials in the uniform support it gives every portion of the body.

You don't sit on Airfoam, you literally float—buoyed up by millions of tiny air cells that gently conform to every posture . . . perfectly cradling every weary muscle any way you stretch, turn or lounge.

Airfoam is porous. Air pumps in and out through its countless vents, yielding just enough to give soft-but-firm "all over" support at all times.

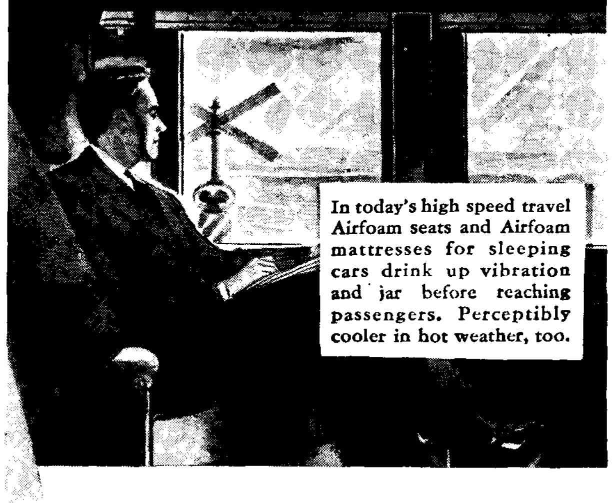
This breathing action smothers the jolt and jar of modern high-speed travel before it reaches you. In furniture and mattresses it means simply blissful comfort. It insures coolness, too.

Airfoam is odorless. It repels moths and other vermin. And in tests equal to hundreds of thousands of miles of hard usage it retains its resilient "life" without bunching or firming down.

If you haven't yet experienced Airfoam's miracle comfort, do so at the first opportunity—if you want to enjoy the most marvelous rest your weary bones have ever known.

**Airfoam, a registered trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company*

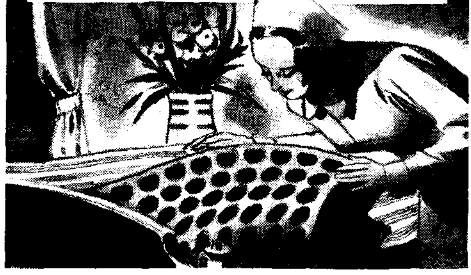
THERS VIBRATION IN TRAINS & BUSES



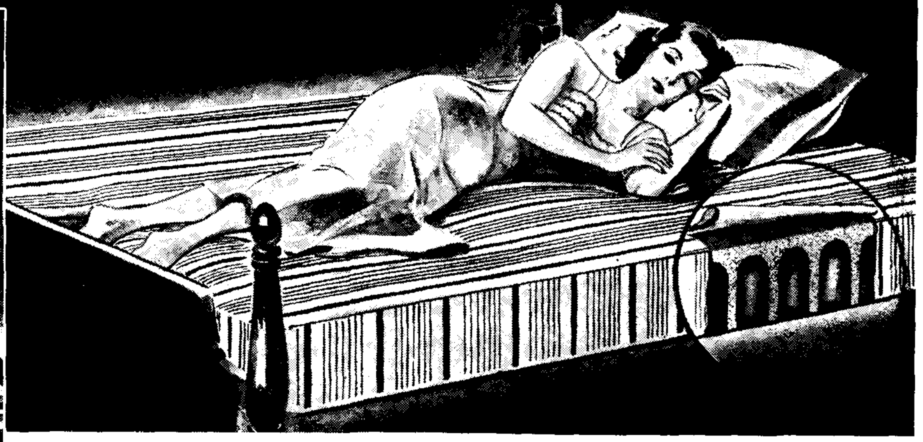
In today's high speed travel Airfoam seats and Airfoam mattresses for sleeping cars drink up vibration and jar before reaching passengers. Perceptibly cooler in hot weather, too.

STERILE, GERM-REPELLENT FOR HOSPITAL USE

Leading hospitals find Airfoam mattresses and ambulance pads a great advance in easing pain. Slightly antiseptic; repel germs. Easily washed and disinfected.



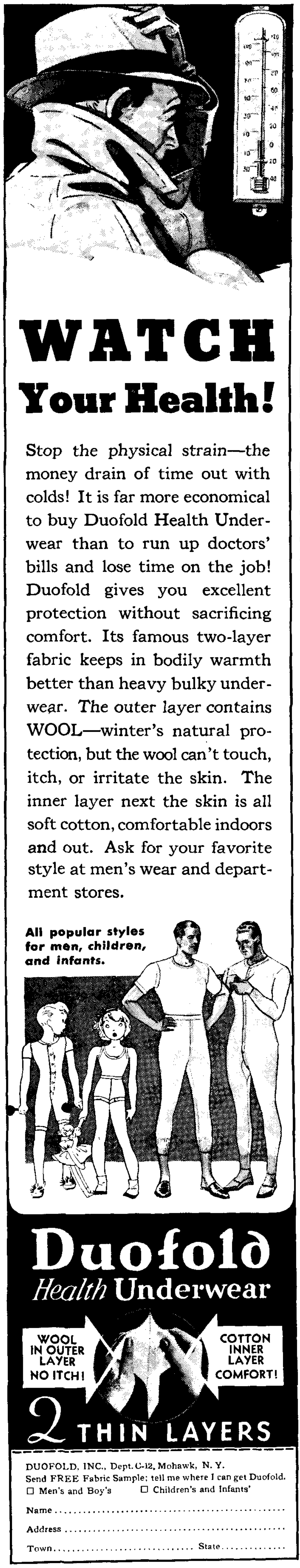
INSURES RESTFUL REFRESHING SLEEP



In mattresses Airfoam cradles every weary muscle uniformly ...any way you turn or cuddle...gives equalized support that quickly summons healthful sleep. No tufts to gather dust.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR


WATCH
Your Health!

Stop the physical strain—the money drain of time out with colds! It is far more economical to buy Duofold Health Underwear than to run up doctors' bills and lose time on the job! Duofold gives you excellent protection without sacrificing comfort. Its famous two-layer fabric keeps in bodily warmth better than heavy bulky underwear. The outer layer contains WOOL—winter's natural protection, but the wool can't touch, itch, or irritate the skin. The inner layer next the skin is all soft cotton, comfortable indoors and out. Ask for your favorite style at men's wear and department stores.

All popular styles for men, children, and infants.

Duofold
Health Underwear

WOOL IN OUTER LAYER NO ITCH!
COTTON INNER LAYER COMFORT!
2 THIN LAYERS

DUOFOLD, INC., Dept. C-12, Mohawk, N. Y.
Send FREE Fabric Sample; tell me where I can get Duofold.
☐ Men's and Boy's ☐ Children's and Infants'
Name..
Address..
Town.............................. State..............

Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 11

Her husband smiled. "The world, I always think, is as you yourself make it."

Lydia said sharply, "No! Evil is not only in one's mind. Evil exists! *You* seem to have no consciousness of the evil in the world. I have. I can feel it. I've always felt it—here in this house—" She bit her lip and turned away.

Alfred said, "Lydia—"

But she raised a quick admonitory hand, her eyes looking past him at something over his shoulder. Alfred turned.

A dark man with a smooth face was standing there deferentially.

Lydia said sharply, "What is it, Horbury?"

Horbury's voice was low, a mere deferential murmur.

"It's Mr. Lee, madam. He asked me to tell you that there would be two more guests arriving for Christmas, and would you have rooms prepared for them."

Lydia said, "Two more guests?"

Horbury said smoothly, "Yes, madam, another gentleman and a young lady."

Alfred said wonderingly, "A young lady?"

"That's what Mr. Lee said, sir."

Lydia said quickly, "I will go up and see him—"

Horbury made one little step. It was a mere ghost of a movement but it stopped Lydia's rapid progress automatically.

"Excuse me, madam, but Mr. Lee is having his afternoon sleep. He asked specially that he should not be disturbed."

"I see," said Alfred. "Of course we won't disturb him."

"Thank you, sir."

Horbury withdrew.

Lydia said vehemently, "How I dislike that man! He creeps about the house like a cat! One never hears him going or coming."

"I don't like him very much either. But he knows his job. It's not so easy to get a good male nurse attendant. And Father likes him; that's the main thing."

"Yes, that's the main thing, as you say. Alfred, what is this about a young lady? What young lady?"

Her husband shook his head.

"I can't imagine. I can't even think of anyone it might be likely to be."

THEY stared at each other. Then Lydia said, with a sudden twist of her expressive mouth:

"Do you know what I think, Alfred?"

"What?"

"I think your father has been bored lately. I think he is planning a little Christmas diversion for himself."

"By introducing two strangers into a family gathering?"

"Oh! I don't know what the details are—but I do *fancy* that your father is preparing to—amuse himself."

"I hope he *will* get some pleasure out of it," said Alfred gravely. "Poor old chap, tied by the leg, an invalid—after the adventurous life he has led."

Lydia said slowly, "After the—adventurous life he has led."

The pause she made before the adjective gave it some special though obscure significance. Alfred seemed to feel it. He flushed and looked unhappy.

She cried out suddenly, "How he ever had a son like you, I can't imagine! You two are poles apart. And he fascinates you—you simply worship him!"

Alfred said with a trace of vexation, "Aren't you going a little far, Lydia? It's natural, I should say, for a son to love his father. It would be very unnatural not to do so."

Lydia said, "In that case, most of the members of this family are—unnatural! Oh! don't let's argue! I apologize. I've hurt your feelings, I know. Believe me, Alfred, I really didn't mean to do that. I admire you enormously for your—your—*fidelity*. Loyalty is such a rare virtue in these days. Let us say—shall we?—that I am jealous. Women are supposed to be jealous of their mothers-in-law—why not, then, of their fathers-in-law?"

He put a gentle arm round her.

"Your tongue runs away with you, Lydia. There's no reason for you to be jealous."

She gave him a quick, remorseful kiss, a delicate caress on the tip of his ear.

"I know. All the same, Alfred, I don't believe I should have been in the least jealous of your mother. I wish I'd known her."

He sighed. "She was a poor creature."

His wife looked at him interestedly. "So that's how she struck you. . . . As a poor creature. . . . That's interesting."

He said dreamily, "I remember her as nearly always ill. . . . Often in tears. . . ." He shook his head. "She had no spirit."

Still staring at him, she murmured very softly, "How odd. . . ."

But as he turned a questioning glance on her, she changed the subject.

"Since we are not allowed to know who our mysterious guests are I shall go out and finish my garden."

"It's very cold, my dear—"

"I'll wrap up warmly."

SHE left the room. Alfred Lee, left alone, stood for some minutes motionless, frowning a little to himself, then he walked over to the big window at the end of the room. Outside was a terrace running the whole length of the house. Here, after a minute or two, he saw Lydia emerge, carrying a flat basket.

Her husband watched for some time. At last he went out of the room, fetched himself a coat and muffler and emerged onto the terrace by a side door. As he walked along he passed various stone sinks arranged as miniature gardens, all the products of Lydia's fingers.

One represented a desert scene with smooth yellow sand, a little clump of green palm trees in colored tin, and a procession of camels with one or two little Arab figures. Some primitive mud houses had been constructed of plasticine. There was an Italian garden with terraces and formal beds with flowers in colored sealing wax. There was an arctic one too, with lumps of green glass for icebergs, and a little cluster of penguins. Next came a Japanese garden with a couple of beautiful little stunted trees, a mirror arranged for water, and bridges modeled out of plasticine.

HE CAME at last to stand beside her where she was at work. She had laid down blue paper and covered it over with glass. Round this were lumps of rock piled up. At the moment she was pouring out coarse pebbles from a little bag and forming them into a beach. Between the rocks were some small cactuses.

Lydia was murmuring to herself, "Yes, that's exactly right—exactly what I want. . . ."

Alfred said, "What's this latest work of art?"

She looked up.

"This? Oh, it's the Dead Sea, Alfred. Do you like it?"

He said: "It's rather arid, isn't it? Oughtn't there to be more vegetation?"

She shook her head.

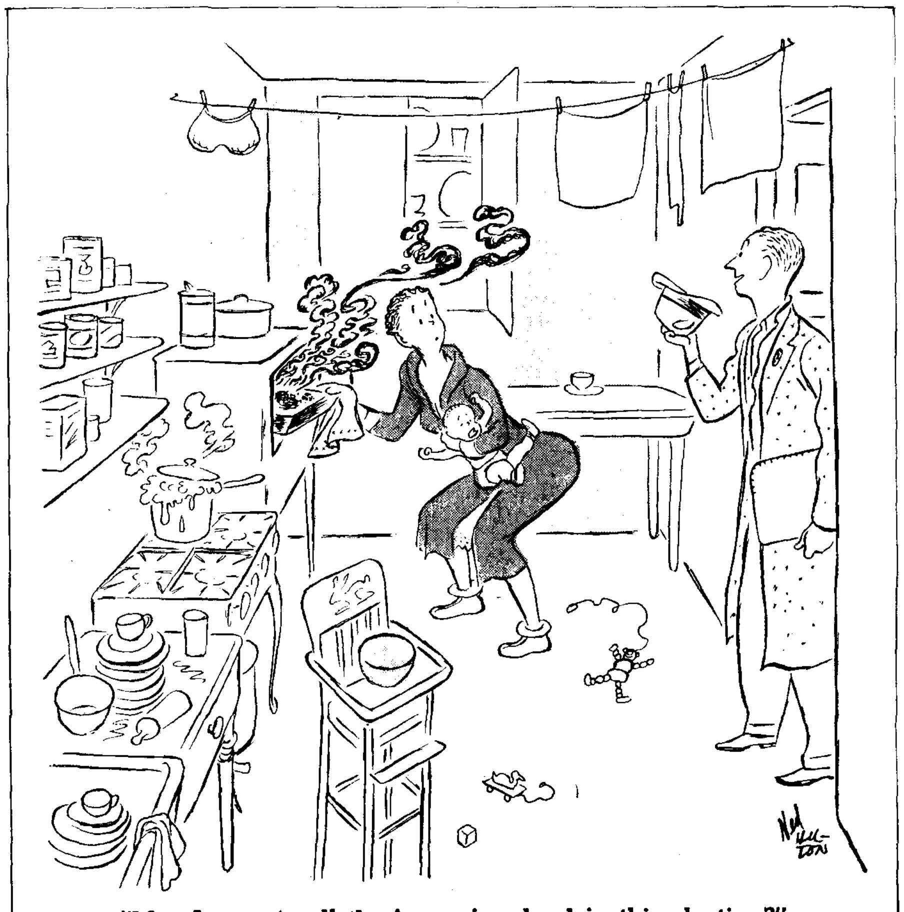
"It's my idea of the Dead Sea. It *is* dead, you see—"

"It's not so attractive as some of the others."

"It's not meant to be specially attractive."

Footsteps sounded on the terrace. An elderly butler, white-haired and slightly bowed, was coming toward them.

"Mrs. George Lee on the telephone, madam. She says will it be convenient



"May I explain all the issues involved in this election?"

NED HILTON

One
AUTOMOBILE
Admit One
NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE
SHOW
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
NEW YORK

ORCHIDS TO THE MOTOR MAKERS

. . . BUT

THERE is one thing about the new 1939 cars you should know. Sure, they are dreams to look at . . . they are flashes to drive . . . the motor makers have outdone themselves . . . buy one of the new cars if you possibly can! But, remember the closer cylinder clearances and improved piston assemblies that make for greater efficiency also produce far greater heat—a heat that will break down old-style oils—make them sticky—cause piston drag and stalled motors.

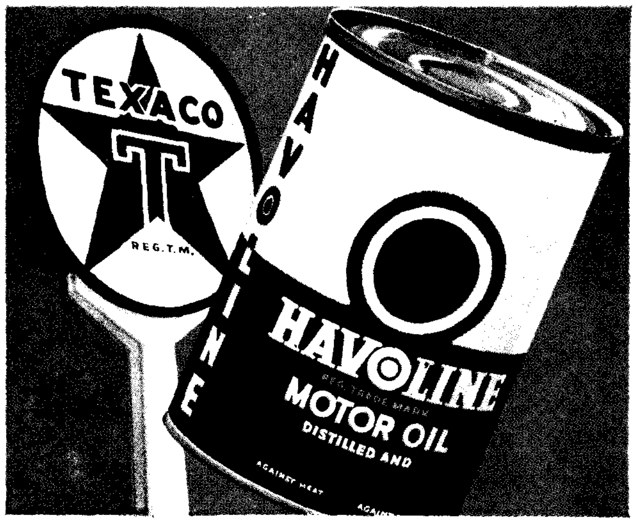
But the Texaco Engineers had been working on this very problem for years—to develop an oil that would give absolute lubricating protection even in the presence of extremely high heat.

When the new cars presented this problem, the Research Engineers of The Texas Company were ready with a new oil. It's Insulated Havoline Oil. Insulated Havoline stays on the job—fights the new high heats of today's cars. It's the oil you need for a new car. There's no better oil at any price for *any* car—besides being insulated, it's distilled to keep your engine clean. Change to Havoline—the oil that's changed for you.

Stop when you see the Texaco Star. That's a sure sign of Insulated Havoline Oil, Fire Chief Gasoline, dependable Marfak Lubrication, helpful, courteous service and clean Registered Rest Rooms.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in THE TEXACO STAR THEATRE: A full hour of all-star entertainment every Wednesday night. Columbia Network—
9:30 E.S.T. 8:30 C.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T.

Copyright 1938, The Texas Company



DISTILLED AND

INSULATED

. . . AGAINST HEAT . . . AGAINST COLD

In our family Elgin has been the
TRADITIONAL CHOICE IN CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR GENERATIONS"

says charming JANE CHARLTON *of Boston*

Christmas preview of gift ELGINS now in progress at your jeweler's! See the smartest styles, biggest values ever offered. Ask your jeweler about his generous lay-away or budget plan of purchase.

Beautiful and socially prominent—Miss Charlton is an accomplished musician, a keen student of the ballet. Through four generations, her family have been enthusiastic ELGIN *owners.*

$2975
15 jewels
"American Beauty"
$3750
17 jewels
"De Luxe"
$5500
19 jewels
"Lady Elgin"
$2475
"Classic"
$32500
17 jewels
Model 2956
$4750
17 jewels
"Streamline"
$5000
19 jewels
"Lady Elgin"

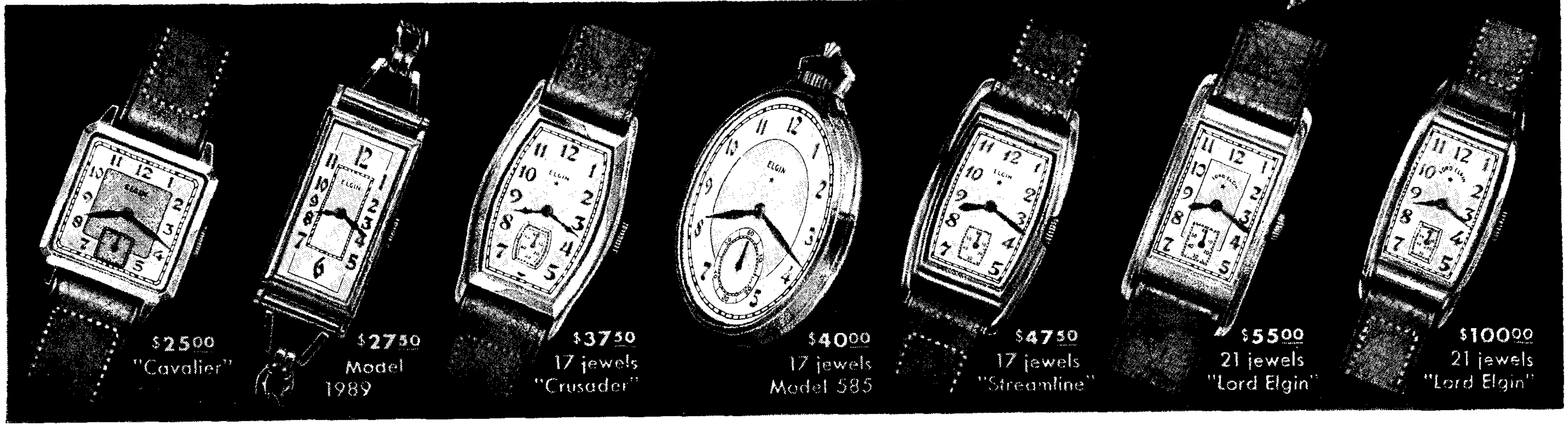
Today you can make America's greatest Christmas gift tradition your own—*at an extremely moderate cost.* The newest gift ELGINS, which are on display at your jeweler's now, represent the finest watch values offered in 74 years.

No other maker in the world can duplicate these amazing new timepieces. For each watch embodies exclusive technical advances that place it years ahead in design. Each is thoroughly American in its craftsmanship... styled with distinction and a flair for fashion-rightness.

Visit your ELGIN jeweler today! Ask particularly to see his selection of beautiful 21-jewel Lord Elgins and charming 19-jewel Lady Elgins. Prove to yourself that ELGIN is one gift that really "belongs" at the top of your Christmas list this year.

☆ ELGIN ☆

THE GREATEST NAME IN MODERN TIMEKEEPING
. . . AMERICA'S MOST CHERISHED GIFT


$2500
"Cavalier"
$2750
Model
1989
$3750
17 jewels
"Crusader"
$4000
17 jewels
Model 585
$4750
17 jewels
"Streamline"
$5500
21 jewels
"Lord Elgin"
$10000
21 jewels
"Lord Elgin"

if she and Mr. George arrive by the five-twenty tomorrow?"

"Yes, tell her that will be all right."

"Thank you, madam."

The butler hurried away. Lydia looked after him fondly.

"Dear old Tressilian. What a standby he is! I can't imagine what we should do without him."

Alfred agreed.

"He's one of the old school. He's been with us nearly forty years. He's devoted to us all."

Lydia nodded.

"Yes, he's like the faithful old retainers of fiction. I believe he'd lie himself blue in the face if it was necessary to protect one of the family!"

Alfred said, "I believe he would. . . ."

Lydia smoothed over the last bit of her shingle.

"There," she said. "That's ready."

"Ready?" Alfred looked puzzled.

She laughed.

"For Christmas, silly! For this sentimental family Christmas we're going to have."

DAVID was rereading the letter. Quietly, without saying anything, his wife, Hilda, watched him. She noted the jerking muscle (or was it a nerve?) in his temple, the slight tremor of the long delicate hands, the nervous spasmodic movements of his whole body. When he pushed aside the lock of fair hair that always tended to stray down over his forehead and looked across at her with appealing blue eyes she was ready.

"Hilda, what shall we do about it?"

Hilda hesitated a minute before speaking. She had heard the appeal in his voice. She knew how dependent he was upon her—had always been ever since their marriage—knew that she could probably influence his decision finally and decisively. But for just that reason she was chary of pronouncing anything too final.

She said, and her voice had the calm, soothing quality that could be heard in the voice of an experienced nurse in a playroom: "It depends on how you feel about it, David."

A broad woman, Hilda, not beautiful, but with a certain magnetic quality. Force. Hilda Lee had force.

David got up and began pacing up and down. His hair was practically untouched by gray. He was strangely boyish-looking. His face had the mild quality of a Burne-Jones knight. It was, somehow, not very real. . . .

He said, and his voice was wistful: "You know how I feel about it, Hilda."

"I'm not sure."

"But I've told you—I've told you again and again! How I hate it all—the house and the country around and everything! It brings back nothing but misery. I hated every moment that I spent there! When I think of it—of all that *she* suffered—my mother. . . ."

His wife nodded sympathetically.

"She was so sweet, Hilda, and so patient. Lying there, often in pain, but bearing it—enduring everything. And when I think of my father"—his face darkened—"bringing all that misery into her life—humiliating her—boasting of his love affairs—constantly unfaithful to her and never troubling to conceal it."

Hilda Lee said, "She should not have put up with it. She should have left him."

He said with a touch of reproof, "She was too good to do that. She thought it was her duty to remain. Besides it was her home—where else could she go?"

"She could have made a life of her own."

David said fretfully, "Not in those days! You don't understand. Women didn't behave like that. They put up with things. They endured patiently. She had us to consider. Even if she had divorced my father what would have happened? He would probably have married again. There might have been a second family. *Our* interests might have gone to the wall. She had to think of all those considerations."

Hilda did not answer.

David went on: "No, she did right. She was a saint! She endured to the end—uncomplainingly."

Hilda said: "Not quite uncomplainingly or you would not know so much, David!"

He said softly, his face lighting up: "Yes—she told me things. . . . She knew how I loved her. When she died—"

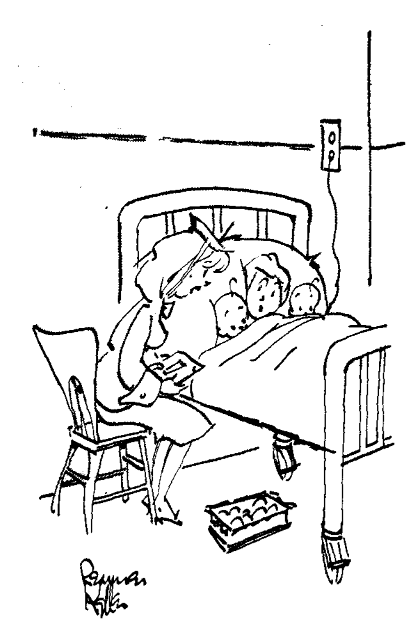
He stopped. He ran his hands through his hair.

"Hilda, it was awful—horrible! The desolation! She was quite young still, she *needn't* have died. *He* killed her—my father! He was responsible for her dying. He broke her heart. I decided then that I'd not go on living under his roof. I broke away from it all."

Hilda nodded.

"You were very wise," she said. "It was the right thing to do."

David said, "Father wanted me to go into the works. That would have meant living at home. I couldn't have stood that. I can't think how Alfred stands it—how he has stood it all these years."



"They're lovely, Rita—who's your doctor?"

REAMER KELLER

"Did he never rebel against it?" asked Hilda with some interest.

David nodded.

"Alfred was going into the army. Father arranged it all. Alfred, the eldest, was to go into some cavalry regiment, Harry was to go into the works, so was I. George was to enter politics."

"And it didn't work out like that?"

DAVID shook his head.

"Harry broke all that up! He was always frightfully wild. Got into debt—and all sorts of other troubles. Finally he went off one day with several hundred pounds that didn't belong to him, leaving a note behind him saying an office stool didn't suit him and he was going to see the world."

"And you never heard any more of him?"

"Oh, yes we did!" David laughed. "We heard quite often! He was always cabling for money from all over the world. He usually got it, too!"

"And Alfred?"

"Father made him chuck up the army and come back and go into the works."

"Did he mind?"

"Very much to begin with. He hated it. But Father could always twist Alfred round his little finger. He's absolutely under Father's thumb still, I believe."

"And you—escaped!" said Hilda.

"Yes. I went to London and studied painting. Father told me plainly that if I went off on a fool's errand like that I'd get a small allowance from him during his lifetime and nothing when he died. I said I didn't care. He called me a young fool, and that was that! I've never seen him since."

Hilda said gently, "And you haven't regretted it?"

"No, indeed. I realize I shan't ever get anywhere with my art. I shall never be a great artist—but we're happy enough in this cottage—we've got everything we want—all the essentials. And if I die, well, my life's insured for you."

He paused and then said, "And now—*this!*"

He struck the letter with his open hand.

"I am sorry your father ever wrote that letter, if it upsets you so much," said Hilda.

David went on as though he had not heard her.

"Asking me to bring my wife for Christmas, expressing a hope that we may be all together for Christmas, a united family! What can it mean?"

Hilda said, "Need it mean anything more than it says?"

He looked at her questioningly.

"I mean," she said, smiling, "that your father is growing old. He's beginning to feel sentimental about family ties. That does happen, you know."

"I suppose it does," said David slowly.

"He's an old man and he's lonely."

He gave her a quick look.

"You want me to go, don't you, Hilda?"

SHE said slowly, "It seems a pity—not to answer an appeal. I'm old-fashioned, I dare say, but why not have peace and good will at Christmas time?"

"After all I've told you?"

"I know, dear, I know. But all that's in the *past*."

"Not for me."

"*No, because you won't let it die.* You keep the past alive in your own mind."

"I can't forget."

"You *won't* forget—that's what you mean, David."

His mouth set in a firm line.

"We're like that, we Lees. We remember things for years—brood about them, keep memory green."

Hilda said with a touch of impatience, "Is that anything to be proud of?"

He said: "You don't attach much value to loyalty—loyalty to a memory?"

Hilda said, "I believe the *present* matters—not the past! The past must go. If we seek to keep the past alive, we end, I think, by *distorting* it. We see it in exaggerated terms—a false perspective."

"I can remember every word and every incident of those days perfectly," said David passionately.

"Yes, but you *shouldn't*, my dear! It isn't natural to do so! You're applying the judgment of a boy to those days instead of looking back on them with the more temperate outlook of a man."

"What difference would that make?" demanded David.

Hilda hesitated. She was aware of unwisdom in going on, and yet there were things she badly wanted to say.

"I think," she said, "that you're seeing your father as a bogey! You're exalting him into a kind of personification of evil. Probably, if you were to see him now, you would realize that he was only a very ordinary man; a man, perhaps whose passions ran away with him, a man whose life was far from blameless, but nevertheless merely a *man*—not a kind of inhuman monster!"

"You don't understand! His treatment of my mother—"

Hilda said gravely, "There is a certain kind of meekness—of submission—that brings out the worst in a man—whereas,

John Howard

DEMONSTRATES NEW TWAIN SET COLLAR

"MARVELOUS, IS THE WORD FOR THIS NEW COLLAR," *says* **John Howard, star of Paramount's "TOUCHDOWN ARMY." "Soft collar comfort with stiff collar appearance. What more could a man ask?"**

By All Means

SEE THE SMART

MARK TWAIN Shirts

AT YOUR HABERDASHER

● ELDER . . . one of America's leading shirtmakers sets out deliberately to make famous MARK TWAIN Shirts America's greatest $1.65 shirt value. Go to your haberdasher today. Ask for a MARK TWAIN Shirt and another of similar price. Compare the splendid full-shrunk shirtings, exclusive patterns and colors in the MARK TWAIN. Inspect the beautiful custom-stitching in every buttonhole, pleat and seam. See how the MARK TWAIN is form-cut, full tailored and superbly finished. Then check the last minute styling and the handsome non-wilt Twain Set collar. It doesn't take an expert to see that MARK TWAIN is the buy!

MARK TWAIN Shirts

BY ELDER

ELDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
New York • Chicago • Los Angeles

$1.65
Everywhere

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

For Low cost Travel TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA

Ride the Challengers

HERE are several big reasons why the Challengers are among the nation's most popular trains between Chicago and Los Angeles-San Francisco:

LOW RAIL FARE
there's a big saving in rail fare.

LOW COST MEALS
breakfast, 25¢; luncheon, 30¢; dinner, 35¢.

SMART, MODERN COACHES
with roomy, reclining seats; soft, blue night lights; free pillows.

SPECIAL COACHES
exclusively for women and children.

SPACIOUS CHALLENGER SLEEPING CARS
accommodations at about half Standard Pullman rates.

SMART MODERN LOUNGE CAR
for use of Sleeping Car passengers.

REGISTERED NURSE-STEWARDESS
a helpful service without charge.

COMPLETE AIR-CONDITIONING
just-right temperature. Every car clean and quiet.

How Little It Costs
CHICAGO to LOS ANGELES or SAN FRANCISCO

1 way in coaches	$39.50
3 meals, 1st day	.90
3 meals, 2nd day	.90
Breakfast, 3rd day	.25
TOTAL	$41.55

See BOULDER DAM
—en route to or from Los Angeles. All-expense side trip from Las Vegas, Nevada, as low as $4.65.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC
Road of the Streamliners and the Challengers
UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

W. S. Basinger
Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 630
Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about California and Challenger service.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City______________ State______________

that same man, faced by spirit and determination, might be a different creature!"

"So you say it was her fault—"

Hilda interrupted him: "No, of course I don't! I've no doubt your father treated your mother very badly indeed, but marriage is an extraordinary thing—and I doubt if any outsider—even a child of the marriage—has the right to judge. Besides, all this resentment on your part now cannot help your mother."

"Then you want me to go?"

Hilda hesitated, then she suddenly made up her mind.

"Yes," she said, "I do. I want you to go and lay the bogey once and for all."

GEORGE LEE, M. P. for Westeringham, was a somewhat corpulent gentleman of forty-one. His eyes were pale blue and slightly prominent with a suspicious expression; he had a heavy jowl, and a slow pedantic utterance.

He said now in a weighty manner, "I have told you, Magdalene, that I think it my *duty* to go."

His wife shrugged her shoulders.

She was a slender creature, a platinum blonde with plucked eyebrows and a smooth, egglike face. It could, on occasions, look quite blank and devoid of any expression whatever. She was *looking like that now.*

"Darling," she said, "it will be perfectly grim, I am sure of it."

"Moreover," said George Lee, and his face lit up as an attractive idea occurred to him, "it will enable us to save considerably. Christmas is always an expensive time."

"Oh, well!" said Magdalene. "After all, Christmas is pretty grim anywhere!"

"I suppose," said George, pursuing his own line of thought, "they will expect to have a Christmas dinner. A nice piece of beef, perhaps, instead of a turkey."

"Who? The servants? Oh, George, don't fuss so. You're always worrying about money."

"Somebody has to worry."

"Yes, but it's absurd to pinch and scrape in all these little ways. Why don't you make your father give you some more money?"

"He already gives me a very handsome allowance."

"It's awful to be completely dependent on your father, as you are! He ought to settle some money on you outright."

"That's not his way of doing things."

Magdalene looked at him. Her hazel eyes were suddenly sharp and keen. "He's frightfully rich, isn't he, George? A kind of millionaire?"

"A millionaire twice over, I believe."

Magdalene gave an envious sigh.

"How did he make it all? South Africa, wasn't it?"

"Yes, he made a big fortune there in his early days. Mainly diamonds."

"Thrilling!" said Magdalene.

"Then he came to England and started in business and his fortune has actually doubled or trebled itself, I believe."

"WHAT will happen when he dies?" asked Magdalene.

"Father's never said much on the subject. Of course, one can't exactly *ask.* I should imagine that the bulk of his money will go to Alfred and myself. Alfred, of course, will get the larger share."

"But your other brothers?"

"Well, there's David. I don't fancy *he* will get much. He went off to do art or some tomfoolery of that kind. I believe Father warned him that he would cut him out of his will and David said he didn't care."

"How silly," said Magdalene with scorn.

"There was my sister, Jennifer, too. She went off with a foreigner—a Spanish artist—one of David's friends. But she died just over a year ago. She left a daughter, I believe. Father might leave a little money to her, but nothing much. And of course, there's Harry—"

He stopped, slightly embarrassed.

"My dear. he wasn't a great—er—credit—to us. We don't mention him. His behavior was disgraceful. We haven't heard anything of him for some years now. He's probably dead."

Magdalene laughed suddenly.

"What is it? What are you laughing at?"

Magdalene said, "I was only thinking how funny it was that you—*you,* George, should have a disreputable brother! You're so very respectable."

"I should hope so," said George coldly.

Her eyes narrowed.

"Your father isn't—very respectable, George?"

"Really, Magdalene!"

"Sometimes the things he says make me feel quite uncomfortable."

George said: "Really, Magdalene, you surprise me. Does—er—does Lydia feel the same?"

"He doesn't say the same kind of things to Lydia," said Magdalene. She added angrily: "No, he never says them to *her.* I can't think why not."

George glanced at her quickly and then glanced away.

"Oh, well," he said vaguely. "One must make allowances. At Father's age —and with his health being so bad—"

He paused. His wife asked:

"Is he really—pretty ill?"

"Oh, *I* wouldn't say *that.* He's remarkably tough. All the same, since he wants to have his family round him at Christmas, I think we are quite right to go. It may be his last Christmas."

She said sharply, "You *say* that, George, but really, I suppose, he may live for years?"

Slightly taken aback, her husband stammered: "Yes—yes, of course, he may."

Magdalene turned away.

"Oh, well," she said, "I suppose we're doing the right thing by going."

"I have no doubt about it."

"But *I* hate it! Alfred's so dull, and Lydia snubs me."

"Nonsense."

"She does. And I hate that beastly manservant."

"Old Tressilian?"

"No, Horbury. Sneaking round like a cat and smirking."

"Really, Magdalene, I can't see that Horbury can affect you in any way!"

"He just gets on my nerves, that's all. But don't let's bother. We've got to go, I can see that. Won't do to offend the old man."

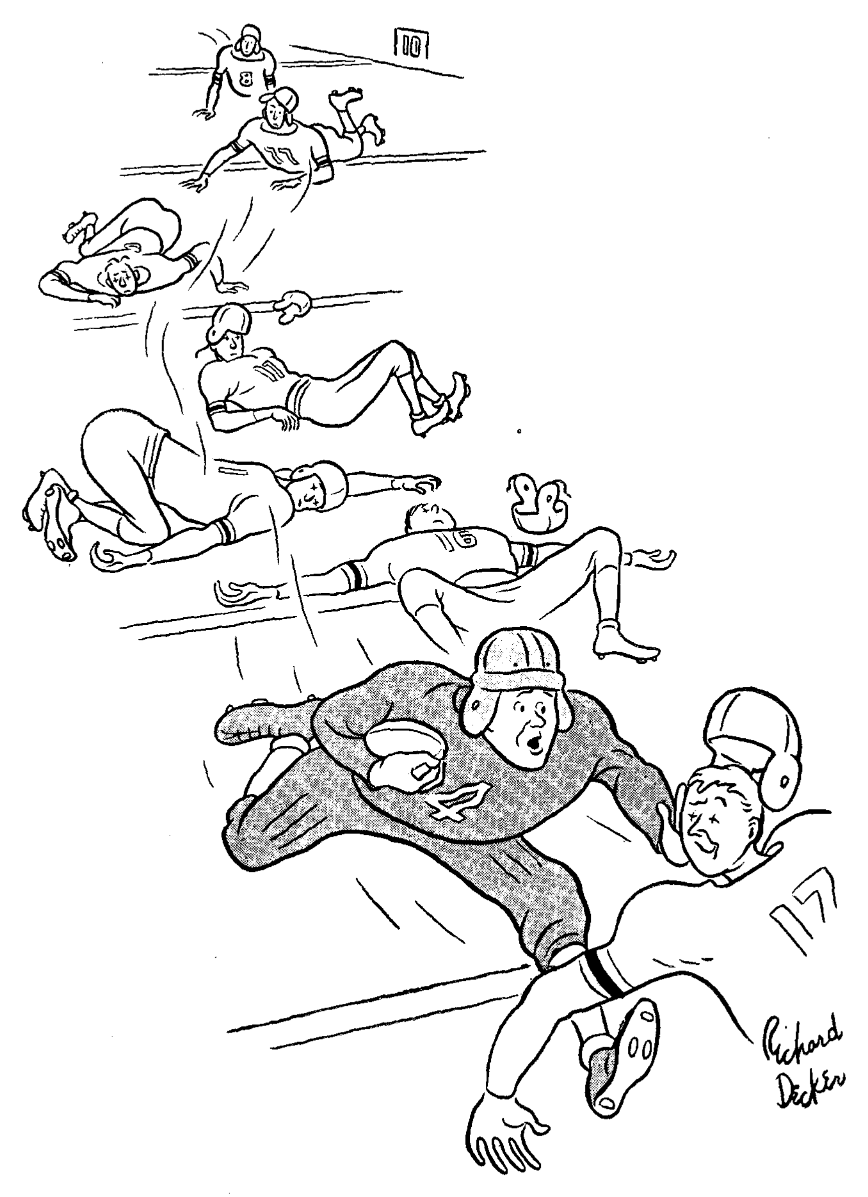
"No—no, that's just the point. About the servants' Christmas dinner—"

"Not now, George, some other time. I'll just ring up Lydia and tell her we'll come by the 5:20 tomorrow."

MAGDALENE left the room precipitately. After telephoning she went up to her own room and sat down in front of the desk. She let down the flap and rummaged in its various pigeonholes. Cascades of bills came tumbling out. Magdalene sorted through them, trying to arrange them in some kind of order. Finally, with an impatient sigh, she bundled them up and thrust them back whence they had come. She passed a hand over her smooth platinum head.

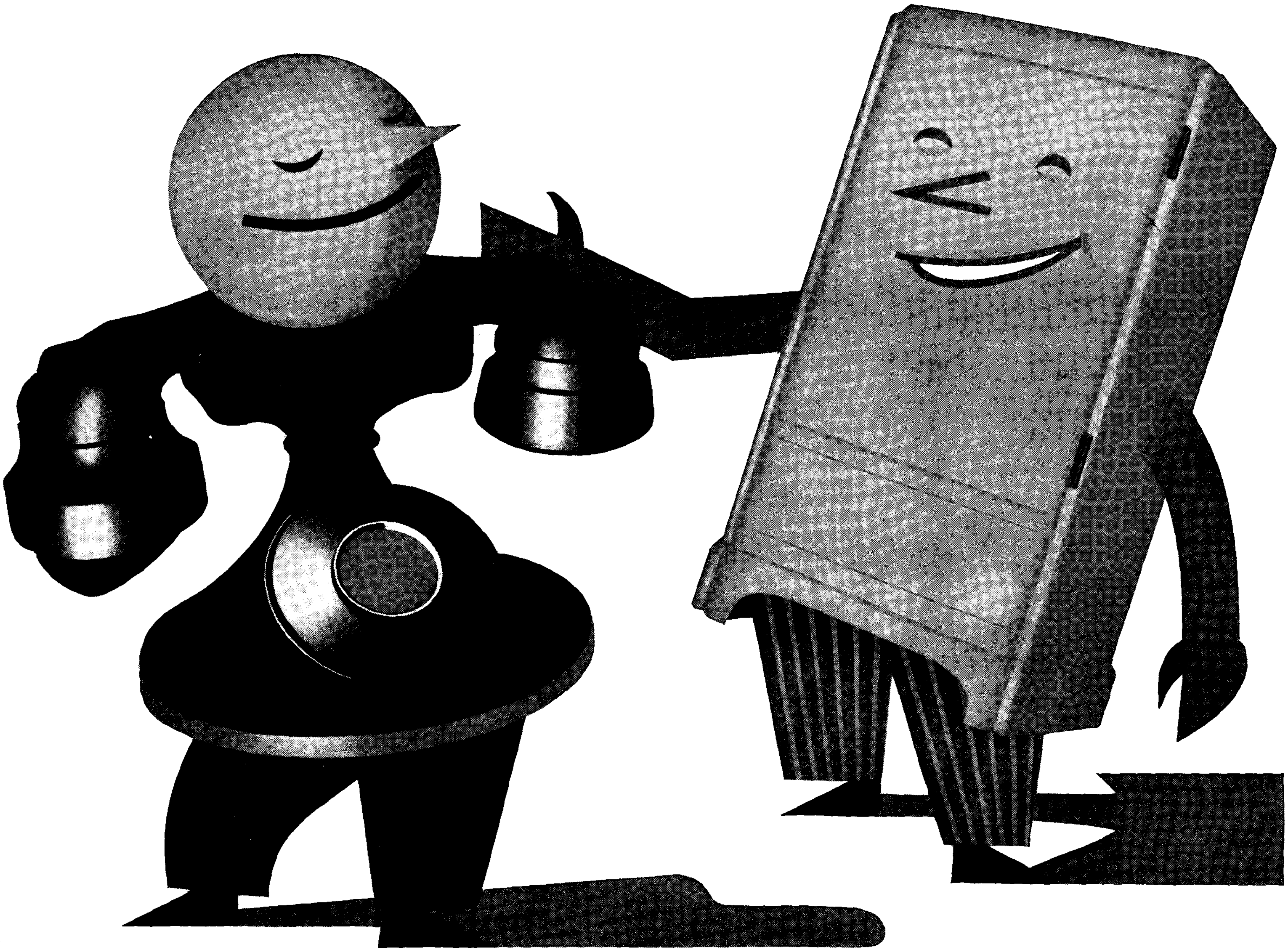
"What on earth am I to do?" she murmured.

(To be continued next week)



"Pardon me—sorry—my fault—excuse me—pardon me!"

RICHARD DECKER



LONG DISTANCE wins

WARM PRAISE from FRIGIDAIRE!

The Frigidaire Division of General Motors Corporation makes wide use of Long Distance telephone service *every day* . . . to regulate production . . . to keep in close contact with changing markets . . . and to stimulate sales.

Long Distance in Production

By telephone, Frigidaire orders materials, follows up deliveries, and maintains an economical balance between production and distribution. *By telephone*, frequent contact is made with 47 distributing points, to check local market trends and obtain sales forecasts upon which production schedules can be based. Wide areas are canvassed quickly at small cost.

Long Distance in Sales Work

By telephone, Frigidaire sales executives are in constant communication with branches and distributors, explaining new policies, outlining new advertising and selling strategy. In turn, the news is telephoned to dealers . . . dealers instruct their salesmen . . . and a nation-wide selling organization of 20,000 goes into concerted action.

Frigidaire is well pleased with its investment in Long Distance—for many phases of the company's distribution and sales promotion can be handled better by telephone for *speed*—for *discussion*—and for *complete understanding*.

Your business requirements may be quite different from Frigidaire's, but judicious use of Long Distance telephone service may prove as profitable for you.

Members of the Pins [illegible] on a hotel roof during [illegible]

[illegible] the performance [illegible] [illegible]dsky and Murray [illegible]

On Pins and Needles

By Kyle Crichton

[illegible] good [illegible] Workers [illegible] country [illegible] sisters. [illegible] too

ONCE upon a time there [illegible] group of guys and [illegible] worked in the dress [illegible] New York: Nettie Harary, the [illegible] Syrian girl, made dresses; Al [illegible] a cutter; Paul Seymour was a [illegible] embroiderer; Ruth Rubenstein [illegible] brassières; Millie Weitz ran a [illegible] making machine. Just ordinary [illegible] and gals, getting up at six in the [illegible] ing, grabbing a bite, galloping [illegible] subway, working all day and [illegible] the job.

As members in good standing [illegible] International Garment Workers [illegible]

[illegible] This turned out [illegible] which was in [illegible] months before [illegible] to look at [illegible] could only re[illegible] and in addi[illegible] to start with.

All [illegible] screw[illegible] the [illegible] the N[illegible] critics [illegible] noises [illegible] ecstatical[illegible] with [illegible] screaming [illegible] ers. In [illegible] earthquake.

This [illegible] come. [illegible] began [illegible]

(C[illegible]

KATHERINE JOSEPH

Al Levy worked in a dress factory before becoming an actor

KATHERINE JOSEPH

Ruth Rubenstein left her sewing machine for Pins and Needles

"Gee," said the foreman, "a big bondholder, huh?"

THE KIDDING BEGAN at lunch time...

Somebody mentioned the new office building at the corner of Walnut and Main. Joe said, "I have an interest in that building."

The boys egged him on—and Joe admitted that he also had an interest in the transportation company, the electric light company, the department store, and in some city and farm real estate.

"Gee," said the foreman in mock admiration, "a big bondholder, huh?"

"Yep," said Joe, "and so are a lot of you guys."

"How d'do, Mr. Bigshot" said one. "Pardon my glove," said another, "I'm Mr. Moneybags."

But Joe was right, for Joe has a life insurance policy in Metropolitan. Part of the money he and other Metropolitan policyholders pay as premiums is set aside as a reserve and put to work helping to finance homes, farms, office buildings, utilities, and other business enterprises that help make work and jobs all over the United States and Canada.

And Joe, like all Metropolitan policyholders, has an interest in all the investments the Company makes. While the Metropolitan does not operate or control the enterprises underlying these investments, it is very reassuring to Joe to know that the Company's long years of experience and its staff of experts safeguard the selection of every investment.

Joe is vitally concerned with the success of these investments because they help guarantee that his life insurance policy, as well as every other policy, will be paid when due.

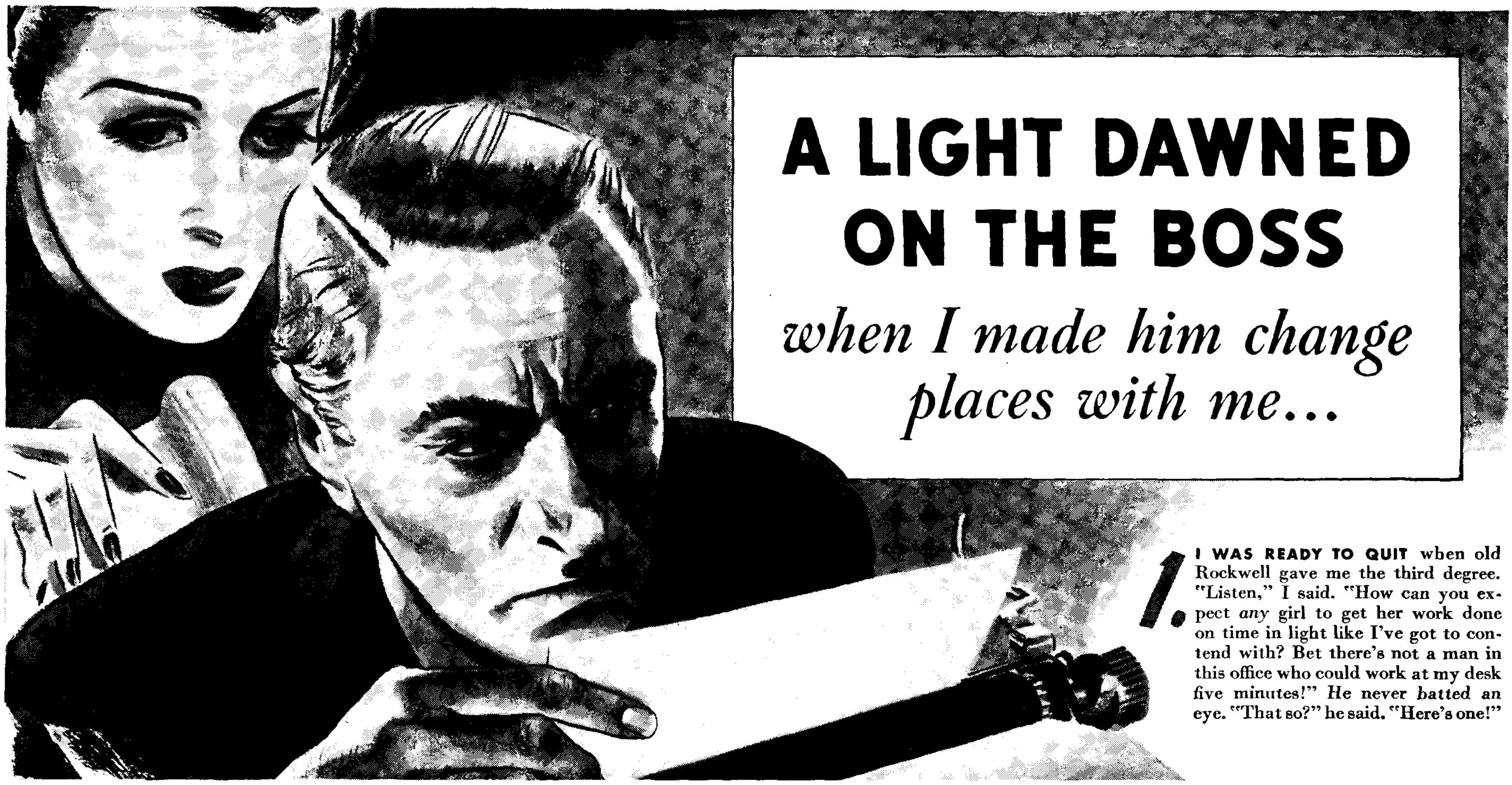
COPYRIGHT 1938—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 7 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be sent upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

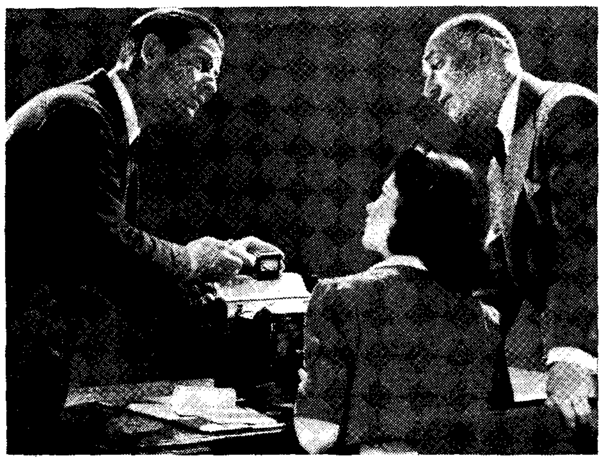
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



A LIGHT DAWNED ON THE BOSS

when I made him change places with me...

1. **I WAS READY TO QUIT** when old Rockwell gave me the third degree. "Listen," I said. "How can you expect *any* girl to get her work done on time in light like I've got to contend with? Bet there's not a man in this office who could work at my desk five minutes!" He never batted an eye. "That so?" he said. "Here's one!"



2. **BOY! WAS I RIGHT!** In ten seconds he was bawling for the office manager. "Listen, Tom," he said, "how can you expect our girls to work in light like this? Get the electric company right away!" Well, their man was johnny-on-the-spot with a light meter, and can you imagine? I'd been working in practically moonlight!

3. **WHAT SURPRISED EVEN ME** was how little had to be done to lead us poor souls out of the darkness! With the snappy new ceiling lights he recommended, you wouldn't know it was the same office. And for the first time in history, as the ads say, little Susie wound up on the dot of five, feeling chipper as the first day of vacation!

4. **GOING HOME** I had an idea. The old homestead wasn't so well-lighted either! So I stopped at a G-E bulb dealer's, and did I learn plenty! Two-thirds of the bulbs people use are too dim for reading. He gave me some swell "light conditioning recipes," and sent me away with a light heart and a package of brighter bulbs.

5. **HOW SIMPLE IT WAS!** I put a bright new 100-watt G-E bulb in that lamp beside my chair, replacing guess what? A measly 40! And unaccustomed as I am to mental improvement, I read far into the night without one teeny little hint of eyestrain! I'm no crusader, but from now on, I preach good light wherever I go!

Simple Recipes
for
EASIER SEEING
MAZDA LAMPS

6. **LOOK AROUND YOUR HOUSE** right now. See how many reading lamps you have with a total of less than 100 watts. Go out and get yourself a package of the new, brighter, low-priced G-E bulbs for light conditioning. Your dealer can tell you exactly what size bulbs you need for *Better Light—Better Sight.*

BRIGHTER G-E BULBS AT NEW LOW PRICES

100 WATT...for I.E.S. Better Sight lamps, garage, laundry...... 15¢

150 WATT...for kitchen, game room, home workshop. Now only.. 20¢

THREE-LITE MAZDA lamps for indirect 3-light floor lamps or fixtures. 100-200-300 watt, 60c. 50-100-150 watt.. 45¢

75, 60, 40, 15 WATT only................ 15¢

BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

LISTEN IN. *The G-E Hour of Charm with Dorothy Thompson, and Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, every Monday evening 9 to 9:30 E.S.T., NBC Red Network*

Slow Emotion

Continued from page 21

"First, to the nearest flower shop."

"They have one here in the hotel."

"I know it and I've been in it. No flowers. . . . Driver, would you know of a first-class florist?"

Their driver was a beady-eyed and amiable Hawaiian with the perfect tan a person can collect on his face if he lives in Honolulu, and on his shoes if there is a newly tarred road handy. He informed them he knew all the high-grade florists in the city and would instantly drive them to the best, so they rolled out into the sunny streets of the island and stopped within ten minutes. Steve sat in his corner and thought fast and seriously.

The florist was a Japanese of the wrestler type and his shop was evidently a first-grader.

"I would like to buy two Kauai orchids," Margot announced, and Steve noticed that every word she spoke seemed to him filled with music.

"Kauai orchids?" the Jap repeated, wrinkling his brow. "I am so sorry, Miss. No Kauai orchids."

Margot made a face and remarked they'd said the same thing at the Imperial shop.

"The Kauai orchid is not common in Honolulu," said the Jap. "You may not find them anywhere. If you do, they will be expensive."

"Thank you," said Miss McEvery, and the wondering Steve followed her out to their car.

"What's the matter with all those other orchids?" he asked cheerfully. "Are you a lady orchid specialist or what?"

"These are not for me," she explained. "I have to purchase Kauai and only Kauai orchids. Driver, the Jap failed us. Try your next best shop."

THEY roamed through the metropolitan district, called on florists, admired everything and were steadily cheerful. But they found no Kauai orchids.

Steve announced that when you could buy thirty-eight kinds of orchids it was foolish to be concentrating on a Kauai, so Margot was forced to explain.

"You know what Kona means?" she asked him.

"Beans," he hazarded.

"No, it means good luck. The Kauai orchid is a Kona flower and is supposed to stand for everything lovely—romance, fortune, good health and success. If you were a young man and if you wished a certain young lady to fall in love with you, then you would purchase, if you had the money, enough Kauai orchids to make a lei and this lei you would place about the fair neck of your beloved, whereat she would be overcome with emotion and thereafter love you dearly."

Steve sat up and grinned. "We keep right on driving," he said. "I just got an idea."

"That is the legend," Margot informed him, "and I didn't make it up, and if you happen to try it and it doesn't work, then sue the Hawaiians."

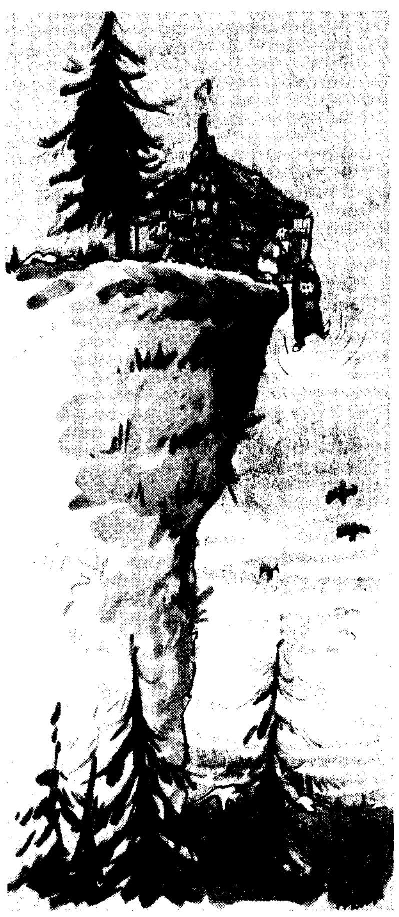
They motored out to the suburban communities on the off chance that some obscure florist might have the flower, and the longer he remained at her side the surer Steve was that his vacation trip was ended. He no longer had any desire whatever to return to California. By three o'clock they were running out of floral stations, their driver was scratching his head and they were hungry, so they drew up at the Nanio Inn, which nestles on the rim of the Pali and sells tea and cakes. . . .

Steve determined to see if he could eat a small dish of poi and ordered it, while Miss McEvery feasted on ice cream and sun cakes, and after staring down at tan ribbons that were roads and punch bowls that were once volcanoes Steve drew a long breath and waded in.

"Margot"—she had been Margot from the first ten minutes—"this is a peculiar and astounding situation and probably there will never be another like it."

"Situation?" she asked, turning the smile on him. "What situation?"

"I have known you only a few hours, and yet those hours have changed all my plans and desires. I have a ticket to California and up to now I intended to go home. Now, I don't want to go home. I don't want to carry out any of my plans made before I met you. Do you know what I wish to do?"



"I meant to tell you about our back yard, Cousin Emery—we haven't any"

REAMER KELLER

"No," she said, looking neither startled nor alarmed.

"I wish you wouldn't go to Singapore and marry Bryan Kennedy and I wish you would marry me."

Miss McEvery looked off at the distant Pacific.

"One thing can always be said about you, Mr. Reeves," she murmured, "you don't bore a girl when you take her out riding, do you?"

"I mean it," he returned. "I'm in deadly earnest. Fate intended us to meet here in Honolulu, and that's why those two steamers happened to dock and let us come ashore. That very thought struck me when Fishbeck was introducing us."

"You are a wild man, Mr. Steven Reeves. You should have hoops through your ears. I will wager you come from Borneo and not Singapore and that this instant you are looking at my head and wondering how it would look on a spear."

"You have a very nice head," he told her. "I will go into details about that later on."

"How do you know about me? I might have a wooden leg and scream all night, or throw kitchen knives and eat garlic. What if you wished to read a morning paper at breakfast and I nagged you?"

"I do not give a single whoop in Hades about minor details. Love is a miraculous thing that cannot ever be deceived or misled. If I knew you steadily for five years, it wouldn't make the slightest difference, and that's why I said this was an astounding situation."

The waiter appeared with a cream pitcher and Steve took the spoon away from her and pushed a plate over the marks.

"Love," he continued, "comes like lightning, and if two people are most frightfully lucky, they will chance to meet, just as we met today. The right two really do meet. We are the right two, and I formally ask you to marry me here and now."

Margot smiled.

"You forget for the moment, Steve, that I am sailing across the Pacific to marry Bryan Kennedy."

"I forgot nothing and I suppose I ought to feel like a dirty dog and a whelp and a scoundrel, but I don't. I feel like a man who has just had five glasses of champagne, and I've had no champagne."

HE LEANED over and covered her hand with his, and as she did nothing about that, he slithered his chair nearer still and became more voluble and earnest than ever. . . . The waiter came along to inquire if he wanted any more poi and Steve replied that he didn't want even the poi he had.

"I heard of a couple once," Margot mused, "and they met in the morning, and they were married the next day—"

"I wish to be married this day, not any next day."

"—they were married next day, and it was a most gosh-awful mistake and they had to be divorced within a month."

"That has nothing to do with us. We are unique."

The conversation continued during lunch, with Steve doing his level best and Margot perplexed but very certain that sane young women rarely married men the first day they met, and eventually they piled into the car and had a last despairing hunt for the orchids. The hopeful driver knew of a florist over near Kaneohe Bay, and they departed at full speed. Steve sat close to Margot and pointed out that only the very brightest people ever perceived opportunity at the instant when action was possible. She said it was preposterous, so he took her hand firmly in his, the better to argue. They pulled into a flower shop at four o'clock, expecting the usual reply.

"Kauai orchids?" said the Chinese boy in charge, looking at them in mild surprise. "You say Kauai orchids?"

Margot nodded. The Chinese boy ducked out of sight, reappearing almost instantly and holding aloft the precious flowers. He handled them ceremoniously.

"I have four," he said. "No more. No more nowhere. All gone."

"How much are they?"

"Five dollars each," said the Chinese. "Very nice."

Margot beamed and said she'd take two of them. Steve snorted.

"There isn't a flower in the world," he said, "that's worth five bucks. Maybe a flower encrusted with diamonds and rubies—"

In NEW YORK stop at HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

WE ALWAYS DO!
-IT HAS EVERYTHING
AND IT'S NEAR
EVERYTHING!

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

You're right across from Pennsylvania Station —and next door to business, shopping and theatre districts.

You've a gay dining and dancing rendezvous right in the Hotel the popular, colorful MADhattan Room.

Your spacious bedroom provides radio, servidor, beds with inner spring hair mattresses—every modern convenience!

And that's far from all! There's courteous Statler service from trained employees...four fine restaurants serve you food priced to fit every purse...sterilized, *sealed* drinking glasses in bathrooms—just to mention a few of many Hotel Pennsylvania features that make your visit most enjoyable. Rates? They're a revelation in value—another reason for stopping here in New York!

2200 ROOMS
each with private bath
Rates begin at $3.50

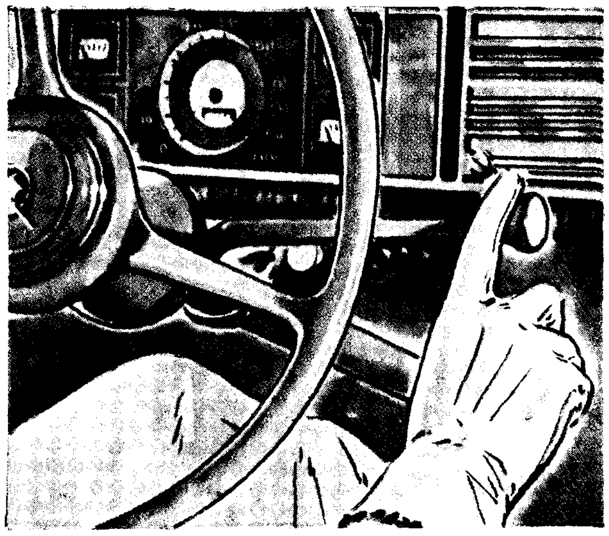
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

STATLER OPERATED
ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION, N. Y.
JAMES H. McCABE, Manager
OTHER STATLER HOTELS LOCATED IN BOSTON
BUFFALO · CLEVELAND · DETROIT · ST. LOUIS

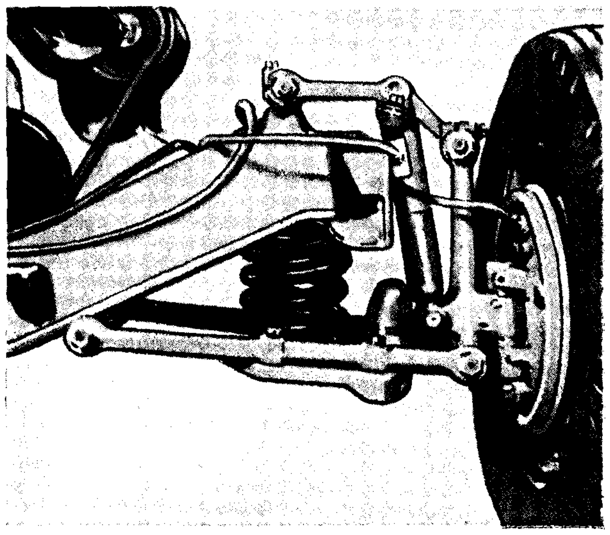
1939 PLYMOUTH IS T

"So Beautiful You'll Hardly Believe
It's a Low-Priced Car!"

GLAMOROUS NEW DISTINCTION IN STYLING...Lav
ish New Luxury inside and out...Longer Wheel
base—now 114 inches...New High-Torque En



PERFECTED REMOTE CONTROL Gear Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission—standard on De Luxe models. A new, easier way to shift...much more convenient. There's nothing new to learn.



NEW AMOLA STEEL COIL SPRINGS, finest design in the industry, plus improved Airplane-type Shock Absorbers, give you a marvelously smooth new ride. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.

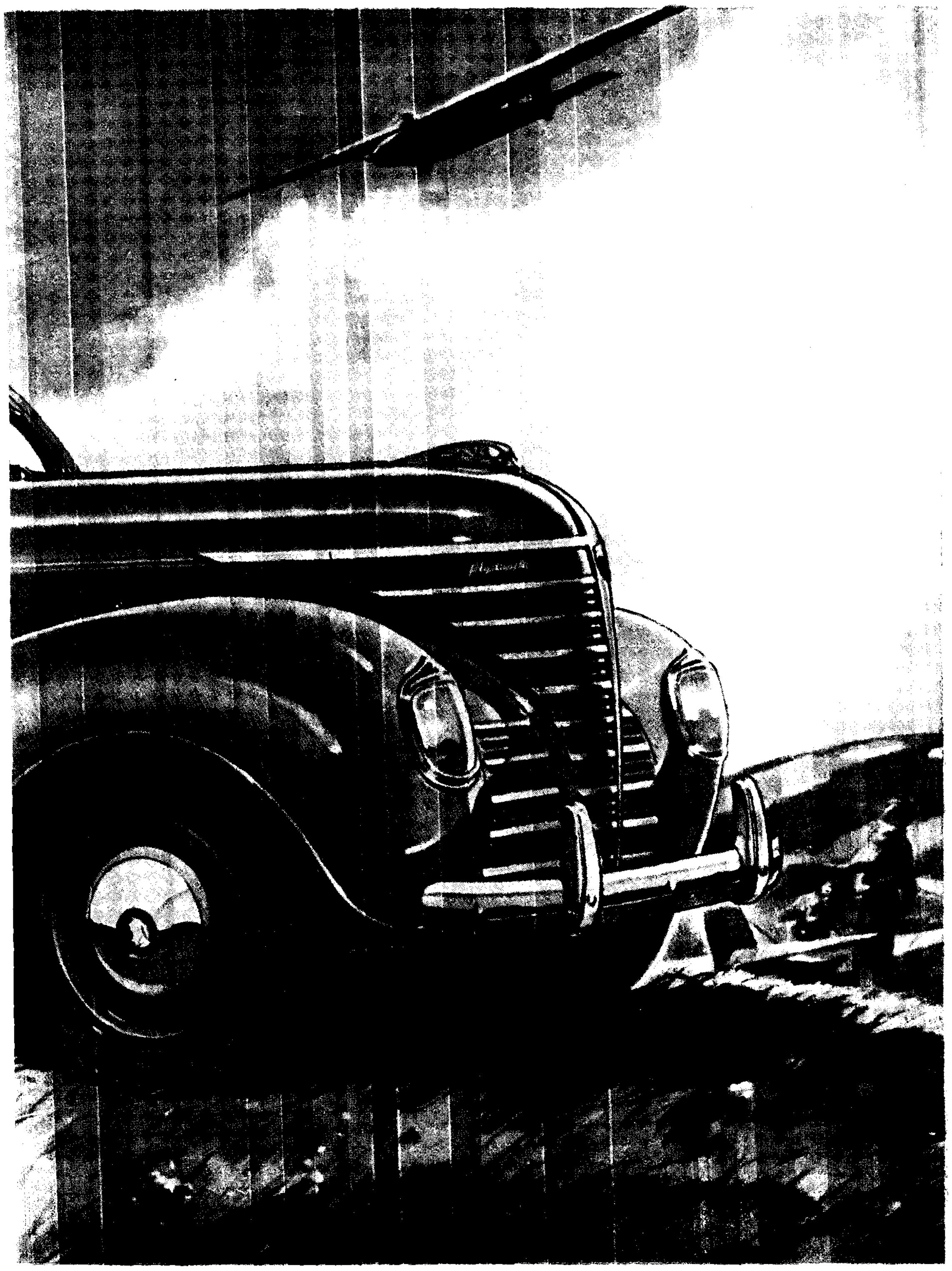
THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR

BEAUTIFUL NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "Roadking" Two-Door Touring Sedan...with 100% hydraulic, double-actio

PLYMOUTH I
GREAT C

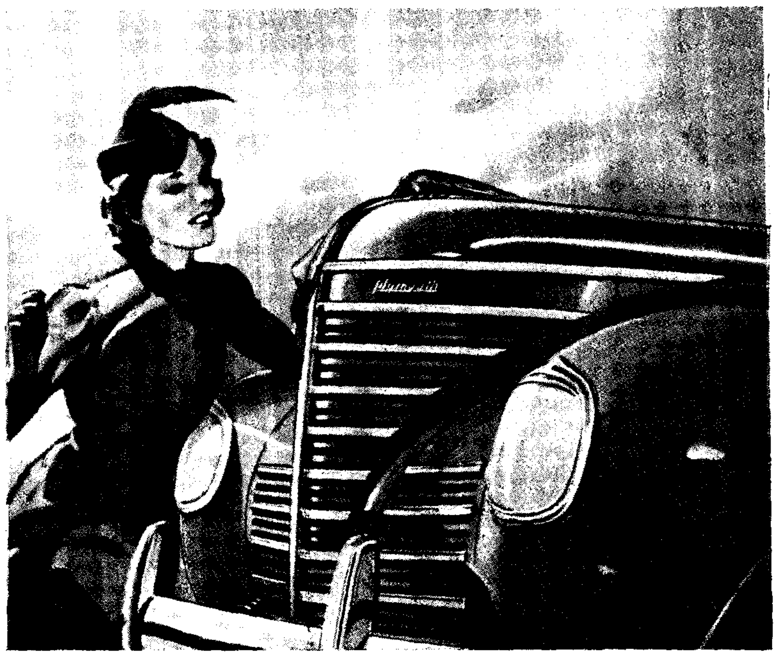
E TALK OF THE U.S.A.

gine Performance—with New Economy...Perfected Remote Control Shifting... New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission...New Amola Steel Coil Springs...Improved Airplane-type Shock Absorbers... New True-Steady Steering...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer...A Sensational New Ride!



akes and an all-steel body completely rust-proofed. See and drive it at your Plymouth dealer!

A NEW "ROADKING" AND NEW "DE LUXE" ARE NOW ON DISPLAY—AT NEW LOWER PRICES!



NEVER BEFORE have you seen a low-priced car so beautiful! And the new style headlamps give greatly increased road lighting!

EVERYWHERE people are talking about this new 1939 Plymouth... about its glamorous new styling, its new High-Torque engine performance and new economy!

There's a big story in Plymouth's wonderful new ride! New Amola Steel Coil Springs, patented Floating Power engine mountings and Airplane-type Shock Absorbers eliminate bumps and jars...give new riding smoothness!

New True-Steady Steering gives you a new driving "feel." And Plymouth's new "Safety Signal" Speedometer flashes green, amber, or red, according to your speed.

Easy to own! Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

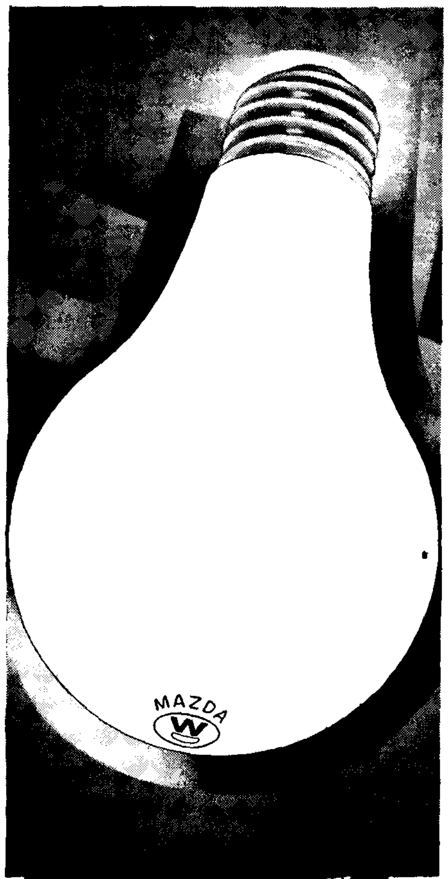
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

UILDS
RS

New Lower Prices!

CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.



WHEREVER YOU BUY
WESTINGHOUSE
MAZDA LAMPS
YOU GET
MORE LIGHT
LONGER

● Better lamps give better light. And the familiar mark on a Westinghouse Mazda Lamp is your assurance of getting the utmost in quality and the utmost in light. These lamps save money by lasting longer and staying brighter.

15, 25, 40, 50, 60, 75
AND 100 WATT SIZES
ONLY 15¢

MORE
LIGHT
LONGER

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS
MORE LIGHT LONGER

"I told you they were not for me. I'm buying them for a friend, under clear orders, so will you kindly—"

"Listen, you little Berlin greenhorn—you are with me today, my guest and you can buy nothing. If other people can afford these Kauai orchids, then they're just about good enough for you. Boy, wrap up two of them for the lady and pin the other two on her—pin 'em here. If they're good luck, we need 'em."

He handed the celestial twenty dollars while Margot rebelled and tried to push his money aside. When they stepped into the street again, she was wearing the gay Kauai charm flowers and carrying a neatly wrapped box with the other two.

Afternoon was fading and on the way back they paused again at the historic Pali, where the breeze never dies and the world is green. Steve was growing jumpier than ever, for he could already see the two liners tooting their whistles and the clock on the pier pointing to nine.

"Isn't everything beautiful?" Margot asked.

"Yes, and listen to me. Time is flying like the very devil. It will not be long before your Montezuma zooms and my Alexandria starts for California. For the love of heaven, will you marry me? Will you take what appears to be a long chance and say yes?"

"Darling," she said soberly, "I just met you and you're a stranger and my mother wouldn't want me—"

"Try to look at it this way," he interrupted. "I know—and you don't know, and that's why it looks outrageous to you. Did you ever think why most couples get married? Get married and live together fifty years? Simply because they live near each other, which is sheer accident. The Joneses go to P.S. No. 13, and so do the Smiths, and so Sally marries Dave, although the man she should have married lives in South Africa, never saw her and never will."

"He can marry some other girl, can't he?" she demanded.

"Sure. So can I. But it's all wrong. I started back to America on my vacation, but there was more than that in mind. There's a girl at home, mighty nice girl. You might know her—Linda Dunbar?"

"I do, indeed. She belongs to my bridge club. As a matter of fact—"

"ALL right, we were sort of school sweethearts. She was in Boston when I was, and we talked it over and her attitude was that if I thought it best to marry it would be all right with her. Well, I wanted to get my feet on the ground first, so I bundled on out to Singapore and the job, and it is mighty lonely out there for a single man. Also bad for his morals. . . . I started home intending to ask Linda to marry me and go back. That's that. Now I don't want to marry her and never will. I want to marry you."

She slid off the wall and said: "We'll have to be starting back to town. I must mail these orchids on the Clipper and I have three little chores to do and—"

"Right you are," Steve agreed, "and kindly remember that we have plenty of time to be married before the whistle blows."

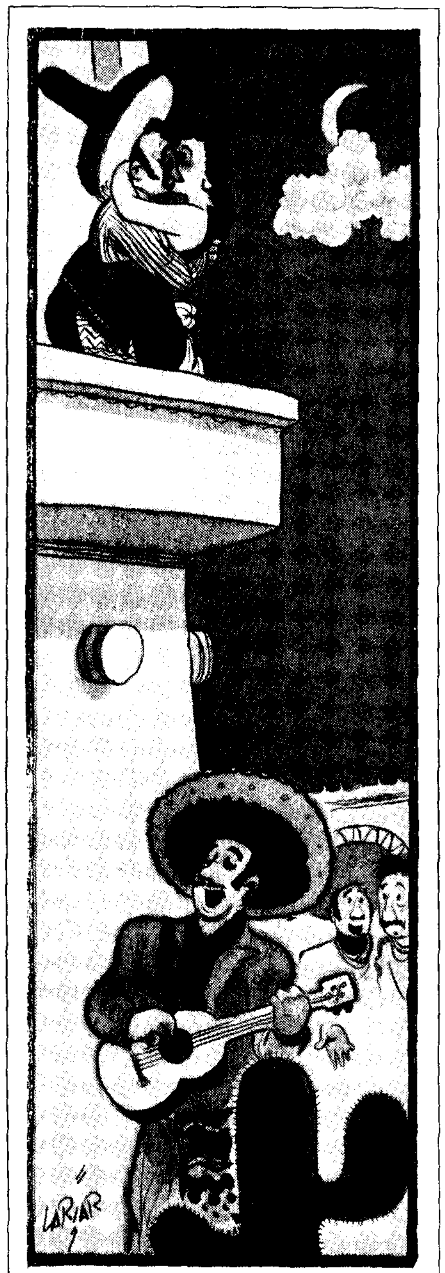
She regarded him long and earnestly and laughed. "I do believe you mean it. It's fantastic but darned if you don't look like a man who would do it."

The driver rushed them back to Honolulu, and on the way in she showed the first signs of weakening.

"Look, Steve," she faltered, placing her hand on his arm, "suppose you were right about it and suppose we were made for each other, why is it necessary to dash into marriage? Wouldn't it be more like sensible people if you bought a ticket on the Montezuma and came along with me and then we could have time to talk it over?"

"That would not be sensible," he cried vigorously. "This is one of those things where the lightning hits or it doesn't hit. I am a gambler at heart, and if you are the right girl, then you will be a gambler too. Seven years of talk wouldn't do us a mite of good."

They drew up before the post office, and while Margot hurried in to mail her orchids to the mainland, Steve dashed into a drugstore and telephoned Fishbeck at the Imperial. They met again on the post-office steps and their driver lolled in his machine and beamed upon them. He had overheard the conversation and was warmly with Steve and for any project requiring the continued use of his motorcar at three dollars an hour. Steve's countenance glistened with a combination of honest sweat and romantic fervor and they talked in jumpy sentences.



"Don Emanuel never knows when he's licked!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

That is, Steve talked. He waved his arms. He drew forth his watch and shook it at her. He told her what Fishbeck had told him. At twenty minutes after five she suddenly caved in, as many a puzzled lady has done before, her line of defense going to smithereens.

"I am probably crazy," she murmured, "but I am beginning to believe you. What you say actually sounds all right to me, Steve, so perhaps we'd better hurry to the nearest police station and you can hand me over before I do something grotesque."

"Hurry to the nearest license bureau," he shouted. "Come on. Run."

He seized her hand and to the grinning son of Kamehameha he said: "Out to the Imperial and drive like the devil."

On the way he informed her that Mr. Fishbeck was already waiting, with witnesses, minister, leis in profusion and a small feast.

"We have plenty of time, so don't be nervous. I certainly would like to kiss you, Miss McEvery."

"If you don't kiss me, Mr. Reeves," she replied, "then there is something wrong somewhere."

It was at this point that law-abiding residents of Honolulu were treated to the spectacle of a madly rushing car, with two young persons on the back seat, in a definitely romantic oblivion. The citizens looked on unmoved, as people are forever kissing one another in Honolulu, and nobody can tell whether they are separating forever or have just met. . . . They were married in the Paradise Ballroom at the Imperial, with Fishbeck in full charge of details, and convinced almost to the very wedding moment that the whole thing was a gag.

Steve's luggage was whisked over from the Alexandria, and when the bridal pair walked onto the Montezuma Mr. Beggs, the purser, stared at them for fully a minute before the facts seeped in and he became calm enough to book them into a starboard suite. Captain Morton learned the happy news and sent best wishes and a bottle of Cuvee, 1923. At nine, the steamer pulled out for Singapore, and the Reeveses strolled down the deck, while passengers indulged in airy comment.

THEY wound up remote and far forward, where they could lean over and watch the prow cutting into the smooth sea. Steve, with his arm around his bride, drew her close and said:

"Doesn't seem real, but it is. A new mister and missus, going out to sea. Two hundred little facts to tell you, as you are a stranger, and ought to know me. And something else."

"Bryan?" she said, turning her head. "I forgot to send him a radio."

"You can do that later on. Kennedy hasn't any job. He's not even in Singapore and hasn't been for three months. He's in a state of alcoholic retirement in a hillside rest home, where his bill is paid by his old firm. They gave him three chances on the job, but it was no go. I don't like to say such things, but you ought to know—now that you're my angel bride."

Margot wriggled from his arm.

"You said Bryan—"

"I know. I'd just met you then."

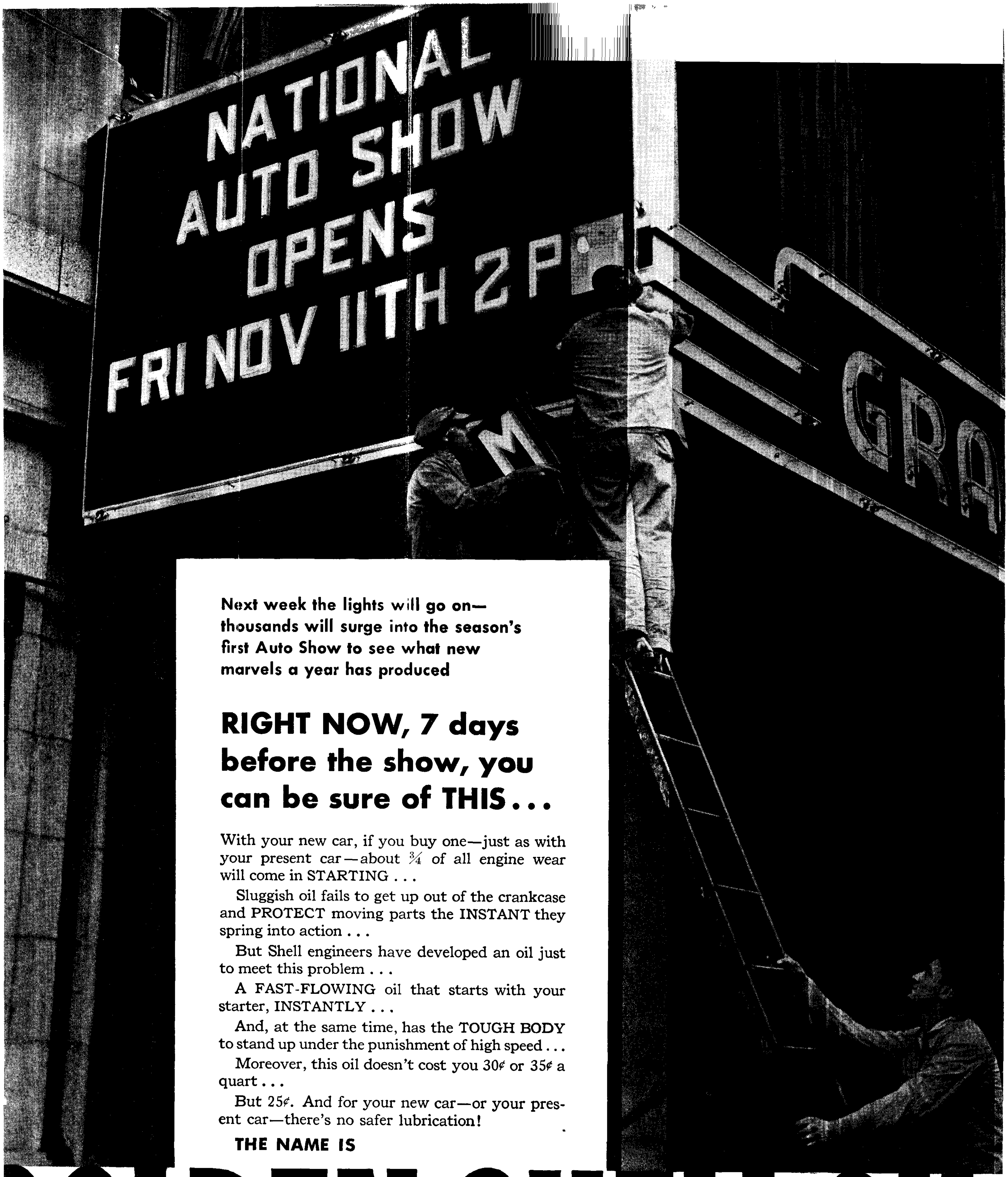
She turned away and looked off at the airport flasher and finally she said: "I didn't know that. . . . And you don't know this. A girl came out to Honolulu two months ago, met a young radio singer who was attentive to her and gave her a bouquet of Kauai orchids. When they returned to the mainland, they became engaged, and next Wednesday they're to be married. She asked if I would air-mail her a couple of the charmed posies to pin on her wedding veil. Girls are so sentimental, Steve. You paid for the orchids. Have you any faint notion—"

"Not Linda Dunbar?"

"Linda is the pretty bride of Wednesday, and wouldn't your face be red, Mr. Reeves?"

Thirty-six hours later the radio brought in a message for Miss McEvery: "Thanks for the lucky orchids and congratulations on your coming marriage. Linda."

Steve thought it would be only polite to answer it, so with Margot standing by his shoulder and smiling, he wrote out the reply: "You mean our recent wedding, don't you? . . . Margot and Steve."



Next week the lights will go on— thousands will surge into the season's first Auto Show to see what new marvels a year has produced

RIGHT NOW, 7 days before the show, you can be sure of THIS...

With your new car, if you buy one—just as with your present car—about ¾ of all engine wear will come in STARTING . . .

Sluggish oil fails to get up out of the crankcase and PROTECT moving parts the INSTANT they spring into action . . .

But Shell engineers have developed an oil just to meet this problem . . .

A FAST-FLOWING oil that starts with your starter, INSTANTLY . . .

And, at the same time, has the TOUGH BODY to stand up under the punishment of high speed . . .

Moreover, this oil doesn't cost you 30¢ or 35¢ a quart . . .

But 25¢. And for your new car—or your present car—there's no safer lubrication!

THE NAME IS

GOLDEN SHELL OIL

AND NOW I'M SEEING DOGS!
HE'S REAL—YOU SWIPED HIM AFTER THE FOOTBALL PARTY LAST NIGHT
—YIP YIP YAP
I THOUGHT THE ONLY THING I BROUGHT HOME WAS THIS HEAD!
THAT'LL COME OFF WHEN TH' DEAN'S WIFE FINDS WHO TOOK HER DOG!
LOOK—THE PUP'S GOT WHAT I NEED FOR HEAD, STOMACH, NERVES—BROMO-SELTZER
SOON
I STILL CAN'T SEE HOW HE SLIPPED HIS LEASH! BUT I'M SURE A FINE BOY LIKE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT
ARF! ARF! ARF!
LUCKY SHE DIDN'T SEE YOU BEFORE YOU TOOK THAT BROMO-SELTZER

Doctors proved it FASTER by test

- A group of doctors found Bromo-Seltzer FASTER relief for morning-after than any other remedy they tested!
- It does MORE for you, too. Settles your stomach, calms jumpy nerves and ALKALIZES! Leaves you keener.
- To help PREVENT morning-after, take Bromo-Seltzer before bedtime. Another, after waking, refreshes you. At drugstores—soda fountains. Keep it at home!

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

On Pins and Needles

Continued from page 34

but this second company was not like other second companies. It stayed in New York at Labor Stage and the original company, being not so dumb, started out on a national tour, being convinced that if they were ever to see America, this was the chance.

When we first came in touch with the road company, the young ladies and gentlemen were sitting in the drawing room of a Hollywood mansion looking like people about to eat the last meal before the last walk. Outside on the lawn, famous cinema figures walked lingeringly about under the Chinese lanterns, sipping their drinks and exchanging moth-eaten witticisms and polite insults. The moon was high, the trees took on a look of frightening beauty and the cast of Pins and Needles, the guests of honor, sat in the house and looked at the etchings and sneered. We finally wrung the truth out of Nettie Harary.

"But what *kind* of a party!" she cried, tossing her hand up in despair. "When we have a party, we dance, we sing, we tear the joint down!"

A Fairy Tale Come True

They had worked their way out to California by easy stages, being four weeks in Boston and then five weeks in Chicago, and had opened at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles before an audience that probably had a weekly salary roll of upward of three billion dollars. This was the real test. The sad-faced in New York had been saying that the boys and girls might be all right with their crumby acting and squeaky voices in that little Labor Stage dump, but wait till they got into a man-sized theater. Well, they were in a big theater and they mopped up even more emphatically than in New York. There they were—a bunch of rank amateurs playing before the best-known actors in the world and the house was roaring. They were four weeks in Los Angeles, five weeks in San Francisco and have since been hitting the one-nighters. It's a saga, that's what it is, a saga. Sort of a heart-warming business, too, if you ask us. The fairy tale that comes once in a lifetime.

When the company went up to Boston, their families thought they were off to Spitzbergen. After the engagement there, they came back through New York again on their way to Chicago. At this prospect the families were entirely beside themselves. The train was in the station for ten minutes at New York and the folks came prepared, not taking any chance that their little ones should perish in the remoter sections of America. They arrived loaded with provender—chickens, pies, herring, potato salad, sauerbraten, blintzes, cheese, smoked salmon, lollypops, chocolate bars and bread.

"North Philly?" repeated Sam Schwartz, company manager, in answer to a question. "We had the shades drawn, cleaning the car up. It looked like somebody had come through with a food gun, spraying it."

When the shades of night fell and they were nearing Pittsburgh, Mr. Schwartz was approached by Enzo, the Italian.

"When do we go to bed?" asked Enzo plaintively. "This thing's scratching the liver out of me."

Enzo pulled his shirt apart to show what was underneath. What was underneath was Enzo's pajamas, which he had been wearing since early morning in Boston, wanting to be sure.

The Chicago run was a success and they started west. They went through Illinois, a bit of Iowa, then Kansas. The eyes of the boys and girls by this time were bogging down. Then came the Panhandle of Texas and on into New Mexico. It was when they reached Arizona that Millie Weitz summed it up. She was looking out of the car window, her eyes popping slightly with the wonder of it all.

"You know what this is?" she demanded, turning to the others, and showing that a great revelation had just come over her. "This is geography."

On a good fair basis, it can be said that few theatrical troupes have had a higher standard of intelligence than the kids of Pins and Needles. They may dress like hell—that's because they can't afford anything better—but they know what is happening in China and Spain. They also know what is happening in America and that has been a headache for the company managers. We were in Mr. Schwartz's room one morning when the phone rang. He immediately suspected the worst and started clenching his fists desperately.

"If that's them on another picket line," he said grimly, "I'll kill 'em!"

In San Francisco, Enzo and Licciardi received a royal command, went in apprehensively and were given the keys of the city by Mayor Rossi. Thus reassured, Enzo sat down with His Honor and discussed the international situation at some length, always keeping a careful watch over his shoulder.

"How'd I know it wasn't a frame-up?" asked Enzo, when he got back to the company. "The only other time I was in a dump like that, some flatfoot had me by the arm."

It was Enzo also who approached Mr. Schwartz on the train to Boston and questioned him on an intricate legal point.

"I understand there's a law says they got to give you six meals a day on a Pullman," he said. "What time we got to get up in the morning to make sure of the first one?"

Kept Alive by Violence

Mr. Schwartz straightened that out but there is no stopping Enzo when he gets into his philosophical mood. He is given to cryptic utterances of a nature that causes much twisting about in bed by the rest of the company in the middle of the night following. His most erudite had to do with his histrionic ability.

"I ain't much of an actor," admitted Enzo philosophically, "but I'm always in good condition."

When they land in a town, some of the cast stay at a hotel (never the best), a few of the others stir up a distant cousin, and the rest land in a boarding-house. Almost before the bags have been brought up from the lobby, the girls are stringing clothes lines in the bathroom and dunking stockings in the washbowl. They eat at cafeterias, hang around the stage door and talk with labor groups from the town where they're playing and invariably land in bed around midnight, being no good whatever at night life. The show is hard work, for they bang into it, shake it grimly and almost turn themselves inside out on several sketches that would suffer a ghastly fate if they didn't keep them alive by violence.

The early rehearsals were a nightmare for Charles Friedman because the actors were too polite. In the back of their heads they seemed to have the notion that acting was elegant and uplifting, whereas Friedman was concerned with proving that a revue can only be successful if it's a riot. It took him six months to get an actor to make a certain slight and derogatory gesture with the finger to the nose.

"My mother wouldn't like it," the actor kept explaining piteously.

The young ladies who wanted to look like Katharine Cornell were painstakingly informed that, while Miss Cornell might be the finest American actress, it was equally true that Miss Cornell would undoubtedly look sour being bumped around in a revue scene by a comedian with a putty nose. In short, a revue was a revue and if they needed an idea they might better center their attention on Miss Bee Lillie, who could not possibly ever play Melanie in Gone with the Wind but who could fall so grotesquely on her bottom at the climactic point in a sketch as to annihilate the $4.40 patrons with mirth.

On the Convent Side

As a consequence they not only look like Bee Lillie but Bee Lillie liked the show so well she was playing several of the sketches in a London revue last summer. The cast of Pins and Needles is strictly interchangeable. Milly sings "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me," the sad plaint of a girl who makes no impression on the gentlemen, no matter how many advertised products she utilizes to make her seductive, and then pops back into the chorus for the rest of the show. Nettie is a chorus-hand and a principal; Ruth is in everything, including the ballet number; Anne Brown is in the "line" with the rest of the company and then does a society lady monologue that should still be rewritten by the authors if they have any feeling for the audience or the actress.

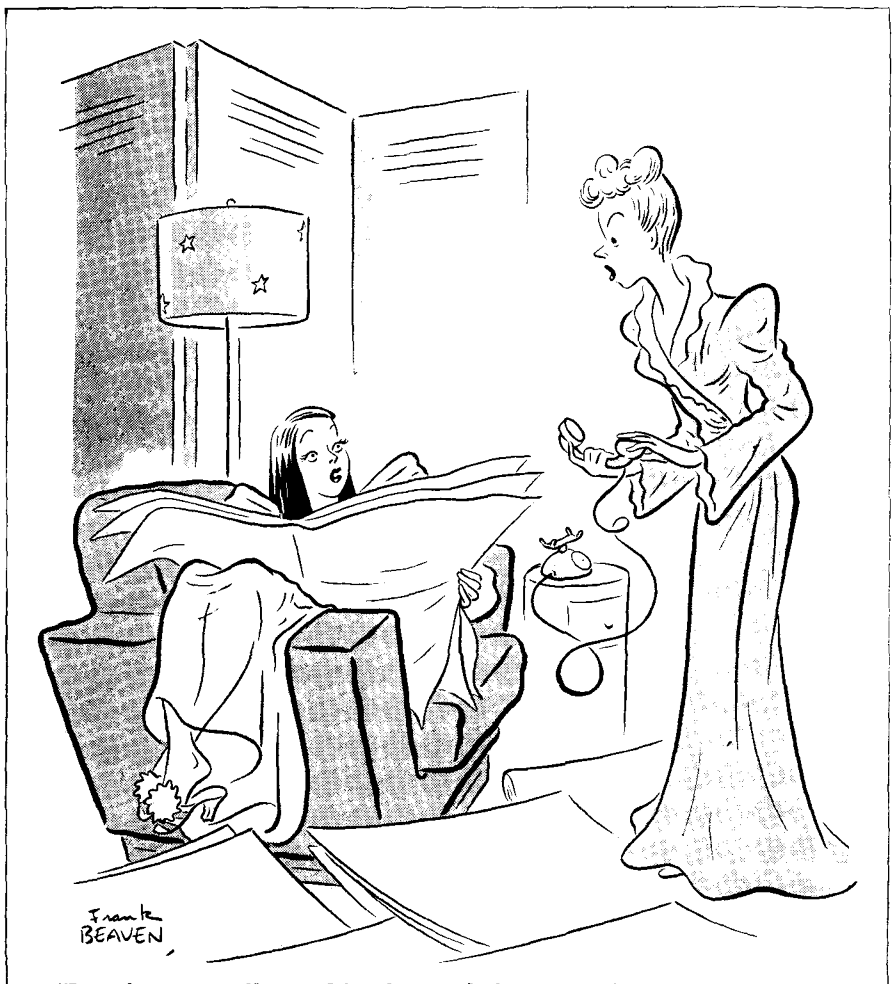
As for stage-door romance, they are on the convent side. They regard the subject as entirely within the realm of humor and there was the tragic incident in Los Angeles of the eager young man who had become smitten with Milly and sought to convey his feelings to her in a coy undertone while the group was engaged in a furious discussion about the breakup between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. Milly broke into this with a joyous outburst that could be heard nine blocks in every direction:

"He says he's in *love* with me!" she cried ecstatically. The latest information is that the affair progressed very sluggishly after that.

But they're having a great time, the Pins and Needles road company. They enjoy the faces of the patrons who come marching down the aisle in ermine and slowly proceed to grow purple with resentment as the barbs go banging about; they have proved that the critics were wrong who hinted that they might not be so successful outside the little Labor Stage in New York; they have proved that talent in America is likely to come from anywhere and that a company made up of the rankest sort of amateurs can meet the best competition if the material is right; they have brought to the theater a freshness and spirit that has been lacking. If anybody is worrying about the fate that will send them back to the drudgery of their old lives after once giving them a taste of adventure, they are worrying without the support of the Pins and Needles youngsters.

Something of that was seen when they visited Shirley Ross, the movie player, on the set at Warners' and questioned her about her work. Miss Ross explained that when she was working she got up at five in the morning, spent two hours getting her hair and makeup right, spent the remainder of the day on the set with the exception of an hour for lunch and was usually home for dinner by nine o'clock. The Pins and Needles girls who had for years been wakened by the alarm at 6:45, and thought that bad enough, looked at Miss Ross in amazement. Nettie finally regained enough composure to speak.

"If you're worrying about me," she assured Miss Ross eagerly, "you just stop worrying. I'm no competition."

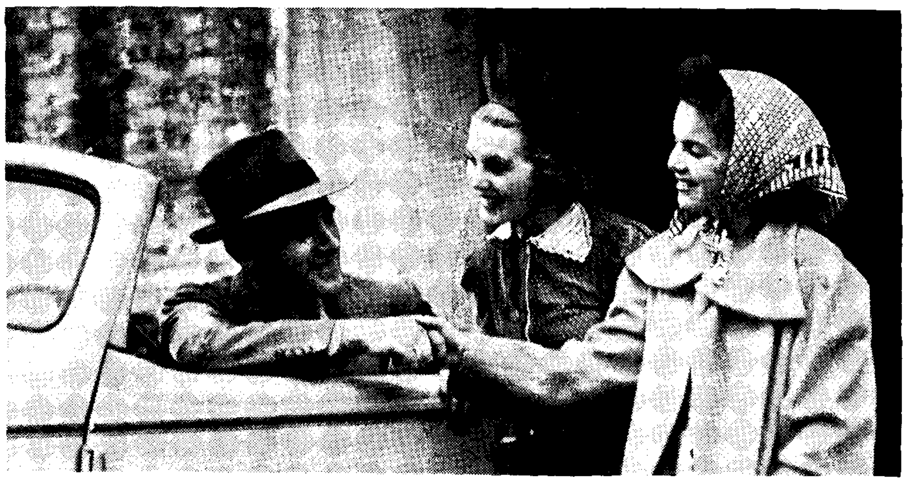


"I can't very well turn him down—he's calling from a pay phone!"

FRANK BEAVEN

Dreams came true for Ruth Martin, Watertown, N. Y. school girl, when she was . . .

. . . crowned Queen of Fashion of the State of New York by Walter Thornton, famous "Merchant of Venus." In running this style contest he . . .



. . . traveled throughout the state in a car using Sinclair products. You'll find you've picked a winner, too, when you try . . .

Copyrighted 1938 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . Sinclair products in your car. And here's another tip. Be sure to ask your Sinclair dealer about his special "Sinclair-ize for Winter" service. It prepares your car for winter as its manufacturer recommends.

Russian bombers and pilots are stationed at Hankow to help keep the Chinese air force in the air. This is the wreckage of a Russian twin-motored bomber struck by a Japanese bomb while standing on the Hankow field

China's answer to Japan's mechanical superiority. A few of the 5,000 coolies stationed at the Hankow air field repairing holes after a raid by Japanese bombers. These men built a mile-long gravel runway by hand in two weeks

Commuting to War

By Elwyn Gibbon

Just like a plumber or a bookkeeper, Pilot Gibbon kissed his wife goodby after breakfast every morning, left her to tidy up their apartment while he went to work, only his job was bombing and machine-gunning Japanese

WHEN we came up to Hankow last autumn—the pilots from all over the world who formed China's flying foreign legion—we were handed squares of heavy silk to tie across our chests whenever we took an airplane off the ground. They are Chinese flags with a white field below the colors. Printed on the white area are characters that will inform any Chinese who might find us after a crash or a forced landing that we are on his side, and that Madam Chiang Kai-shek would appreciate it if nobody chopped off our ears with scythes or beat us to death with sticks.

Tomorrow I may need that silken square of mine. I navigate with a Chinese military map strapped to my thigh with rubber bands so I can check it at a glance. But I can't read a word printed on it, and it doesn't do any good to come down for a gander at a railroad station in this country if you're lost. The Chinese have a distressing habit of using Oriental characters on them, too. The peasants in the hinterland don't know a Chinese airplane from a Japanese airplane, and don't waste much time trying to make up their minds. A couple of native Chinese aviators were killed by enraged farmers after forced landings early in the war, and the same thing could happen to us unless we found farmers who could read.

A lot of other unpleasant things might happen to me tomorrow. I might even get shot down by a Japanese pursuit—although I doubt that very much. But tonight, sitting with my wife in an International Settlement night club, I am as safe as though I were back in Seattle.

Down below Hankow, where the Chinese infantry are making their stand across the dun plain, there are men dying to the sound of mortars, and the rattle of machine-gun fire. Up in the back provinces endless armies of men armed with great broadswords are rising. It is clear tonight and the Japanese are probably warming airplane motors at fields down the Yangtze for a raid on this very city. But I have the night off and it's no worry of mine.

This is a war with neutral zones. There are so many diplomatic officials of foreign countries scattered through the Settlement that the Japanese leave it severely alone. It is so safe that my wife came up to the capital a few weeks after I arrived. We have an apartment that might have been built in the United States. I eat breakfast and dinner at home and commute to work just like any American office worker.

Perhaps I should say, like a fireman. The squadron flies its ships away from the field to safety whenever the Japanese raid, and, save on evenings like this when I am not scheduled for duty, I climb out of bed at all hours and go flapping off to the airport with my shirttails out and my shoes untied to get a plane away.

Outside the boundaries of the Settlement tonight—through all the tortuous mazes of the native city—there are countless refugees. Ever since the fall of Nanking they have been streaming into Hankow to seek sanctuary near the generalissimo. Nobody knows how many there are; there may be a hundred thousand or a half-million. Every

(Continued on page 71)

The author, at the right, has a cup of coffee while his ship is being serviced. This is the Curtiss-Hawk 75 in which he pulled out of a power dive at 500 miles an hour in a fight with three Japanese planes near Hankow

His Love-Making was as Dangerous as His Swordplay

Francois Villon, poet, scapegrace, laughing vagabond, the world's greatest lover played by the screen's greatest romantic star, Ronald Colman, in the grandest triumph of that maker of miracles, Producer-Director FRANK LLOYD, creator of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo."

Adolph Zukor presents

Ronald Colman

in Frank Lloyd's

"IF I WERE KING"

with **Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone**

Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon

Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd

Screen Play by Preston Sturges • From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

WITH THE PARAMOUNT STARS

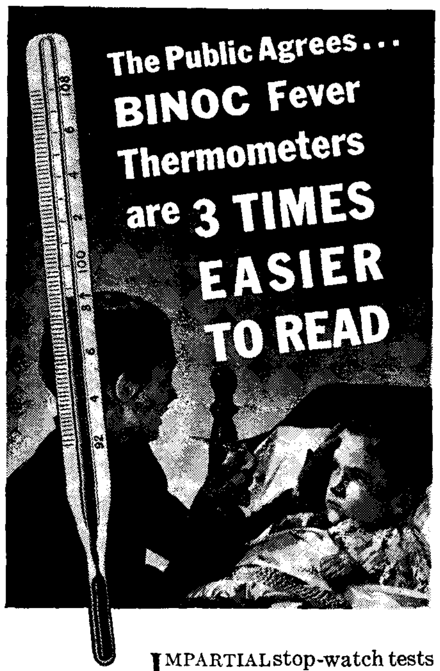
"MEN WITH WINGS"

Newest assignments of those two leading collectors of fan mail, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland, are the top roles in William A. Wellman's flaming cavalcade of aviation, Paramount's "Men With Wings." Supplying the love interest in this All-Technicolor tribute to America's glory riders of the skies is Louise Campbell, fresh from a series of stage triumphs on Broadway, who, with this big-time production, joins the long list of young ladies whom Producer-Director Wellman has assisted into the highest rank of Hollywood stardom.

"ESCAPE FROM LEAVENWORTH"

Villainy, of course, never pays in real life. But Akim Tamiroff is proof positive that picture villains do all right. With his masterful job as the tough Russian of "Spawn of the North" still thrilling audiences from coast to coast, Akim adds another tremendous bit of screen villainy to his record with an amazing performance as a hard riding, quick shooting bad man in Paramount's "Escape From Leavenworth." Frances Farmer, star of Broadway's "Golden Boy," and Leif Erikson join Akim to make this another Paramount hit.

Paramount Pictures


The Public Agrees . . .
BINOC Fever Thermometers are 3 TIMES EASIER TO READ

IMPARTIAL stop-watch tests among hundreds of people prove: BINOC Fever Thermometers are three times easier to read. Why?

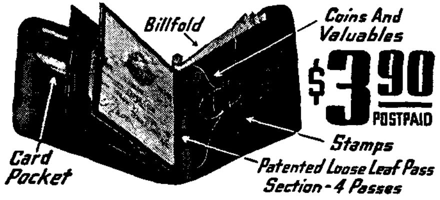
See how the mercury column stands out clearly and boldly. The tubing is flattened, easier to hold. No more twisting, twirling, or turning.

Now without question you will take your family's fever temperatures correctly with the new BINOC Fever Thermometer. See it at your druggist's, or, if he can't supply you, write to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

Taylor BINOC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FEVER THERMOMETERS

These thermometers are certified for use in all states where special seals are required.

AMAZING Pass Cases For MEN!



GENUINE STEERHIDE—"Talon" Zipper—$3.90 Postpaid
Also with zipper keycase, $5.90—Deluxe gift set

Lodge fellows, business and railroad men all say HALVORFOLD is the only one worth while for passes, money and cards. Must be right—more than 1,000,000 now in use.

If your dealer—luggage or department store or jewelry store cannot supply you, order direct from us and give dealer's name. If looking for just an ordinary billfold, don't bother.

HALVORFOLD 605 W. WASHINGTON **Dept. E-2** CHICAGO ILL.

THE BIGGEST dollar's worth IN PIPE HISTORY
Originally MADE TO SELL FOR $2.50
L.H.S.
DE LUXE
Purex
$1
MODEL 12

PAT. NOS. 1587048—1908630

All of imported bruyère root. Dozens of shapes. Beautifully finished.

Our most amazing offer in 40 years of fine pipe making.

Other L.H.S. Purex Pipes $3.50 • $1.50 • $1.25

Write for illustrated folder FREE.

Made by the makers of "ZEUS" filter cigarette holder.

L. & H. STERN, Inc.
55 PEARL STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Orders Disobeyed

Continued from page 13

"Hack sure is a toughy," the newspaperman would say, and the legend of the fearful and mighty Hack was a little stronger.

In his junior year, they would ask: "Say, it's about time Hack started using that Galen kid, isn't it?"

And the informant would say: "Well, you know how Hack is. He uses them when he's ready and he don't use them no sooner. Hack knows what he's doing."

During the fall, when the scrub learned the plays of the team the varsity was to play the following Saturday, Joe was always the threat man in the scrubs' formations. There was no better halfback on the field; and when Joe finally knew this and Hack still kept him on the fourth and fifth teams, Joe quit.

For some time previous, Joe and Hack Merne had not been talking to each other except on the field and when necessary. But, meeting Hack for the first time after he had quit, Joe saw the coach smile his thin, crooked smile. That smile crystallized Joe's passive dislike for the other man into an active hate. It would never do for Merne to think he had broken him, Joe thought. He went out for practice again.

He had the idea that if he became just too good for Hack to ignore him, he would have to be used on the varsity. But he was never used. Then all during the spring of his junior year, Joe Galen ranged the hot practice field like a fury, hating Merne, and transforming that hatred into a strength and speed and sheer ability that made the newspapers say he ought to be first-string in the fall, but that, apparently, left Hack cold. In the spring game between the tentative varsity for the fall and the graduating veterans, Joe didn't even play.

So he was tired, inside and outside, in the summer that followed, the summer he met Ellen Moore.

IT IS perhaps a commentary that when he saw her again on the campus in late September she came to him as a shock, almost as an annoyance. He had forgotten about her and there was a long cleat scratch on one of his cheeks. But he was mute again, facing her, so that she was the one who must be the first to speak.

"I've heard of you since coming here," she said, "but this is the first time I've seen you. Quite in keeping with the convention of a legend."

"Not me," he said. "Don't you live on the campus?"

"No. I find it quieter just north of town."

"I'd like to see you soon," he heard himself say. "It would be very good to see you."

She nodded slowly and again he had the impression that she was older than he in her mind, but he was violently glad for something as he walked away from her. He saw her once or twice a week at the small apartment she had, and apart from the pleasure he derived from being near her physical presence he drew an obscurer delight from talking to her. Her living room was a place where the campus and its talk of games and dances dropped away; where football was forgotten for hours and where even Hack Merne was barely a name.

Yet he did not kiss her or try to until that evening near midseason when he came to see her, limping slightly and trying to hide it, his whole body aching. Without thinking he embraced and kissed her. "I love you," he said. He had never said it before. The saying of it alone seemed to quiet him.

He could not be sure whether her face was a little sad as she looked at him. "You're very tired," she said. When she sat on the long backless couch, he sat at her feet. "This is not good for you," she said. "Why don't you stop?"

"What?"

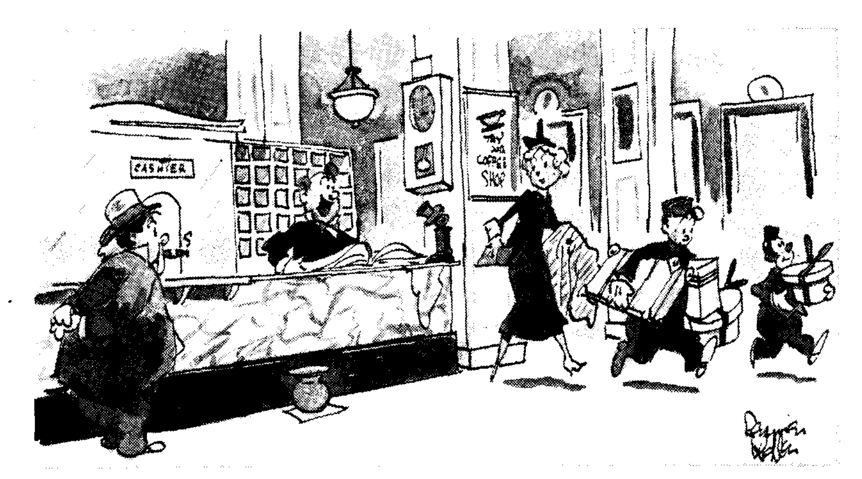
"Playing football. It makes you this tired, which is not good for you. It makes you say things that you don't mean."

"I mean anything I've said to you."

After a silence, she said: "Even so. It is time you put away the things of a child."

"I can't let that—I can't let Merne whip me," Joe said. He told her, then, the whole story, and she said: "And you once wanted to be very good at this game, but now you merely want Merne not to—whip you?"

"Not entirely," he said. "Going through a broken field is like nothing else. You see this pattern of players ahead of you, shifting and changing, dependent upon every little move you make, responsive to it, most of them trying to stop you, a few trying to help you. And your mind works sort of free, like something moving without friction in oil. It sees things and before the ordinary part of you has noticed them, your body has responded to them, and it's shifted or side-stepped or your hand is pushing into somebody's face or helmet while your body pivots around your arm. It's—" He stopped, embarrassed. "You don't talk that language, though. It's not clear to you."



"Would you care to leave a forwarding address in case you forgot something or I'm ever in Chicago?"

REAMER KELLER

"You were making it abundantly so," she said. For the first time, he saw, there was a look in her eyes that seemed to indicate she now saw him as her equal. And when he kissed her again when he was leaving she was more responsive.

In the days that followed he could believe that she loved him although she never spoke of it. And in those same days he noticed a curious respect in the way the older men on the squad treated him, as though they, too, growing older, were not so sure that Hack was infallible, as though they now recognized a long injustice. So that between what he thought was Ellen's love and the respect of the players, Joe felt less harried, more a normal person.

The pattern of his life was changed in another way this year—now, Hack Merne took him on the long trips. Whether to display Joe to those in distant cities who had already heard of him, whether the best halfbacks this year were fragile and Joe might actually be used in a game sometime, are things hard to determine.

Hack's team scourged the land. They won eight straight games. They beat Pitt and Northwestern; Purdue and Georgia. There were two games left, one in the East with Army; then the last one, two weeks later in California.

MERNE'S team was tired and some of its backs were injured when it took the field against Army. An Army player took the kickoff and came all the way back with it, and a little later Army scored on a long pass and it was 13-0 with the game only five minutes old.

Merne's team was just getting rolling toward the end of the quarter when Tom White, the first-string left half, didn't get up from a scrimmage and they knew his trick knee had gone.

Merne turned to the bench but there was no lift inside of Joe. "Let's see you move, Pierce," Merne said. The big, second-string left half got up and ran back and forth. He still limped from an injury sustained in the previous week's game. "Sit down," Merne said. "Kampmeyer, get in there." The young, nervous sophomore ran across the field, his movements made awkward as he adjusted his helmet while running. Joe Galen waited. No anger stirred in him though he knew he was better than Kampmeyer could ever be. If Kampmeyer was hurt, Joe knew Merne would have to use him. In some systems of play the backs are readily interchangeable, but not in the Rockne system. Each man learns one position well. If he is to change to another it involves a half or a whole season of readjustment. So without anger and with no conscious pity, Joe Galen waited for Kampmeyer to be hurt. . . .

Kampmeyer broke off tackle as the second quarter started and made ten yards. Then, two plays later he didn't get up after carrying the ball. Merne went out on the field and after a while Kampmeyer got up and took his place in the line-up, but collapsed before the ball was snapped. Merne came back to the bench and made Pierce run up and down some more. He still limped. Merne looked out across the field as an official watched him impatiently. Without turning to the bench, Merne said in a flat voice: "All right, get in there, Galen."

The fierceness that beat suddenly upward in Joe Galen hardly showed in his face. That face, for a young man's, had learned to conceal things well. He noticed a vague awe in the faces of his

RCA Victor

presents the
CONSOLE GRAND
–a completely new radio idea

★ ★ ★

Original in Design
Startling in Value

Why this instrument is the sensation of the year

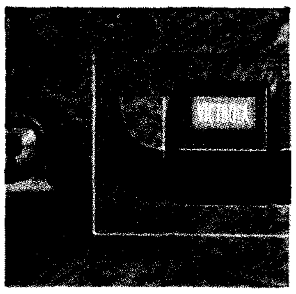
RCA Victor Console Grand 97KG, shown above, is a big radio on new striking horizontal lines, and equipped with RCA Victor Electric Tuning. You have only to examine and hear this instrument to understand why it has won immediate success among all who like good radio. Has Magic Eye, Straight-Line Dial, Victrola Push-Button and other important features.

And the price is only **$85***

ONE OF 32 NEW RCA VICTOR RADIOS THAT OFFER ELECTRIC TUNING *for All*

Only RCA Victor Offers RCA Victor Metal Tubes

Final touch in producing a radio with complete harmony are RCA Victor Metal Tubes. Used exclusively in RCA Victor Radios. They also improve the performance of any make of radio set.

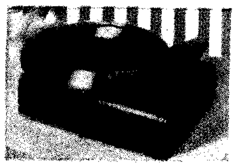


Only RCA Victor has the Victrola Button

The Victrola Button on your new 1939 RCA Victor instantly turns on the Victrola Attachment which plays Victor Records with the full tone of your radio. Read special offer below.

Get $25.95 Value, in Victor Records and RCA Victrola Attachment, for $14.95

Save $11.00! This special offer gives you $14.95 (List price) RCA Victrola Attachment, $9.00 in Victor Records, $2.00 subscription to Victor Record Review, and membership in the Victor Record Society—all for $14.95—a saving of $11.00. See your dealer for details.



Push a button . . . there's your station . . . that's RCA Victor Electric Tuning—the mark of a modern radio

THIS easy way to tune is presented in a truly up-to-date setting in the RCA Victor Console Grand. The superb new instrument, shown in color photograph above, offers you a completely new measure of radio value. Its appearance, its performance and its luxurious ease of operation represent a real triumph in radio design and manufacture.

This sensational instrument is only one of 32 new RCA Victor models, all with Electric Tuning, all offering startling new features—each a remarkable value at its price.

In addition to the Console Grand models, you will find instruments housed in 18th Century period cabinets and table sets in the new Continental style. Whatever your needs, you can have a genuine RCA Victor Electric Tuning model at a price to suit your budget.

Visit your RCA Victor dealer. See the complete range of choice he offers. Test Electric Tuning. Note the beauty of design and finish. Ask about a trade-in on your present set, and the convenient terms available. Then you will see that right now you can have the radio you want.

●

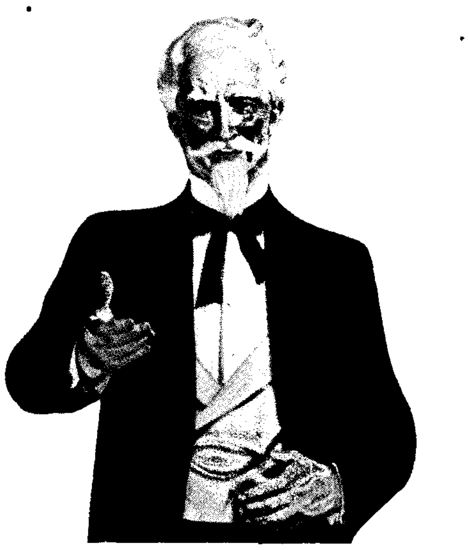
You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C. I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Master Antenna. *All prices f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T., on the NBC Blue Network.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

GLENMORE'S
Kentucky Tavern
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ONE QUART
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
H. S. BARTON, DISTILLER
OWENSBORO — KENTUCKY
The House of Glenmore
presents
The Proudest Names
in
Kentucky Whiskies



The Glenmore Colonel...symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies. Look for him when you want the assurance of quality.

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.

You ought to know **TOM HARDY**

A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies—90 Proof

Glenmore
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
Glenmore Distilleries Co.

Pour **GLENMORE** *you get more*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey-90 and 100 Proof

The priceless heritage of a respected name is only one of the assets possessed by these four great Glenmore whiskies. The richness of Bottled in Bond *Kentucky Tavern* finds its counterpart in the other Glenmore brands. Each represents in its field the ideal of whiskey quality. Ask for a Glenmore whiskey when you buy.

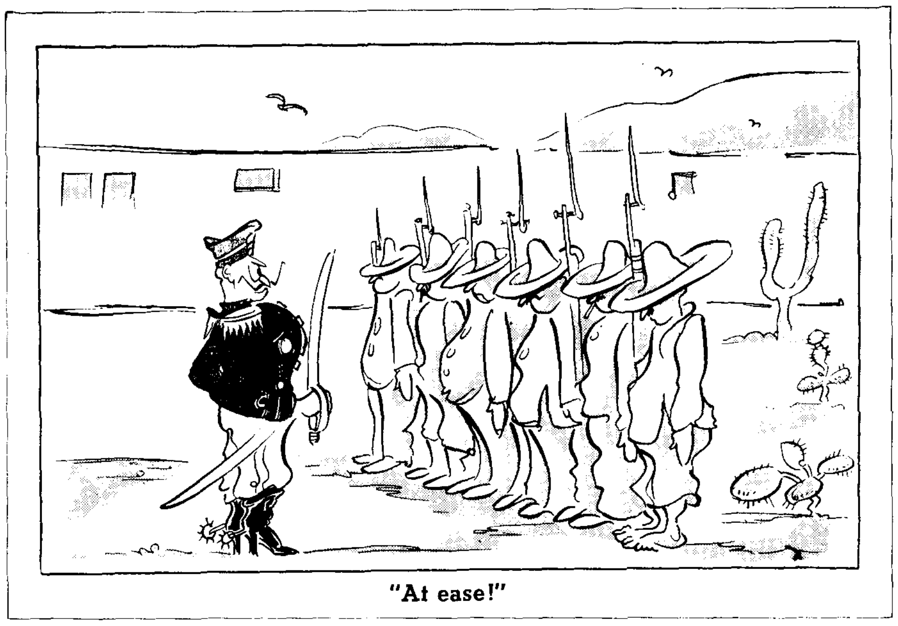
Glenmore

DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

GLENMORE'S
ONE PINT
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Change to **MINT SPRINGS** *and keep the change*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof



"At ease!"

own men and the sullen, cocky hostility of the faces under the gilt Army helmets. Then he was running as he had always known he would run in a game. He realized dimly that the men in the line before him, remembering the long injustice to himself, had taken on some of his own fierceness. He could tell it by the way they charged and blocked, hard and crisply, hurling their bodies through the air with a young abandon. And he ran in back of that blocking, his knees high, his body leaning, his feet sure, his body swaying in miracles of balance, his hand against a gilt helmet, his hips drawing away from arms and shoulders.

He felt no pain when he was tackled, only the dull shock, the passing disappointment that his run had been broken. He did not hear the almost steady roar of the stands and he barely heard the glad, hoarse voices of his own men as they talked to him between plays. They scored in eleven plays and Joe had carried the ball in eight of them. They missed the extra point.

The first fierceness died and was revived strangely toward the end of the half. Coming back sharply on the old cutback which years before had been his undoing, Joe noticed that the Army second-string guard was pulling over too far, drawn badly out of position.

"PULL that again!" he said to Gan Martin. Martin called the same signal. Instead of cutting back over the strong-side guard, Joe went through the larger hole to the weak side. He pivoted away from the fullback, then ran over thirty yards before they pushed him out of bounds. He did it twice more in a row before the Army coach sent in another guard. Then they opened a hole for Joe off the strong-side tackle and he drifted through it, cutting wide once, and outrunning the secondary to the corner of the goal line. They missed the point again and it was 13-12 against them as the half ended, but it didn't seem to matter. That was the way his running had affected the crowd.

The locker room was crowded, as Hack Merne's locker rooms were always crowded, with alumni and reporters and hangers-on, so that no gesture or word of Hack's might go unrecorded for posterity. Hack was grave today and the rest period was almost up before he spoke. He thought they could win, he told them. They had Army on the run. But what the hell was the matter with Martin, missing both those extra points? Was he taking his eye off the ball? Conlon, the guard, wasn't pulling out fast enough; and Hunt, at tackle, wasn't crossing the line on defense fast enough. And Galen—Hack's voice hardened—where the hell had he been running on those cutbacks? All over the damn' line.

In the silence Hack had left, Joe said: "The weak-side guard was pulling over and leaving a big hole there. I went through that." Then, softly: "Remember?"

No one dared to laugh, although some of the players, sitting in the darker corners, smiled secretly. It was as though Hack had not heard Joe. Hack's face was dead-pan. He was looking at the wall. He began to name the starting line-up for the second half. He named all but the left half. White would not play any more today. He was already dressing, his face pale, his knee bandaged. Pierce's knee had not improved in an hour. "Kampmeyer at left half."

Joe was not angry. It was as though he had a complete faith in whatever might happen.

Army fought a sullen, defensive fight, as though realizing it had been playing over its head and now must cling desperately to its lead.

Kampmeyer hardly ever gained and he didn't block. He got a shoulder in the pit of his stomach again and they carried him off. Now, Joe thought. And Hack said: "Get in there, Pierce." Pierce trotted across the field, concealing his limp well—from the stands. The third quarter ended on the next play. On the opening play of the fourth quarter they carried Pierce off the field, writhing.

Hack's face was dead-pan, the voice its equivalent. He didn't look at Joe Galen. He said: "Get in there, Galen." Then, Joe was running again.

Now, it was not so easy. His own men were tired, Army sullen and fighting. He broke off tackle for twelve, then they threw him for a loss of four. Gan Martin said: "That guard is in there again."

The first cutback went over the strong-side guard, the second one went over where the weak-side guard should have been. Joe's straight-arm pushed him around the Army fullback and Joe was running straight up the field with two Army men converging on him. He slowed and one of them dove, missed Joe and cut his own man off from Joe. There was the drumming of feet closing in from behind. With the edge of one eye Joe saw a large figure coming at him on an angle. Joe broke toward the side line. He heard the figure curse and grunt as it hit the earth. Then he was running straight, a yard inside the side line and there was no one near him and he was laughing. It was the joyous laugh of a good workman doing well the thing he likes to do best. And Joe was laughing the same way a little later when he scored again, breaking over tackle behind Gan Martin and threading his way eighty yards to the last score.

In the dressing room, Hack came to him. Following Hack as a tail does a kite was a queue of drunken alumni and sober reporters. Joe wet his dry lips and waited. Hack's face was grave, even solemn.

"Galen," he said, taking Joe's hand in both his own, "I want to tell you that no one is happier than I am that you finally came through. I wish you could be back next year. I'm telling you now that you're going to start the California game." Hack turned to the group and let the smallest flicker of a grin crease his face. "All this boy needed was a little discipline, that's all."

For some reason the alumni thought that was very funny and laughed uproariously. As Joe pushed his way through them they slapped him patronizingly on the back.

"You oughta belt some of these cookies," Gan Martin said as he came through them and outside the door right after Joe. Joe nodded but couldn't talk. The air outside the dressing room seemed much cleaner.

THE whole thing had gone flat. The taste of glory was the taste of stale beer. He saw his name in the headlines as he and Gan walked slowly through the streets but they didn't mean a thing.

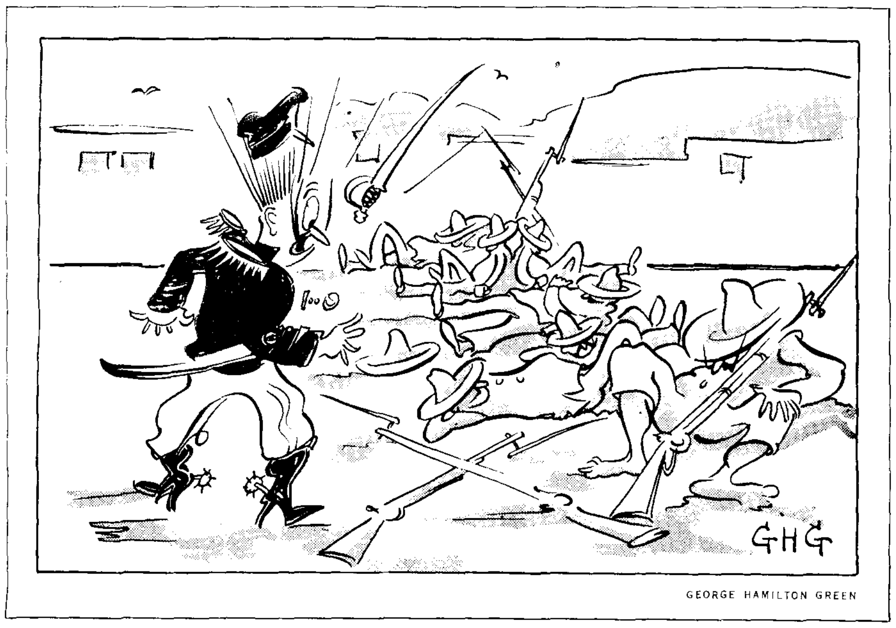
"What's the matter?" Gan said, seeing Joe's face.

"If that punk, Merne," Joe said, "expects me to play in the California game, he's crazy. I've waited a long time, and now I've got him where I want him."

"I don't blame you," Gan said, but he said it after a pause that Joe noticed.

"Wait for me," Joe said. He went into a phone booth and called Ellen Moore long distance.

"I'm very glad for you," she said.



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"It doesn't seem to matter very much," he said, thickly.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing. I simply want to see you. If I were to get a plane out tonight, would you drive down to the airport and meet me?"

"Of course," she said, quietly.

BECAUSE of the long wait of two weeks before the next game, Hack could give his men a few days of rest. They were to report for practice Wednesday. Friday, they would leave for California, stopping off at Tucson for practice and to get acclimated.

The papers were gloomy about the team's chances. Sitting with Ellen in her car by a river that wound darkly between banks covered by the first snow, Joe Galen's lips formed bitter words as he read the paper. He cursed in an undertone and Ellen touched his shoulder.

"Look," he said. "Tom White and that young Pierce will never play ball again. I suppose what happened to White couldn't be helped, but Merne used Pierce when he was crippled, just to spite me. They ought to jail a guy like that."

After a while, she said: "Are you going out for practice tomorrow?"

"I'll never wear a uniform again," he said.

Joe didn't go out the next day and he didn't go out Friday and by that time it was in the papers. He knew Merne wouldn't come to him. He knew Merne was looking like a bum and he knew that in California, without a decent left half on the squad, Merne would not only look like a bum, he would lose the game and the national championship.

For two days Joe had been ducking people, especially Gan Martin. Now, walking through the early fall dusk with Ellen on his arm, he could not duck young Pierce, coming toward him on crutches. When Pierce saw Joe, Pierce's face lit up.

"Good luck, Joe," he said. "I don't feel so bad about this knee on account of knowing you're going to be in there running them ragged out on the Coast."

"Thanks, Pierce," Joe said. "Don't you read the papers?" He felt Ellen's hand tighten on his arm.

"I just got out of the infirmary. Tell the truth, I didn't see the papers there. I was plugging some books when I could read. Anything the matter?"

"No," Joe said. The hand on his arm was still tight.

"Well, good luck," young Pierce said. He hobbled awkwardly away in the dusk. Looking at Joe Galen, Ellen saw that he was crying. She didn't speak, but her gentle pressure on his arm made him begin to walk.

"I think," she said slowly after a while, "that maybe you had better go to California."

"I wouldn't go out there for Merne to save his life."

"Not for Merne. I imagine there are a lot of boys on the squad like Pierce. Perhaps for them."

"The things of a child," he said.

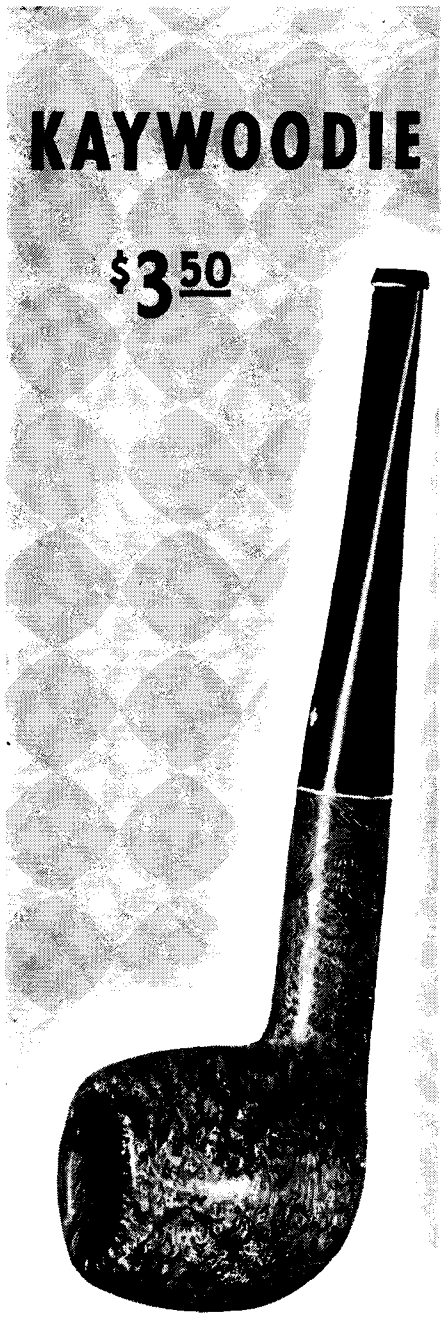
"I know," she said. "I said it. I didn't know. I suppose all tragedy is relative. If you don't go, if they lose, it will be tragedy to them."

"You really want me to go?" His voice sounded a little incredulous.

"I think it would be good—not only for them, but for you."

He thought he knew what she meant. He felt a good deal older. Older than the other players, older, even, than Merne. He thought, too, that knowing her, he had grown incredibly. It might be a good thing if he was to be near her all the time. It was, he thought, a hell of a funny way to think about a girl. He could think some more about that later.

"I think maybe you're right," he said, quietly. "I'd better go pack a bag."



KAYWOODIE

$3.50

Why don't YOU smoke a Pipe?

When you smoke a pipe you introduce a rich pleasure into your life, and you join an enviable group: pipe smokers are usually men who know how to take things in their stride. Kaywoodie pipes, smokers seem to agree, are just about the sweetest-smoking pipes you'll ever find, and there's a good reason for that. Kaywoodie pipes are made of briar from the world's last known "forest preserve" of rare, antique briar. Your first Kaywoodie initiates you into a new understanding of smoking enjoyment. Your first Kaywoodie isn't likely to be the last.

Pictured above: A new style called APPLE (No. 42). Shown actual size. For a better view of this beautiful pipe, turn the magazine sideways.

Carburetor Kaywoodie $4, Super Grain $5, Flame Grain $10, Meerschaum $15, Matched-Grain Sets $100 to $1,000.

Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac..interesting things about pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK *and* LONDON

Our Right to Power

Continued from page 19

to help municipalities financially in building their own power plants. Inferentially at least, by this same decision the Supreme Court upheld the right of the municipalities to venture to think that they might have the right to own their own power plants. So the law as laid down originally in the Charles River bridge case found an affirmance which it is to be hoped will be final in the Supreme Court cases just referred to.

Last spring, when Congress was debating additional appropriations for PWA, Mr. Philip H. Gadsden, Chairman of the Committee of Utility Executives, appeared before the Senate committee considering the bill and protested against financing the duplication of any electric facilities, claiming that this would be a deterrent to the further adventuring of private capital in this field. Mr. Gadsden quoted from Chairman Frank R. McNinch of the Federal Power Commission, apparently with approval, to the effect that the private utility industry could absorb seven and a half billion dollars in five years for new construction. He called for co-operation between the government and the private utilities, saying: "In closing, let me say that the private power industry can and ought to be a mighty machine for creating jobs and spreading social benefits to all the people. . . . Restore confidence that the federal government has set boundaries in its policy of duplication, and its great need for expansion can be turned to the account of all society."

Protection for Investors

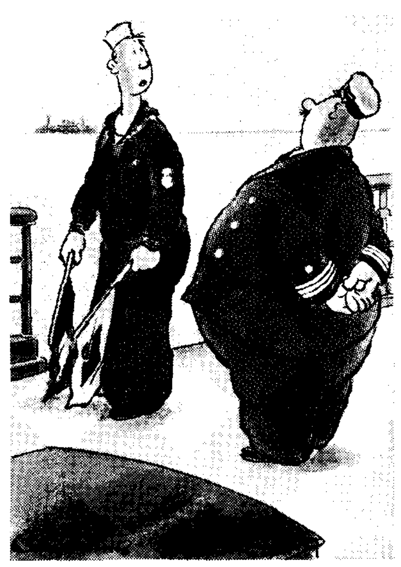
Certainly, so far as municipal power plants are concerned, the federal government has never had a "policy of duplication." That a man of Mr. Gadsden's supposedly wide experience in the utility field should make such a charge shows to what a degree utility executives have surrendered their judgment to their feelings. If there has been any "policy of duplication" it has been on the part of municipalities that have sought to free themselves from what they regarded as the oppressions of private utilities. The United States government, through PWA, has gone no farther than to refuse to set itself up in judgment over the municipalities and deny to them the right to determine whether they should build their power plants.

Congress refused to bind the Administration in the manner that Mr. Gadsden requested. However, in order that the private utilities might not have the slightest cause to complain, PWA, after careful consideration, decided to go further than the Congress had been willing to go. We want to do everything possible to give people jobs, to increase purchasing power, and to provide for a greater distribution of the goods of our civilization.

So on July 8, 1938, I announced that competitive power projects would no longer receive money from PWA unless the municipalities applying had first unsuccessfully tried to purchase the existing facilities on a fair and reasonable basis. The policy theretofore had been to allow the cities themselves to determine whether duplication was necessary. Now, still without dictating to a municipality whether it should own its power plant, we propose to hold back the money until the investors in the private companies have been given a chance to sell at a fair and reasonable price. If Mr. Gadsden's concern is really for the fate of the investors, there seems to be no reason why he and his associates should not proceed with the extensive construction program which he outlined.

However, so far as generating plants are concerned, it is our contention that the generation of additional power is not necessarily duplication. It is primarily in the distribution of power that the question of duplication arises. Mr. J. D. Ross, administrator of the Bonneville project, whom Mr. Gadsden quoted several times in his statement, with obvious approval, has repeatedly said that there is no such thing in this country as an oversupply of electric energy. The economic production of electricity holds out opportunities for increased use of power far beyond anything that any of us can now predict.

Our policy gives private industry adequate protection for its investors. Although it is our desire to play fair with the municipalities while at the same time safeguarding private investments so far as we are able, in no instance will PWA attempt to induce municipalities to take over private utilities or to build plants in competition with them.



"Shall I end it 'Respectfully yours,' sir, or just plain 'Sincerely'?"

JAY IRVING

There may be some thought that the prices approved by PWA will not be fair and reasonable. Accordingly, it is appropriate to discuss the factors to be considered in appraising a utility system. In this connection it may be said that utilities themselves are not always sure as to their figures. Frequently they submit one valuation for their properties for the purposes of taxation and an entirely different one to state utility commissions for purposes of fixing rates.

What is a Fair Value?

One way to determine what a utility system is worth is to ascertain if possible how much the company has prudently invested in the system and then subtract the amount of depreciation since the investment was made. This so-called "prudent investment" theory is one that will be given great weight in our judgment of offers made by municipalities to purchase private systems. However, in cases where a new system could be built more cheaply than the cost of the existing facilities, as determined by the prudent investment method of determination, and such new system would render the same or better service, the cost of construction of a new facility will also be given consideration.

There are other theories of valuation. One is concerned with the hypothetical figure representing the cost of reproducing the existing system today. In most instances this figure is not calculable, and in any event it is not one of practical importance as no city would consider reproducing all the antiquated parts of an existing system. There is also the question raised by the assessed valuation of a private utility. Many people believe that a fair and reasonable valuation would be the one the companies themselves submit, frequently under oath, to the assessor for purposes of taxation. There are other theories of valuation that might be discussed, but the belief is that the public interest will best be served if the Public Works Administration gives the greatest weight to the prudent investment theory while taking into account the cost of a new system.

It is my hope that this policy on the part of PWA will not unduly hamper the cities which are determined, for reasons they believe sufficient, to furnish cheap electricity to their people. I am firmly convinced that the cities have just as much right to provide cheap electricity as they have to provide good roads, good schools and free bridges. Private utility interests must admit this right unless it is their purpose blindly to continue to take issue with decisions of the Supreme Court over a hundred years.

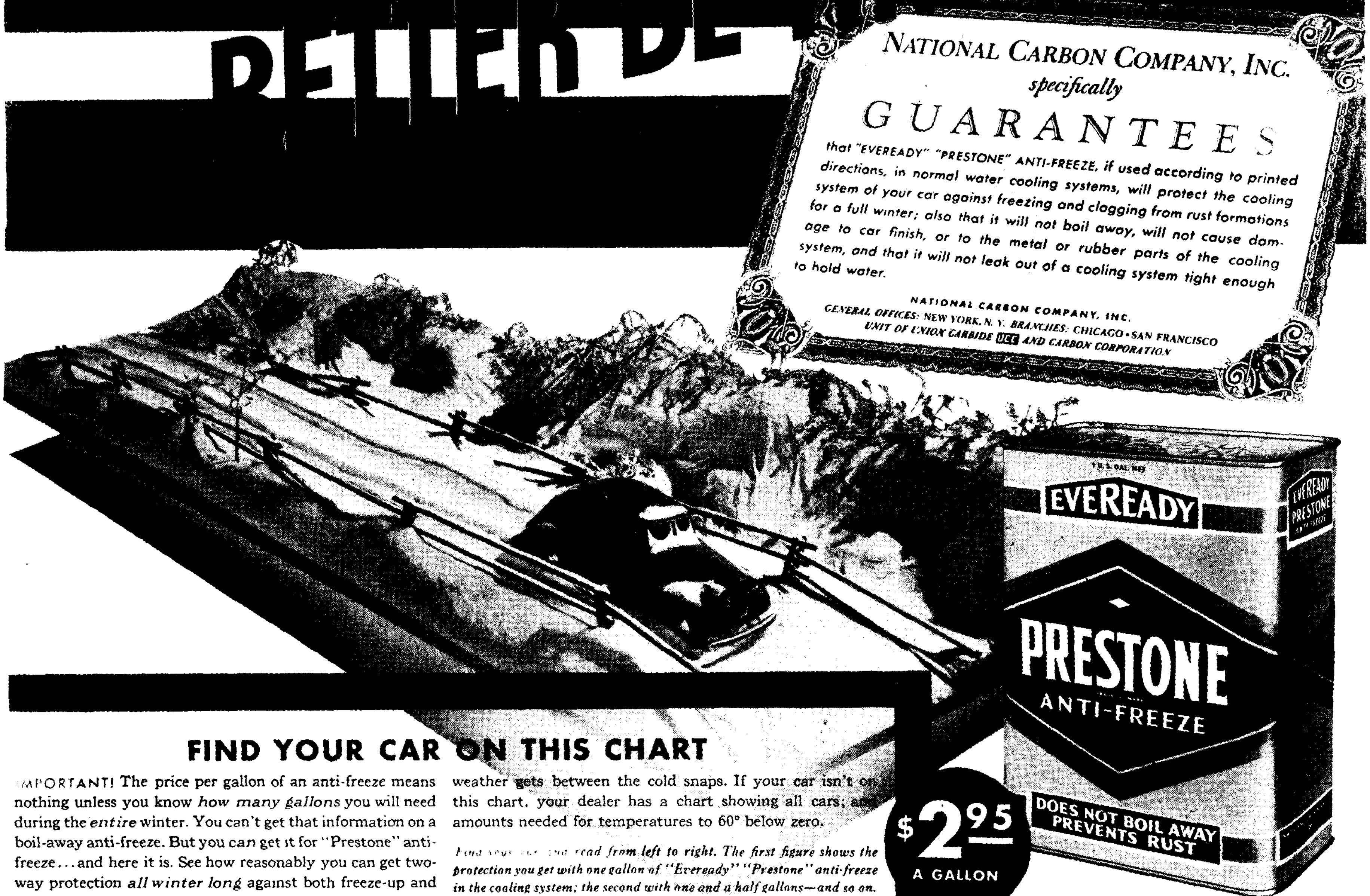
The question now is how the federal government may assist the municipalities in their construction programs and provide employment, and at the same time do no injustice to people who have invested money in the private companies. I believe that the policy that we have announced meets both of these situations, and I hope that the private companies will accept it in good faith, and proceed promptly with their construction programs which are admitted to be urgently needed even by the utilities themselves.

Power and Flood Control

So far I have discussed the policy of the federal government, particularly that of the Public Works Administration, with reference to municipal power projects. In order to round out the subject, however, it is necessary to say something about those more spectacular power projects which are related to the conservation of our water resources.

Conservationists, as well as engineers, have long recognized that we cannot simply harness our rivers for power without consideration of the other roles they play in the economic life of our nation. Many of them are capable of serving, and some of them do serve, as carriers of cargo, as irrigators of arid lands and as drains for surplus water. Their potential destructive powers would be well known to us even if we did not always have before us as a reminder the great Mississippi running rampant from time to time, right down the middle of our country.

We must have power, but we must also plan for our rivers. W must make them behave while requiring of them all the other things they are capable of doing in addition to generating power. In the long run, it probably would not matter who did this job of planning for and putting to use our rivers as long as it was done efficiently and with regard for the interests of the people as a whole. Where private companies, municipali-



NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
specifically
GUARANTEES

that "EVEREADY" "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE, if used according to printed directions, in normal water cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK, N. Y. BRANCHES: CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE UCC AND CARBON CORPORATION

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for "Prestone" anti-freeze...and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust formations with *one shot* of "Prestone" anti-freeze—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
AUBURN				
654, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
852, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
BUICK				
40, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
60, 80, 90, '36, '37, '38	+12	− 4	−27	−59
CADILLAC				
85, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
90, '36, '37; 60, '38	+19	+ 9	− 3	−19
60, 70, '37; 65, 75, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
60, 70, 75, '36; 90, '38	+22	+15	+ 8	0
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
CHEVROLET				
All Models, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
All Models, '37, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
CHRYSLER				
6, '32, '33, '34, '35; AF, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
Royal, '37; C18, 19, 20, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
DeL-8, '36; Imp., '37	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
AF-8, Imp.-8, '35; 6, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
DE SOTO				
6, '34; AF, AS, '36; 6, '37; S-5, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
DODGE				
6, '32, '33; D-2, '36; D-8, '38	+ 8	−12	−43	
Senior-6, '30; DU, '35; D-5, '37	+12	− 4	−27	−59
FORD				
V-8, '32 to '36; V-8-78, '37, '38	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
V-8-74, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
GRAHAM				
80, 90, 110, '36; 95, 116, 120, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
74-6, '35; 85, '37	0	−34	−62	
HUDSON				
6, '35 (late); 6, '36 to '38	+ 3	−25	−62	
8, '36, '37	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
6, '35 (early); 8, '38	+14	− 0	−21	−50
112, '38	0	−34	−62	
HUPMOBILE				
6-618-G, '36; 6, '37, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
422, '34; 8-621-N, '36; 8, '38	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
527, '35; 627, '36, 8, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
LAFAYETTE				
6, '34, '35, '36	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
"400", '37, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
LA SALLE				
35-50, '35; 50 (Str. 8), '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
345-C, '33; 50, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
LINCOLN				
Zephyr, '36, '37, '38	+22	+14	+ 4	− 6
V-12, '33 to '38	+23	+17	+10	+ 2
NASH				
3720, '37; 3820, 3880, '38	+10	− 8	−34	
3620, 3640, '36; 3780, '37	+14	0	−21	−50
Adv. 8, '34, '35; Amb. 8, '36	+17	+ 6	− 9	−28
OLDSMOBILE				
F, '35, '36	+ 3	−25	−62	
F, '34; L, '35, '36; F, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
L, '37, '38	+17	+ 6	− 9	
PACKARD				
120, '35, '36; 6, '37	+14	0	−21	−50
6, '38	+ 8	−12	−43	
8, '38	+10	− 8	−34	
1400-1-2, '36; 120, '37; Super 8, '38	+16	+ 4	−12	−34
Super 8, '35, '36	+18	+ 8	− 6	−23
1500-1-2, '37	+19	+10	0	−15
12, '33 to '38		+21	+16	+10
PIERCE ARROW				
1601, '36; 8, '37, '38	+20	+12	+ 1	−12
12, '36 to '38	+24	+20	+15	+ 9
PLYMOUTH				
PF, PG, '34 P5, P6, '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
P1, P2, '36; P3, P4, '37	+ 8	−12	−43	
PONTIAC				
8, '33, '34, '35; 6, '36	+ 8	−12	−43	
6, '37, '38	+10	− 8	−34	−62
8, '36	+12	− 4	−27	−59
8, '37, '38	+15	+ 2	−16	−42
STUDEBAKER				
6, '36 to '38; Com., '38	+ 6	−18	−54	
Dic., '34, '35; Pres., '37	+10	− 8	−34	−62
Pres., '36, '38	+12	− 4	−27	−59
TERRAPLANE				
6, '36, '37, '38	+ 3	−25	−62	
WILLYS				
77, '33 to '36	−21			
'37, '38	− 6	−47		

$2.95
A GALLON

Why take chances with boil-away anti-freeze this winter?

Start the season *right*, with "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in your radiator. One stop at your service station *now*, and you're safe against boil-away, freeze-up and rust-clogging *all winter long*.

No worry, no uncertainty, no going back for more. You pay for "Prestone" anti-freeze only *once-a-winter*. And if you'll check back after a winter of guaranteed freeze-up protection, driving comfort and peace of mind, you'll find that "Prestone" anti-freeze has actually saved you money.

Read the guarantee. It insures your car against winter's greatest driving hazards . . . boil-away, freeze-up, and rust.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.

COSTS MORE BY THE GALLON *LESS* BY THE WINTER

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
FALLING HAIR

A Big Bottle Costs Little

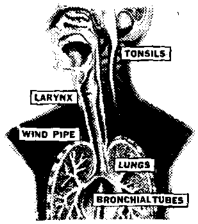
At Better Drug Stores
And Barber Shops

FOR HAIR and SCALP

LUCKY TIGER can be depended upon to do a better job of cleaning up dandruff and checking excessive falling hair. If you are troubled with that miserable scalp itching you will be delighted with the quick relief. Lucky Tiger stops scalp irritations, beautifies the hair and helps you keep it looking its best. Costs little at druggists or barbers. Sold with money-back guarantee.

Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC For Dandruff

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE



COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough . . .
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

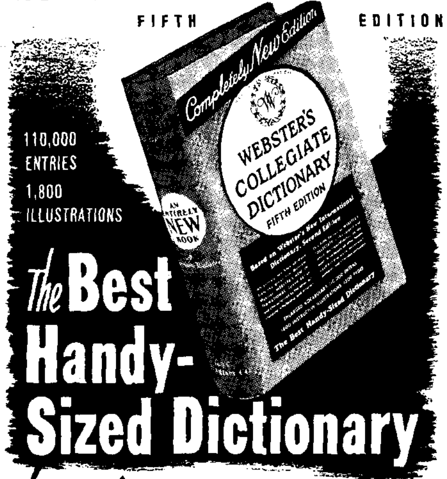
1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.

How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly *and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.*

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD
AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS



WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE
FIFTH EDITION

The Best Handy-Sized Dictionary

because it defines *all* the most commonly used words, selected from WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition—the "Supreme Authority" in courts, schools, and editorial offices—and is edited with the same careful scholarship. 110,000 entries; 1,800 illustrations; 1,300 pages; $3.50 to $8.50, depending on bindings. Purchase of your bookdealer, or order direct from the publishers. Write for Fascinating New Quiz and Picture Game—FREE. G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, 144 Broadway, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ties or states can undertake a comprehensive plan for river conservation and carry it out for the best interests of everyone affected, we cannot afford to quarrel about who gets credit for doing the job. But many jobs are too big for the cities or states, too far-reaching for them adequately to represent all of the people concerned. And, as a general rule, the pressure for profits is too great for private power companies to consider those phases of river conservation that *are not directly reflected* in the income from the projects. There is no real incentive for private enterprise to undertake flood control. Power yields revenues; flood control does not. But floods mean losses—private losses as well as public. This is why people get together through their governments—local, state and federal, particularly federal—to profit by flood control work by wiping out a source of losses.

The multiple uses to which water may be put under any real program of conservation make careful planning a requisite. In many cases it is unprofitable to the public to exploit power possibilities alone and leave the other potentialities untouched. Every use and every danger must be given consideration in any truly conservative development. Multiple-purpose dams, for instance, may control flood waters, aid navigation with concomitants of channel deepening and water storage, and provide water for irrigation, as well as serve to produce electric energy. Of course, this electric energy can be left unexploited—an apple tree may provide useful shade even if you let the fruit rot. But to build a dam—for whatever primary purpose—without using its full potentialities in power would be neither true conservation nor sound economics.

States Can Do it Too

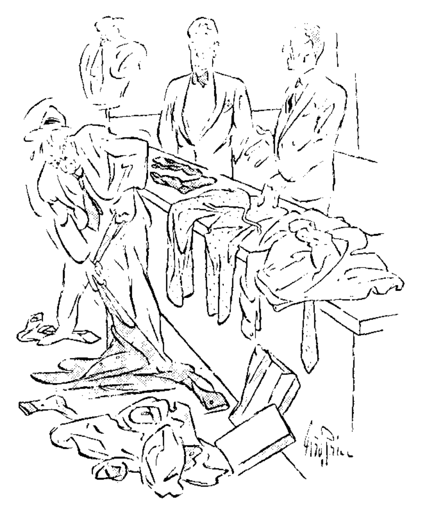
Boulder Dam was the first notable fruit of the conclusion that the government has the primary responsibility for river planning and water conservation. Here was an adequate water supply for the cities of southern California and for irrigation. Yet it would be hard to determine whether this possibility was less important than were the power resources of the project. In fact, power is so valuable in measurable terms—in dollars and cents of income—that it often overshadows the immeasurable value of the water to the development and health of the communities it serves. For while governmental enterprise has made water so cheap that it is often overlooked in the individual budget, we must remember that the adequacy of the water supply in the final analysis determines the growth of a community. No city can outgrow its water resources.

The TVA development takes into consideration a great number of the possibilities latent in the river system it conserves. Flood control and navigation add their share of value to the power resources that this enterprise will develop. Navigation alone might have been served by the construction of thirty-two low-lift dams in addition to the two existing dams between Paducah, Kentucky, and Knoxville, Tennessee. Thus flood control would have been ignored and power left undeveloped. By the construction of seven high dams, the Tennessee Valley Authority will not only establish navigation facilities for a great area but it will also prevent floods and produce tremendous power resources.

A little study will make clear how intimately power and other forms of river conservation are linked. No private agency, limited by its necessity for showing profits on power alone, could be expected to furnish the additional values resulting from a co-ordinated use of a river system such as the TVA is building. That such projects must be public projects is apparent.

But such projects for the maximum development of an entire river system do not need to be federally operated. States also, through their own agencies, have planned and executed similar developments. In Nebraska, South Carolina and Texas, the state governments have undertaken to bring great river systems into harness. By means of loans and grants from the Public Works Administration, they have built or are building tremendous conservation projects rivaling that of the Tennessee River. Subdivisions of states such as counties and municipalities also are interested in owning their own distribution systems as is evidenced in the Northwest, where power districts are being organized for the purpose of local ownership and to buy and distribute power from the federal projects on the Columbia River.

The Texas project on the lower Colorado River is a fine example of river planning by a state agency, the Lower Colorado River Authority created by the Texas legislature.



"A tester from the Bureau of Standards, I assume"

GEORGE PRICE

This project provides water for irrigation; potable drinking water for a number of cities, including Austin and Houston, and power generated by a series of dams strategically placed along more than a hundred miles of the Colorado River channel, as well as providing certain protection from floods.

Like a number of other streams in the arid and semi-arid regions, the Colorado of Texas is known for the suddenness of its floods. Many of its tributaries are the "upside-down" streams for which Texas is famous. They are called upside-down streams because they do not flow on the river bed but under it. The water seeps through the gravel and is rarely visible; only what seems to be a dry river bed can be seen. These harmless-looking "dry" beds become raging torrents after heavy rains. The baked adobe of the hill country with its sparse vegetation holds little of the water. The rapidity with which the water fills the stream channels causes sudden floods, with high crests of great destructive powers. Flood losses in the Colorado River valley have averaged about $3,000,000 per year; the flood in 1935 alone was estimated to have cost almost $13,000,000 and we have witnessed only this summer another disastrous flood in the area of the uncompleted Lower Colorado River Authority project. Considerable of the damage caused by that flood might have been averted if construction of the project had not been delayed by power company litigation.

The completed lower Colorado River project will add millions of dollars to the value of the land it protects from flood losses. On the basis of flood savings alone, the project would be well worth while. Between flood stages the Colorado often becomes a small stream. During recurrent droughts there is not enough water for irrigating the 60,000 acres planted to rice and this crop has frequently been lost because of the unreliable water supply. A large additional area suitable for rice culture will be added to the existing acreage when a constant water supply is assured.

The power possibilities of the Colorado are great. The cost of producing the power will be low, and a steady supply can be assured. The project can generate 359,000,000 kilowatts, of which three fourths will be firm power; that is, steady, regular power that can be counted on throughout the year.

The Chief Source of Friction

The state authorities of Texas have repeatedly taken the position that the power from the lower Colorado River dams should be available not only to the private utility companies, which would resell it at a profit, but also to the municipalities wishing to provide power to their citizens at the lowest possible rates. In other words, under this policy, the power would be sold to the public not only through existing utility monopolies but also through municipal agencies where the people prefer publicly operated facilities. This position, which has been taken by other states, and by the federal government in the Tennessee Valley as well, has been the chief source of friction between the people and the private power utilities.

We find then, upon a review of the subject matter, this situation: Even those who are interested financially in the generation and distribution of electric power admit that great river systems can be subjugated only by the government itself, and that when subjugated every possible benefit should be extracted from them not only as a matter of self-liquidation of the project undertaken but for the social and economic well-being of the people as well. Whether the surplus power generated from such projects should be sold directly to the people at the lowest possible cost or wholesaled to private utilities to be resold to the people at a profit to the private utilities, has been and continues to be a bone of contention.

As to the right of the municipalities to own and operate their own electric power plants, there is vehement and practically unanimous opposition upon the part of the private utilities. Yet perhaps if the utilities had been alert to give the people the best possible service at the lowest possible rate, compatible with a reasonable return upon the capital actually invested, there would not exist today the hostility that is apparent in all directions between the people who are the ultimate consumers of power and those who make that power. Whether this hostility can be abated is a question that is largely up to the private utilities. If they should keep their hands out of politics, if they should place a fair valuation upon their properties, if they should close the gap between the value declared for purposes of taxation and that declared for rate-making purposes, if their idea should be to give good service at a reasonable price, it is likely that many municipalities which now are contemplating going into the power business would direct their energies elsewhere. But if the utilities continue in their blind and headstrong course, refusing to accept the reforms enumerated, then it can be predicted that the trend toward public ownership and operation, whether by the nation itself or by the various municipalities, will continue until publicly owned plants are the rule and not the exception.

The new word in style! The new car to buy!

1939 Studebaker

PRICED ALMOST AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

"This new Studebaker is the closest approach to perfection I have yet seen in a motor car. It is as functionally beautiful as a marble in the Louvre."

Maggy Rouff

MAGGY ROUFF, Paris

Revolutionary and exclusive! Studebaker's new 10-point Climatizer! It gives you your own controlled climate in the car. It filters and cleans a constant supply of fresh air; heats the whole car including the floor; keeps windows from frosting, fogging, icing. Invisibly located — takes up no leg room. Available at small added cost.

TREAT yourself and your family to the luxury and distinction of this stunningly beautiful new 1939 Studebaker.

Save money by putting your new-car money into this new-type car that Europe's famed design authorities acclaim for its originality, elegance and good taste.

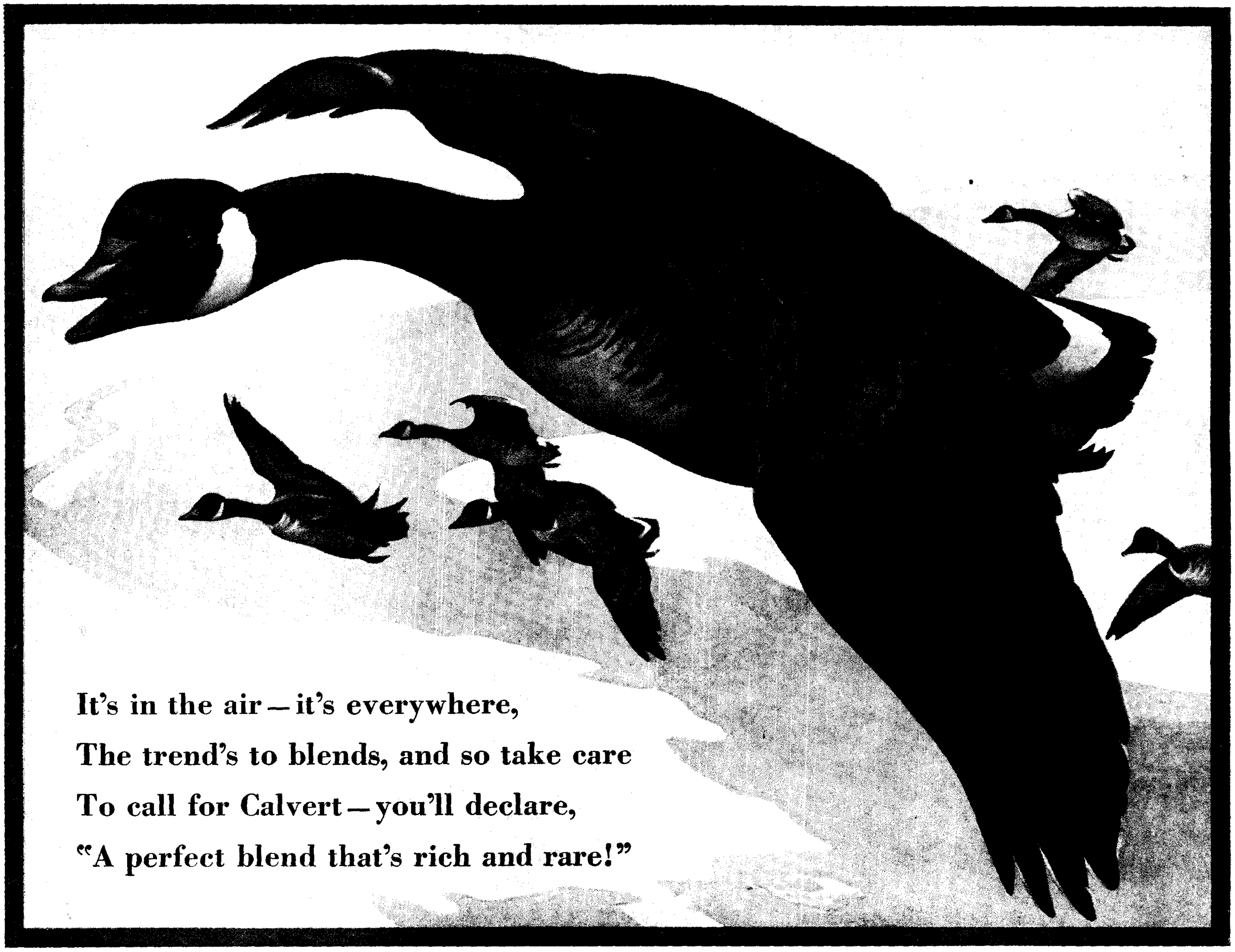
You'll spend scarcely any more than you would have to pay for a small, light car . . . yet you'll get a de luxe model at a standard-model price.

And you'll get Studebaker's sensational gas and oil economy, Studebaker's incomparable engineering innovations, Studebaker's exceptional handling ease—and the deep-bedded comfort that makes every Studebaker ride a Miracle Ride.

The new Studebaker steering wheel gear shift lever is standard equipment—and for just a little extra you get the revolutionary new Studebaker 10-point "Climatizer" and the amazingly simple and efficient Studebaker gas-saving automatic overdrive.

Use your present car as part or perhaps all down payment on C.I.T. terms. Studebaker, South Bend.

You pay nothing extra for Studebaker craftsmanship—yet you cannot buy it in any other car. Studebaker workmen average 40 years of age. Half of them have been on their Studebaker jobs 10 years or more. Many are home owners. Numbers are fathers and sons.



It's in the air—it's everywhere,
The trend's to blends, and so take care
To call for Calvert—you'll declare,
"A perfect blend that's rich and rare!"

A sound drinking tradition returns to America!

NEXT TIME YOU DROP IN at your favorite bar, notice how Americans are drinking today. You will discover a well-defined trend back to the lighter, blended whiskies that were America's favorites 20 years ago.

IN 1917 A FULL 75 PER CENT of the whiskey consumed in America was *blended.* Again today Americans are turning to the mellow smoothness of truly fine blended whiskies. Again today the call is more and more for Calvert.

AMERICA'S DISCRIMINATING taste and good judgment are demanding the delicious flavor, the distinctive bouquet and aroma of Calvert's "Reserve" and Calvert's "Special." They are whiskies that you, too, will drink appreciatively.

Calvert
Calvert
Calvert's
"Reserve"
rt's

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE

Call for Calvert ***The Whiskey of Good Taste***

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

None But the Brave

Continued from page 22

get this settled right here and now. I didn't do it."

"Well, naturally, it wouldn't do to admit it, publicly," he said. "But there's no point in you and me kidding each other. You know perfectly well that you've saved more than my life. You've saved my—er—my honor, if that's what it's called."

"Rats!" I said. "Damn it, Dick Patterson, look at this, will you!"

I cracked my Webley open and dumped the shells out into my hand and stuck them one by one up under his nose so he could see that not a single one of them had been fired.

"So I got an honest-to-God blighty after all?" he said.

"Why, sure," I said, "and you can put a wound stripe up for it. Now let me get to work on you."

I GOT back to our post in the printing plant just before dawn broke.

"Where you been, to Paris?" said Sergeant Williams.

"Yes," I said.

"You had orders to bring water up. I suppose you're going to tell me the tin got hit and it all leaked out—the way it used to do with the rum until I decided to bring it up myself."

"No, the tin didn't get hit. I just left it out there in the snow to cool. I'll go get it."

"Wait a minute," said the sergeant. "You can't go out now. It's getting light. Where's Patterson?"

"Patterson got hit," I said. "I was carrying the water and the Lewis gun ammo. I dumped them in a shell hole and went back to where Dick was, put a field dressing on him and helped him out. On my way back from the medical dugout I picked up his bags first as they were farthest away from here. That's all."

"And what about the water?"

"I've got the place marked. I'll go out and get it tonight."

"No you don't," said the sergeant. "Look at this."

He handed me the piece of official paper. It was an excerpt from battalion orders and read as follows: "Excellent reports having been received from Canadian Corps School, Acting Lance Corporal without pay Andrew Paige, M.M., is hereby promoted to full Corporal with pay, effective this date."

"*C'est la guerre,*" I said out loud, and as I said it I was not only thinking of the lost tin of water but also of my stripes, and of Dick, and of Joe Miller, and of the kilt, and of my dad, and of how my legs itched under the puttees, and of how breath-takingly beautiful that shell-shattered wilderness had looked in the snowstorm.

I mean I was really thinking about Louise because I was thinking about everything except Louise.

THE winter wore on, one of the coldest on record, I think. The battalion did its regular tours of duty in the line, then went out again for a spell of rest.

Sometime in February I got a letter from Louise. She said that she had visited Dick at his hospital in London and that he was coming along fine.

"We have talked a lot about you," she wrote, "and your ears must have burned. He says you saved his life in more ways than one. He is very eager to get back to the front and has just received word that he is to go to Officers Training Camp after his convalescence.

"When are you coming on leave? It would be so nice if the three of us could be together once more and go to Scotland for a bicycling trip. And I'd love to see Edinburgh, wouldn't you?

"Much love from us both, dear Andrew. . . ."

It wasn't more than a week after Louise's letter came that the British Fifth Army was smashed to pieces and Fritz was twenty or thirty miles into our lines.

Needless to say, all leave was canceled and instead we received a large contingent of bombproofers and lead-swingers who had been smoked out of their cozy jobs in England and at the base and were hustled up to the front—"flung into the field," as the papers put it, "to prevent the Hun from knocking at the gates of Paris." They were a little late, of course, for the Hun had already rattled the gates plenty, but the gates held, and then, a couple of months later, we began to feel that the papers were right for a change and that "the tide had turned."

"Good morning, Mrs. Catlett. Something for you?"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

We were sitting around, feeding ourselves breakfast and discussing the rumors about a raid—one of ours—that was coming off soon.

Suddenly I saw Williams pull himself up straight and put the cigarette he was smoking behind his back.

"Section! Atten-*shun!*" he commanded.

That was a hell of a time to call us to attention, in the middle of eating a meal. I couldn't see the officer, but he evidently thought so too, for I heard his voice countermand the order at once from around the corner of the hut.

"As you were!"

"All right, carry on!" said Williams, going forward to meet the officer. The next minute he was back again and I heard a familiar voice say, "Any complaints, boys?"

I looked up and there was Dick Patterson standing amongst us, smiling and searching for the faces of friends. There was a fair number of us left, perhaps eight or ten, who had known him before and we quickly crowded around him, shaking hands, calling him by his first name, and congratulating him on his commission.

HE CUT quite a figure in his officer's uniform with second lieutenant's stars on the shoulder straps, and his little gold wound stripe attached vertically to his left sleeve.

"Hello, Andy," he said. "It's good to see you again. And congratulations!"

"What on?" I said.

"Your stripes. You never wrote me about it."

"Oh, that!" I said.

"Come up to my billet when you have time," he said, "and we'll have a talk."

"Okay," I said. "I'll shave and then be up. Where is it?"

"Hut 28, in A line."

"The kid looks fine," Sergeant Williams said when we had all saluted Dick and he had left.

I agreed, and went inside to shave and polish up a bit. When I was ready I went up to Hut 28.

I knocked and then went in without waiting to be told to do so and found Dick seated at a table reading some orders.

"Oh, cut that out, Andy," he said when I saluted him. "Come over here and sit down. Have a drink?"

"Sure."

He took an enamel cup off a shelf and poured about four fingers of Scotch into it. His own half-finished drink was already on the table, and we clicked cups.

"To Lieutenant Patterson!" I said, and we drank.

"To Corporal Paige, M.M.!" Dick said, and we drank again. He shoved a tin of cigarettes at me and we lighted up.

"So you're assigned to the section again?" I said.

"Yes, I'm going to be scout officer."

"What about Shorty?"

"Shorty's going back to divisional intelligence."

"He deserves it," I said.

"But not till after the raid," said Dick.

"So there *is* going to be a raid then?"

"Quite," said Dick.

"How beastly ripping," I said.

"Oh, raw-*ther,*" he said.

"What sort of a raid?" I asked.

"Here it is," said Dick, passing the papers he had been studying over to me.

I picked the sheets up and let my eyes skim over a few lines.

"Special Operation Order. . . . The 99th Canadian Scottish will raid the enemy trenches on the night of May 10/11 . . . Sector: Latour . . . Purpose: To obtain identifications and kill Huns. . . . Organization: Four parties of 1 officer and 25 other ranks each . . . Group A (Lieut. Patterson), Left . . . Group D (Lieut. Turner), Right . . ."

I DIDN'T bother to read the rest of it, as I knew we'd find out about the duties of the groups, and recall signals, and all that sort of thing as soon as we began practicing the raid.

"We'll be doing this over the tapes," I said to Dick.

"What d'you mean, tapes?"

"You'll see," I said. "Shorty undoubtedly has airplane photographs of the sector we're going to raid. Tomorrow we'll go over into some of these fields and make an exact plan of the Heinie trenches on the ground with tapes. Then we'll practice the raid over the tapes, and we'll have a dress rehearsal on the last night before going in with smoke bombs and signal rockets and all the trimmings."

"Say, that's quite a stunt," said Dick.

"Yes, and as soon as we get in the line, we'll do reconnaissance patrols for three or four nights and then, when everything's ready, they'll postpone the show for twenty-four or forty-eight hours until you're sure that if they stall around any longer Fritz will get wind of it. Here's to the raid!"

We drained our cups and for the next hour Dick talked about his experiences in England.

Louise was fine, he said, and still working as hard as ever. She had visited him three or four times in hospital, but the first two times he had been so doped with morphine that he never knew she'd been there.

After convalescent camp he had come back to London on seven days' leave and she had gotten three herself, so the two of them went on a little bicycling trip around Oxford. Scotland was too far away for such a short time, and besides they didn't have the money.

"And we talked about everything," Dick said, "even about the war, which isn't supposed to be done, I believe."

"I don't know why not," I said. "Here we are right in the middle of the biggest thing of our generation, and the biggest war of all time, and I don't see why we shouldn't talk about it."

"Have another drink?" he asked.

"Well, just a small one."

"Andrew, I want to ask you a question," he said as he disregarded my re-

THE RIGHT WAY TO CARVE A TURKEY

Plenty of men can hack it to pieces; few can dissect him cleanly, calmly —with neatness and dispatch.

Neck points due left. Hold drumstick in left hand, sever with knife. Slice small portions of dark meat from thigh and drumstick. Next, insert fork into keel bone and get wing where it joins body. Then start slicing white meat from the breast, still holding fork in same position.

THE RIGHT WAY to repair a tire

There's a right technique to everything —whether it's carving a turkey, drilling an oil well, or repairing a tire.

And where there's one right way, there are usually a lot more wrong ways. Take tire repairs, for instance.

The average repair man usually just pulls out the nail, patches the tube, tosses in a boot, and lets it go. Ready to go out again in a few hundred miles.

We've developed a right way to repair tires. And a safe way, too. The Bowes Safety Tirepair System fixes the tube, of course. But it takes care of the casing, too — and *safely!*

If a tire is worth repairing it's worth repairing right. If there are more miles left in it then Bowes System can save them for you.

There are definite ways to prevent blowouts which endanger the life and limb of your family. Any Bowes dealer, carrying our Red and White Bowes Seal, will be glad to show you this modern safety system.

Robt M. Bowes

BOWES SEAL FAST

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
Indianapolis, Ind. Hamilton, Ont.
London, England

quest for a small one and instead gave me my third four fingers of Scotch.

"Shoot," I said.

"You know, I didn't tell Louise about the night I got wounded. I mean, about what went on before I got hit." He paused to light another cigarette.

"Go on," I said. "What's the question?"

"Do you think I should have?"

"Well," I said, "what did you think?"

"I'll tell you, Andy, I thought about it this way. At first I didn't feel I could ever bring myself to tell her about it. It was too awful. But then, as I was lying there in my bed with plenty of time to think, I began to feel that if I didn't tell Louise I'd be living a sort of lie to her. D'you understand?"

I nodded.

"And this was brought home to me very strikingly one day when I read in the papers about what she'd done the night before during an air raid. She was driving her ambulance back to her quarters after having taken her last load of wounded to the hospital, when the air raid started. Now, she was off duty, through for the day, and could have gone home perfectly legitimately. Instead of that, however, she turned round and went right down to Piccadilly Circus, where the bombs were falling, to help care for the injured. A piece of a bomb took one of her rear wheels off and another one broke her windshield. That shows how much in the thick of it she was. An Aussie major helped her put on the spare, and she took a load of wounded away and delivered them to an emergency hospital. Then she came back for more."

"Gee!" I said, "They should have given her a medal for that."

"They did," said Dick.

"What?" I asked.

"An O.B.E. Now perhaps you see how I began to feel about my—my—"

"Your cowardice," I said, and was instantly sorry I had used the word because Dick assented to it so simply and so utterly without defiance.

"Yes, my cowardice," he said.

"I told you once before—" I began, trying to mitigate the brutality of my remark, but Dick cut me short.

"I know," he said, "but you must see that the lie I was living was made just twice as bad by what she had done in the air raid. Those air raids were awful, Andy. I know. I was in bed there in hospital through about a dozen of them."

I PULLED Louise's letter out of my pocket and handed it to Dick, pointing out a paragraph to him that read as follows:

"I took four stretcher cases to Dick's old hospital last week, and happened to run into the head nurse. She remembered him well, and when you see Dick I want you to tell him that the nurse said the reason she remembered him so well was because he was the calmest, bravest, and altogether most satisfactory patient they ever had during the air raids."

Dick passed the letter back to me and was scowling as he did so.

"Well," I said, "that about wipes out the night you were wounded, all right."

"No, damn it, it doesn't!" he blurted at me.

"Why not?" I was quite taken aback by the suppressed fury of his denial.

"Because it doesn't," he said. "I'll explain it to you some other time."

"Okay," I said.

"Yes," he said, and I got the impression that he'd just thought of this reason and that it wasn't the real one, "you see, Andy, that business on the overland trip that night happened at the front, and it has to be wiped out at the front."

"High explosive is high explosive," I said, "no matter where it bursts. But it's your problem, and you're the one to make your own rules for settling it."

"That's what I mean," said Dick. "But we've gotten a little off the subject. As I was saying, Louise's bravery in that air raid sort of put it up to me to tell her about the night I got wounded. At least, that's the way I felt about it."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"There were two or three reasons, but the main one was that I wanted to be fair to you, Andrew."

I guess my surprise must have been pretty obvious because Dick hurried right on after taking a swallow of whisky.

"Let me try to make you understand," he said. "It's a bit complex and rather hard to untangle my reasons and motives from each other. To state it bluntly, if a man tells a woman he has been a coward, it is so private and personal a confession that it cannot help but create a special kind of intimacy between them, can it?"

"In a way, I suppose."

"Certainly. Furthermore, a confidence by one person is apt to draw forth a corresponding confidence from the other one. Perhaps I shouldn't have used the word corresponding. What I mean is that if you tell me a secret, the best way I can express my appreciation of the trust you have put in me is by telling you a secret in return. Anyway, that's a natural sort of thing to do, isn't it, Andy?"

"Not necessarily."

"Oh, yes it is, Andy, and particularly in a case like this where the confession is just about the worst one a man can make to the girl he—" He caught himself just in time and ended the sentence lamely by saying "—to the girl."

I WAS getting a little bit nervous about the turn this conversation was taking. But Dick wouldn't let himself be turned aside from the subject.

"You see," he continued, "the effect of such a confession is really to embarrass the other person into making a counter-confession or into saying something that will take the curse off the first one, into creating an anticlimax, as it were. It's instinctive, don't you think?"

"The way you analyze it, maybe it is."

"Of course. Therefore a confession is actually one of the lousiest tricks you could play because you disarm the other person so completely. In other words, you throw yourself on that person's mercy, and if she is fond of you she'll do almost anything—anything—to comfort you, won't she?"

"Depends on the person," I said, though I admitted to myself that his psychology seemed sound enough while at the same time vaguely disliking and even resenting its implications.

"Well, when I went up to Oxford with her," Dick continued, "the situation was this. I wanted to make a clean breast of that night to her, particularly because of her own magnificent courage during the air raid. I wanted to tell her about it because it stood as an insurmountable barrier between us. I felt it, and she felt it. It was so strong and was ruining our trip so that she even commented on it as we walked back in the evening from a movie and I saw her to her hotel."

Dick got up and started pacing the floor. I waited for him to go on, but he was evidently in need of being helped out.

"Well, why didn't you tell her about it then—when she commented on it?" I asked.

"Because I realized that if I did that, there would be no telling what might happen next, Andrew."

"What did you say—?"

"I said, Andrew, that if I had confessed to her then, there would have been no telling what might have—"

"Why, you dirty skunk!" I said. It had taken me a little while to get the drift of his remark, but when I had I was on my feet in an instant, fists clenched and murder in my heart.

"If you'll just hear me out, Andrew—"

I TOOK two steps forward, my eyes on Dick's lips, which was the place where I was going to hit him.

"Andrew—please!" he said. He didn't make a move, except to raise his hand in a protesting sort of gesture.

I drew my left back and took two more steps toward him.

"You stinking—"

"All right, Corporal," said Dick quietly. "Come to order!"

I guess the generals must know what they're talking about when they make speeches about instilling a sense of discipline, for my hand dropped automatically.

"If you're going to take cover behind your lousy commission—" I began.

"You know that isn't so, Andy," he said.

"I'm throwin' a little party after th' fight, Butch—sort of a celebration-like—an' I'd like t' have yuh join us"

JAY IRVING

"Don't 'Andy' me, Lieutenant Patterson!" I flung back at him furiously. "You started it, and from now on I'm Corporal Paige, to you, *sir!*"

"All right, Corporal Paige, then control yourself, please, and come to attention. . . . You heard me. . . . I said come to attention!"

Indeed I had heard him. And it was a new Dick Patterson, though at the time I was too angry to take notice of anything but the bare command.

"I order you to listen to me," said Dick, his voice trembling a little as he walked up to me and planted himself within a foot of my face.

"I don't give a damn what you think, Paige, or what anybody else does either," Dick went on, his eyes boring into mine. "I've tried to explain the situation to you, but you refuse to hear me out. So I'm going to use my commission to make you stand there and listen to just one thing that I think you ought to know. There was a barrier between Louise and me on that trip to Oxford, and I deliberately kept it there. It wasn't easy, but I kept that barrier there because once—a long time ago it seems now—I felt that you and I understood one another perfectly over what was written on a certain Royal Ontario Regiment badge."

For a full sixty seconds we stood there staring at each other, motionless, hostile and intransigent.

"That's all," said Dick. "Dismiss!"

I made for the door. When I got there, I turned.

Tears were streaming down his face.

I went out and slammed the door so hard the Intelligence Section sign fell off it.

THE next morning we went across the road into a couple of fields and laid out the tapes under Shorty's directions. We reduced the scale of the Heinie trenches by a half and, as I was detailed to Dick's party for the raid, I had to work with him. We operated frigidly and strictly on the basis of lieutenant and corporal. This kept up all that day, though I must admit I did begin to cool off considerably with the passage of time.

After supper, which was a good one and therefore helped my new frame of mind along quite a bit, I decided to go for a walk by myself and think it over calmly and without melodrama.

It certainly wasn't Dick's fault, I told myself, that the fortunes of war had thrown him in company with Louise much more than they had me. I even went so far as to ask myself whether, if the positions had been reversed, I would have acted as honorably as he had.

I decided I would have, though the suspicion did lurk in the back of my mind that that was wishful thinking because, in my many daydreams about Louise, I always shamelessly made love to her—without a thought for Dick.

I could see it much clearer now. My sophomoric, holier-than-thou outburst against Dick was totally uncalled for because it was so unjust.

He was absolutely right about the possibilities such an intimate, such an abject confession might have given rise to, for, quite naturally, it would have invoked all the protective love and compassion of Louise's nature. And it was equally natural that, under the circumstances, she might have been carried away by the intensity of her need to prove that compassion. After all, with what more convincing sincerity can a woman convey to you that nothing you have done makes any difference to her than by taking you into her embrace? Particularly a woman of Louise's integrity?

How could it be otherwise when you remember that over half the world loomed the probability—too often the fact—that the person you were talking to today would, a week, a month, a year later, be forever silenced? This condition heightened all feelings immeasurably, distorted them, if you like, and worked havoc with the accepted values of quieter, calmer days.

IT WAS a form of intoxication, and particularly did the we-who-are-about-to-die attitude unbalance the normal relationships, even the most superficial, between men and women. With death the rule now of daily life, rather than the exception, the present, this hour, this very moment assumed an importance that was paramount, made a demand too exigent to be denied.

Louise, Dick, I—all of us, I reminded myself, were flesh and blood.

As for my own flesh and blood, and the motives it gave rise to, I was rather disgusted when I examined it candidly and found that part of my anger with Dick was directly traceable to a perverse resentment that he *had* acted honorably, even nobly. For, if he had just gotten off side a bit, the bars would have been down and I would have been free to do likewise.

I could, for instance, have sent Louise the letter I had been carrying around in my pocket for over a year, telling her how much I loved and wanted her.

You see, I realized the fullness of Dick's integrity and strength of character in this impasse because my own need to communicate my love to Louise had impelled me to keep that letter on me in the hope, yes, actually in a queer, oblique sort of hope that I would be killed and that then it would be sent to her. If you think that sounds cockeyed, I'll just ask you to remember that war is cockeyed, human beings quite often are too, and the combination begets some of the most cockeyed reasoning the world has ever known.

Then, suddenly, while I was thinking about these things, I saw my unmailed letter to Louise in its true light. I saw the depths of my prevarication and the contrasting loyalty of Dick's honesty.

For that letter was an evasion. It was a cowardly subterfuge in an attempt to put myself beyond the reach of responsibility. It was nothing less than a device by which I intended to evade the spirit of our tacit understanding.

Dick had been face to face with Louise many times, and had stood firm.

But I—what I was planning to do was to obtrude myself upon them and whatever relationship they might have had by making love to her from the grave!

I took the letter out of my pocket and set a match to it, then turned round and walked back to camp.

ALL during the next morning I looked for an opportunity to get alone with Dick, but it didn't come.

Then, after lunch, I saw my chance. I was standing outside the hut having a smoke when I saw Dick cross the road and go over into the fields where the tapes were.

I went back into my billet and put on my equipment, then followed him over to where he was standing in a clump of trees.

He turned when he heard me approaching, started slightly, then said: "Oh, I'm glad you showed up, Corporal. I want you to look at this photo. There's an indistinct patch in this trench and I'd like to know what you—"

"Dick!" I said.

He didn't answer me, but looked away, first to the right and then to the left and then behind him.

Well, I didn't blame him. He was entitled to make it difficult, but that wouldn't stop me. I glanced down at my boot with which I was scuffing the earth. I was in the wrong and determined to tell him so, no matter how hard he might try to avoid hearing it.

I looked up again and there he was, standing in front of me, smiling, his hand outstretched.

"I just wanted to make sure we weren't being seen," he said.

I took his hand and, as my throat seemed to have gotten a bit choked up, all I could say was: "I'm sorry, Dick."

"Forget it," he said.

"I just want to tell you something—"

"No need, Andy. I understand."

"All right, Gunga Din," I said.

"Nuts!" said Dick, which told me as well as anything could have that he knew I was referring to the lines:

"Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' God that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga
Din!"

We both grinned sheepishly at each other and then Dick said: "Let's sit down, Andy. I want you to look at this photo. There's something here that I can't make out. The trench seems to fade away or flatten out at this point, and then on the other side of it there are two trenches that continue, like a fork in the road."

"Just give me a pipeful of Velvet.. that's Home Sweet Home to me!"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOB

Velvet

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co more heat

GUARANTEED WITH AMAZING NEW TYPE CAR HEATER

WARMS YOU FROM THE FEET UP EVEN ON "ROUND-THE-BLOCK" HOPS

Burns Gasoline In Sealed Vacuum Chamber

NOW YOU can have thrilling new winter driving comfort even on *"round-the-block"* hops—with this amazing new heater that heats hot in 90 seconds and warms you from the feet up!

Introduced only a year ago, this Stewart-Warner South Wind has already thrilled millions! It heats hotter—faster—because it works a new way, *by burning gasoline in a sealed vacuum chamber* for an average of ⅝ of a cent an hour.

Safety Doubly Proved

The South Wind *has proved its safety* in Underwriters' Laboratory tests and in millions of miles of service. Because the flame is *sealed in,* no air from inside the car is burned, and no fumes can escape into the car.

You just set the single control for the heat you want. The heater lights itself *automatically,* with a brief flow of current, and heats hot, fast.

No Hose Cutting—No Extras

You get billows of warmth long before your engine warms up because the new South Wind is *independent of the cooling system.* It is easily installed by your dealer, with no hose cutting, extra thermostats, or waste of antifreeze—attaches easily to defroster—is no larger than most heaters.

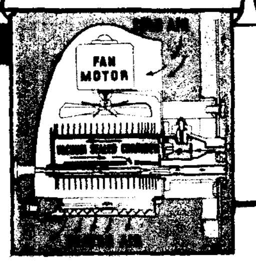
Don't wait and be disappointed *as thousands were last year.* Talk to any owner—hear how he enjoyed *utterly new driving comfort* with a South Wind last winter. Then let your dealer install your South Wind at once! Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago.

WORKS A NEW WAY! HOTTER! FASTER!

GIVES BILLOWS OF HEAT IN 90 SECONDS

HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS BY THE STOP WATCH

LISTED BY Underwriters' Laboratories



See how gasoline is drawn into the sealed heating chamber and fumes drawn out through the engine exhaust by vacuum. The fan circulates clean air around the hot chamber and through the whole car

STEWART-WARNER
South Wind CAR HEATER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I must explain to you that no man's land in the area we were going to raid was crisscrossed by a certain number of old communication trenches, dating from the time when we had been holding the territory now occupied by Fritz. When Fritz had captured our first and second lines as a sort of side show to his main March offensives, he had switched the parapets around and had converted our front and support lines into his support and front lines respectively, with the result that he was now facing the communication trench that had given access to that sector when we were holding it.

THE left raiding party, the one Dick was going to lead, assisted by myself, had the job of entering the German lines along this old communication trench. The airplane photograph showed that the Germans had established a block in this trench about a hundred yards out from their wire, and this post would naturally have to be cleaned up before we could proceed with the raid itself. The block was accurately represented on our tapes, and Dick and I had practiced creeping up on it and bombing it during the two days that we hadn't been speaking to each other except in the line of duty.

The thing that puzzled Dick a bit was that the photograph showed a fade-out patch in the communication trench about fifty yards our side of the Heinie block.

"Looks like a bunch of shell holes," I said. "Let me see the trench map, will you?"

"D'you notice how the communication trench divides there, Andy, and then there are two of them leading out of the other side of the indistinct patch toward the German line?"

The trench map was an old one of the time when we possessed the ground and it showed our trenches in blue, Heinie's in red.

"Yes," I said, after comparing the map with the photograph, "you can see it plainly here. There was a fork in the trench at this point, an almost perfect Y. Naturally, when Fritz attacked here, he bombarded the hell out of that junction and, by the looks of this photo, flattened it out completely for quite a space."

"Well, that Y isn't marked on our tapes," said Dick.

"'Tisn't necessary," I said. "The block we have to attack is in the right-hand fork of the Y. The left one doesn't concern us at all. We'll just train our party to keep to the right."

"Couldn't a party of Heinies come down that left fork and attack us in the rear?"

"I very much doubt it," I said. "The preliminary barrage will keep them all pretty well fixed. They'll know something's coming and will stick to their defensive battle stations until they know what it is."

"I don't like the looks of that flattened-out place, Andy."

"Why not?"

"Because there's a chance for some confusion there."

"Well, don't worry about it now," I said. "We'll have a good look at it on our reconnaissance patrols."

"D'you think we can also draw fire from the Heinie post?"

"What for, for God's sake?"

"To get an idea of how heavily it is manned and armed."

"No, no!" I said. "We don't want to let them get wind that anything's going on around there."

"We ought to reconnoiter that block before we start on that raid, though," said Dick.

"Certainly," I said. "We'll see what the lay of the land is around that flattened-out Y, and we can mooch up the left-hand fork a ways. If it looks okay, we can then cut overland and creep up on the block from the side. If we spend two or three nights out there just keeping our eyes and ears peeled, we can get a very fair idea of how many men Fritz has in that post and if there's a machine gun there too."

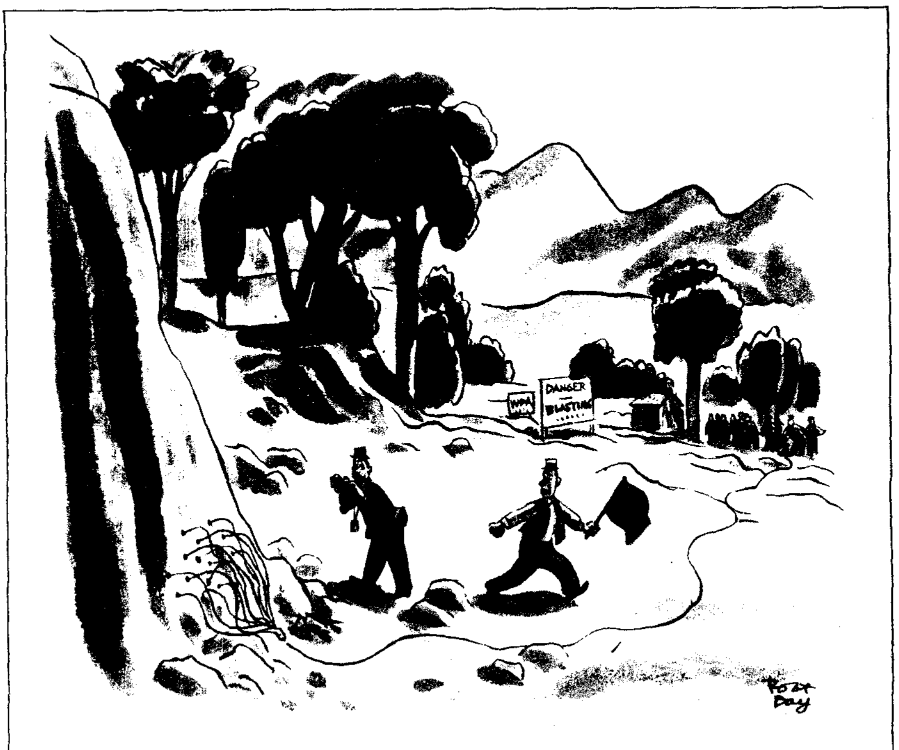
"ALL right," said Dick. "Here comes the gang."

A detachment of a hundred men had just marched into the field and were being divided into four raiding parties of twenty-five men each. It was the first time that the men from the companies had come out to participate in the training for the raid, and Dick and I walked across to look them over.

"Group A—Lieutenant Patterson's party—Atten-*shun!*" shouted the sergeant major. He walked over to Dick, saluted smartly, and said, "All present and correct, sir!"

"All right, men," said Dick. "Fall out and follow me over here."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Well, if you say Harry Hopkins said you could stay here it's all right"

ROBERT DAY

Little Dope

Continued from page 16

"Well," said Swede, pivoting his forehead in his hand and curling his lips down, "this is your scenario, master mind. I'm just here to see how it works."

"If you'll go a little slower," Doubles urged from his kneeling discomfort, "I might be able to do something about Maggie's head. He's bleedin' bad."

Bat didn't say anything, but the tires squealed on the corner and just missed coming off entirely.

Doubles took off his tunic and skinned his undershirt off over his head. He wedged himself into the angle of the seat cushion and the car's side, got McGraw's gory head in his lap, and began mopping and wiping gingerly. Then he wound the sleeves of his shirt round the keeper's head and tied them with a huge knot.

THEY were running along the river road, the wooded hills rising steeply to the right, the bed of the swollen river deepening to a gorge below them on the left.

In a minute Swede said, "I thought this trestle o' yours was close."

"Close enough," Bat said.

"I still don't get the idea of waitin' till dark to go over," Swede said. "If there's a tunnel on the other side, it'd be dark enough in there, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah," Bat said contemptuously. "Nobody's gonna stop you tryin' it. Only I don't want to be on the trestle when the first buncha sharpshooters come along and blasts your pants off. I'm waitin' till dark."

" 'At's nice," Swede said. "Well, since you insist, I'll stay with you. How the hell are we gonna push this heap into the river with this fence all along here?"

"Listen, squarehead—" Bat broke off and bowed his head intently on the road to make an inexpert dirt track corner, fanning the fence with the rear end. "There's a couple of places up here where the fence quits," he said in sultry restraint.

"How's for sendin' McGraw over with the heap?" Swede said in thoughtful interest. "He's doin' us no good the way he is."

"Didja hear any typewriters cut loose back there when we made it?" Bat asked. "Would you be able to figure out why they didn't spray us when they had the chance?"

Doubles' eyes were the size of quarters, his face pale as paper; he glanced down at McGraw's swaddled head and braced his hands beside him as if to draw himself out from under something dreadful. Then the brakes suddenly jammed hard on all four wheels and the car skidded aside and was enveloped in its own following dust cloud. Even before he was sure it had stopped, Doubles had the door behind him open, fell out backward to the road, then was up and back to McGraw, hands under those heavy armpits, dragging him from the car.

He concentrated all his faculties on what he was doing, not daring to see whether he was noticed until he'd got the keeper to the roadside and propped him against the bank. When he looked round, Bat and Swede were leaning hard forward against the car, pushing it toward the edge of the gorge, Bat cramping the wheel round through the window. Doubles saw the rear door he'd left swinging and shouted, "Swede, watch that door behind you!"

Swede paid no attention, and when the front wheels went over the edge and the cart took its own momentum, he stepped aside, slamming the door as it passed him. Doubles darted forward in awed intensity. The polished sedan careened down through the brush, gaining speed; then the front wheels hit something and the rear end rose, lifted the front clear of the steeper slope and pulled the whole car out into leisured space, upside down and getting smaller fast. There was no sound, only a confused splash, as it hit the turbulent river.

When they turned away, McGraw was on his feet across the road, swaying, eyes bleary, one hand groping for the empty holster under his arm. Doubles went to his side, touched his elbow, and looked up in uncertain solicitude. "Uh —are y' feelin' better?" he asked.

Beside him, Bat said, "Feelin' worse, aren'tja?" Bat stood there very still in assured hate, the muscles in his strong, lean jaw at work. "Remember when y' got me two weeks solitary because y' thought I took a knife outa the shop and dropped it in Craig's cell?"

McGraw made his eyes stay open and through tight Irish lips he said thickly, "Y' did it."

Bat brought his flat hand loudly across the keeper's face, and McGraw staggered aside, and Doubles said, "Hey!" in a scared voice. Without taking his eyes from McGraw, Bat opened the side of his mouth and said, "You'll be better off if you keep your trap shut, Dope." For the first time Doubles noticed that Bat had a revolver stuck into the top of his trousers—probably McGraw's.

They labored up through the brush and trees of the hillside—Bat first, Doubles half dragging McGraw in his smoldering helplessness, Swede behind —crooning a tuneless song to himself. On the hog back of the ridge they came to a board-and-batten shack in a brief clearing—its whitewash weathered off, its door and windows intact and locked. With the butt of the revolver Bat knocked in a pane of glass over a window catch.

"Wonderful!" Swede said in admiration. "Nobody'll ever think of lookin' for us in a place like this—nobody except all the troopers in eight states."

BAT turned from the window with complete deliberation. "If you could get over bein' funny," he said with a vicious clarity in his diction, "it wouldn't hurt *any*body. Nobody can see this dump from down there. We can see the road, we can see the trestle, we can see the lights when it's dark. We can pick our time. I lived around here once. I don't think you ever lived anywhere."

"Show me how t' live, Bat," Swede said. "Teach me about life, cuteness, hunh?"

Doubles' arm tightened about McGraw and he glanced back at the riverside road from which they'd climbed and there were two toy cars racing on it, one jogged out half a width behind the other, both at steady, enormous speed, with the low sunlight rich in the dust clouds rising behind them. Doubles managed to say "Look!" and he almost let go of McGraw entirely.

The miniature cars never paused at the place where the sedan had gone over: they took the curve with a fresh burst of dust under the wheels and disappeared behind the downslope of the ridge. Bat darted to the corner of the shack—Swede and Doubles after him—and there was another vista: the gorge carrying its swift torrent away to the low sun, the railroad trestle crossing just below into its tunnel opposite, and the roadway itself running away on this side of the river. The swift little bugs of cars popped out from under the rail-

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY APPLIES COMPTOMETER ECONOMY

The tobacco industry is something more than lush fields of gold-leafed "weeds," raucous auctioneers, warehouses, machinery, and smart merchandising. There are *figures* to be considered . . . figures on costs, production, sales, distribution and other involved accounting work.

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makes the largest selling brand of cigarettes in the world. Figures on Camel Cigarettes are impressive—and so are the savings effected through the use of Comptometers at Reynolds' home office.

A number of years ago it was decided to try the Comptometer on billing work. The results were highly satisfactory. Not only was the work done faster and with greater accuracy, but *savings effected during the first six months alone were more than sufficient to pay for the machines.*

As further evidence of Comptometer speed, accuracy and economy, this equipment has since been applied to other phases of this great Company's figure work and the results have been most gratifying.

• • •

Thus another great leader in American Industry applies Comptometer methods and Comptometer economy. Are you overlooking potential savings in the handling of your firm's figure work? A representative will gladly demonstrate (in your office, on your job) how Comptometer methods solve the toughest figure-work problems.

Telephone your local Comptometer office, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

This comely inspectress sees that no loosely packed Camels get by. The Controlled-Key, exclusive feature of both Standard and Electrical Comptometers, sees that no fumbled key-strokes get by.

3500 to 4500 invoices each day are handled by these trained Comptometer operators at the R. J. Reynolds Billing Department. Latest Electrical Model K Comptometers are used.

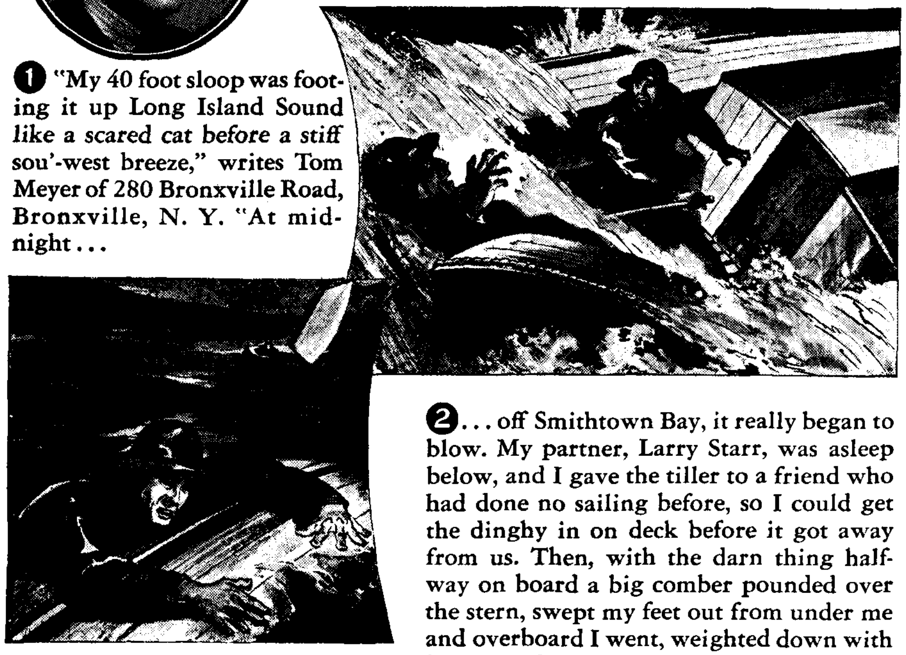
COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"GOODBYE WORLD!

MY SHIP FADED INTO THE NIGHT"

OVERBOARD IN STORM, YACHTSMAN CLINGS TO CAPSIZED DORY AS SLOOP HOLDS COURSE



❶ "My 40 foot sloop was footing it up Long Island Sound like a scared cat before a stiff sou'-west breeze," writes Tom Meyer of 280 Bronxville Road, Bronxville, N. Y. "At midnight...

❷ ... off Smithtown Bay, it really began to blow. My partner, Larry Starr, was asleep below, and I gave the tiller to a friend who had done no sailing before, so I could get the dinghy in on deck before it got away from us. Then, with the darn thing halfway on board a big comber pounded over the stern, swept my feet out from under me and overboard I went, weighted down with boots and oilskins. I still clung to the dinghy, but its line had parted and my ship faded quickly into the black night!

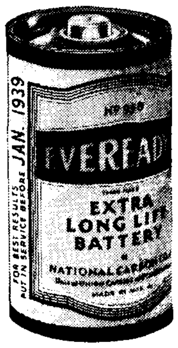
❸ "The lad at the tiller didn't know how to bring the ship about, and although he would wake Larry, they'd be too far away to ever find me in that roaring darkness.

"I was growing numb with cold. I couldn't hang on much longer. I rolled against the gunwale of the dinghy for a fresh grip on the world that was slipping away from me. Something hard dug into my side... the flashlight in my pocket! Soaked, though it was, here was a chance!

H. Williamson

❹ "I pressed the switch. A finger of light stabbed through the storm. Time dragged on as I played the light about me. I cursed my shipmates. 'Why can't the fools see my light?' and then... the beam caught the white sail! I screamed for joy. An arm waved encouragement. Minutes later, thanks to those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries that kept working under the toughest conditions imaginable, I was warm and happy in my own bunk on my own ship, our Block Island cruise resumed."

(Signed) Tom Meyer



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

"A Happy Find"

WHAT a happy find the Pin Money Club was for me! Every year it has given me so many things for my family that otherwise we could not have had. Last year my Club work alone gave me $225 in addition to all the lovely gifts which are welcome."

Send for our Free Booklet

It is free. And it tells how thousands of girls and women are making money at home and in spare time. You can do it too. A post card or a letter will bring you our booklet so do write to me today.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 71, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

way and went off on their dwindling career.

Doubles remembered McGraw then, went back to find him staggering away down the slope more by the force of gravity than by the volition of his legs. Doubles caught him from behind, by both arms, and both of them nearly fell. "Look," said Doubles, "these guys are awful tough. Don't you think you'd be better off if you tried to be sorta nice to 'em until—until—"

"Leave me alone, rat," McGraw growled with effort. "None of you're gonna get away with this—not if you kill me."

"B'but I—" Doubles began in dismay at McGraw's misjudgment of him, but then the keeper slumped and it took all Doubles' strength to keep him up, turn him, and stagger back to the shack.

Fists to hips, Swede watched them come in cool amusement. "Secrets?" he said, "'At's not polite."

THE single room of the shack held a small, rusty stove and an iron cot littered with burlap sacks. On the shelf above it was an empty tobacco tin and a greasy glass lamp with no chimney but some kerosene in the bowl. Bat checked on the view from each of the two windows with the nervous, private intensity of a ferret. Doubles helped McGraw to the cot, sat him down on it, and peeked inside the edge of the bandage at the gash on his forehead. Swede sat down on the floor, back against the wall, and said, "How's it look? Quit bleedin'?"

Doubles turned his head in grateful anxiety and said, "It's started up again, a little."

"Tell you what you do," Swede said amiably: "put a tourniquet round his neck and twist it good."

"That'd kill him!" Doubles said in quick awe.

"What the hell of it?" Swede inquired.

Bat whirled from the window as if he'd heard treachery behind him. "*This* of it, you thick bum." Swede's blue eyes checked him there, but Bat hurried on with his clipped speech. "Those mugs might come back before dark and see where we rolled the bus over. They go down after it first, then they come up after us. We wanta get some time on 'em, don't we? So McGraw writes on a piece of paper that he's gonna get his guts cut out in little hunks unless they give us a break."

Bat didn't move nor take his dark eyes from Swede's, and the bare room was charged full of his tense rage, seemed focused on the butt and shoulder and hammer of the gun that rumpled his tunic aside at the top of his trousers.

After the pause Swede said quietly, "And who's gonna deliver this letter?"

"We got nobody here to deliver it, have we?" Bat said with edged scorn.

The corners of Swede's mouth turned down in ironic comprehension and he looked past Bat to where Doubles was gingerly trying to persuade McGraw to lie back on the roll of burlap he'd fixed at the head of the cot.

"Oh, I see," Swede said. "This dear little guy who'll run right down and tell 'em where we been an' where we're goin' and that the stuff about takin' Maggie's guts out is just a lotta fake cellophane round the package."

"It won't be fake," Bat said. "He'll give it to 'em there on the road where we can watch it, and if one of 'em moves outa sight, we'll start on McGraw's guts."

Doubles said, "I'll do that. I'll take the letter—any way you say. I'll tell 'em McGraw won't be alive unless—unless—"

Doubles stopped as Bat turned aside to look at him with easy disdain. "'Course you will," Bat said.

McGraw lurched forward from beside Doubles, tired eyes and drooping hands directed at the revolver. Bat did nothing to parry the hands, merely slammed a short hook against the angle of the keeper's jaw and stood watching him slump back into Doubles' arms.

"You shouldn't do that," Doubles said uncertainly.

"Who shouldn't?" Bat said in careless quiet. "Who the hell are you?"

"What Bat means," Swede explained, getting to his feet, "is that McGraw writes better letters when he's out cold like that."

Doubles eased McGraw's head back on the burlap roll, peeked inside the bandage again, and pretended hard to himself that nothing might be happening behind him. Then Bat bumped him aside and began going through the keeper's pockets. He took everything he found—handkerchief, wallet, clip pencil, cigarettes and matches, handcuffs and key with a metal tag ringed to it, and a few folded letters. As Bat turned to dump the things on the stove, Swede picked the wallet out of the middle and half the stuff fell to the floor. "Money isn't gonna hurt us," Swede said. "S'pose I be treasurer: you oughtn't t' do all the work."

Doubles held his breath as Bat made another quick moment of tension in the room—as if he weren't going to let that one pass; but then before the blue inquiry of Swede's eyes he did let it pass, and Doubles leaned forward to take the stuff up from the floor while Bat laid the rest of it on top of the stove. There was the tagged key and a couple of letters and a blank card: absently he turned it over and there was a snapshot on the other side.

A handsome, lusty woman was smiling in the sunlight, securely, proudly, her hands over the shoulders of a boy and girl on either side. The kids were grinning at the camera, each a combination of McGraw and the woman in the picture, and Doubles' worried eyes lighted in personal pleasure. Then Swede snatched it from him. Doubles thought of his looking at a snapshot of Ellen that way, and wondered what he'd do about it. He hoped he'd do—

DOWN in the gorge there was a soft explosion that made them all start alert, and Bat was at the west window, Doubles at his side. A train had burst out of the tunnel across the river and was in full charge across the trestle below. Bat made a sound of grudging relief, but Doubles stayed fascinated. There were lights in the car windows, like a snug village, and halfway out on the trestle the firedoor of the locomotive opened and a shaft of hot light played along the belly of the exhaust. It was as grand a show as Doubles had ever seen, and even in the inspiration of it, he was thinking about Ellen and an armful of daisies and that day.

The train rushed out of sight below the wooded ridge, and Doubles stayed watching the smoky-orange sunset and its reflection in the swollen river, even on the steady rails across the trestle. He was trying to remember what he'd heard about the new streamliner they were to put on this road, wondering whether he might see that too, when in the deepened shadow of the gorge wall he saw a pair of headlights feeling their way along the road in careful leisure. He remembered then where he was, and something made a sound of alarm in his throat; Bat and Swede were beside him at the window when a third light, much stronger, sprang out above the first two, then jerked aside to glare minutely on the fence and the riverbank.

Swede said, "Looks like it might be time to get the letter goin'. Or just lie down an' go to sleep."

The car slowed down where the trestle crossed the road, crept under it so slowly it seemed about to stop, but then it moved on and out of sight behind the downslope of the ridge. Bat strode to the east window, Swede and Doubles after him. There was deeper shadow in the gorge on that side, with the liquid blue sky above darkening almost as you watched. The stream of the car's lights grew on the curve of the fence, then the lights themselves came and toured straight along the road—the third eye making the river side white-clear. At the gap where the sedan had gone off, the progress stopped. Bat drew breath through his teeth and held it. Figures moved across the lights, showed up plain and tiny as they examined the shoulder of the road: then two of them started over the edge, down toward the river and Bat whirled.

"They got it," he said, new energy leaping under his voice. "Slap his face, pull his hair, get him out of it—he's got to write quick." He got the lamp down from the shelf, snatched the matches, and crouched shieldingly on the floor to strike a light and set it to the wick. The unguarded flame burned up orange like the sunset under wisps of thick black, and Bat reached for the pencil and the folded papers on the stove.

"Why not lam now?" Swede asked without hurry.

"Bring him over here!" Bat ordered. "This is half an hour extra."

IN CLEAR, contemptuous clarity McGraw's voice commanded the room: "I'm writing nothing—except for them to come up and take you, you stinking, dirty killers."

The twisting of the lamp flame was incongruous flippancy in the savage silence between Bat and McGraw. Bat's pallor set off the tense shining of his eyes; and McGraw, sitting up now, might have been behind the warden's desk with two armed men at his back.

Then the keeper kicked out with both feet against the lamp so that it smashed against the stove and dropped a splash of lively flame to spread on the dry floor.

Swede stepped aside nimbly, but Bat's rise to his feet was slow, his eyes murderous on McGraw. "Awright," he said: "it's yours and you can have it." In a single, fluid notion, he got the handcuffs from the stove, pushed his shoulder against McGraw's chin, snapped one of the loops round the keeper's wrist and the other round the iron hoop at the head of the cot. "Now you got time to think it over, Butch," he said in snarling irony. He half turned to Swede and said, "Let's get goin'."

The flames fed on their own eager crackling, and Doubles stood there paralyzed, watched Bat hunt for something among the things on the stove.

"What is it now, master mind?" Swede asked him.

"The key to the cuffs," Bat said. "It was—" He turned on Doubles who blushed in full guilt, feeling the key in his tight hand. "You got it," Bat said. "Give it here."

"I ain't got it, Bat," Doubles blurted out, sure he wouldn't be believed "Honest I ain't." He found himself backing away and stopped it uncertainly.

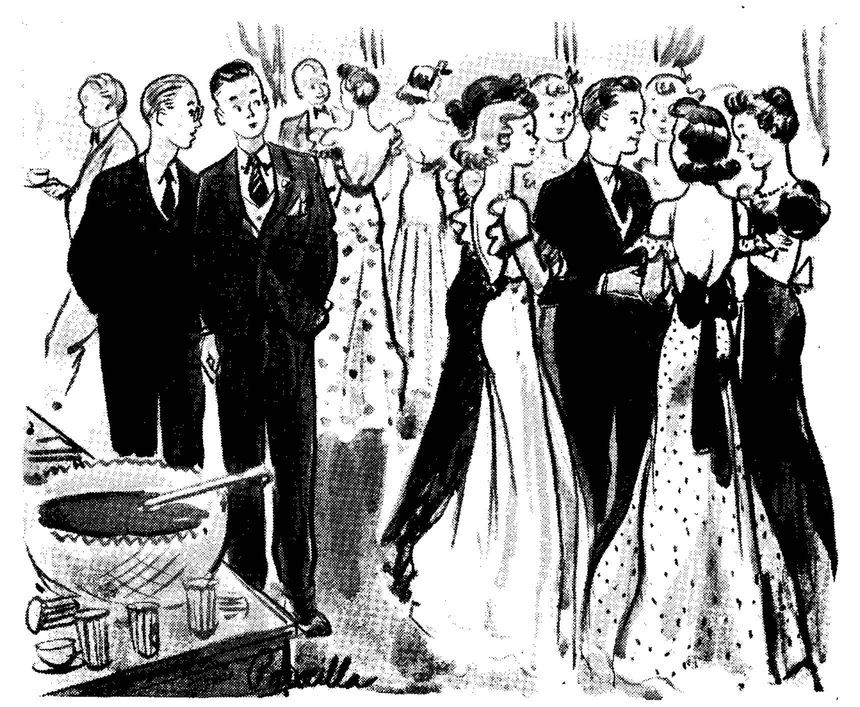
Bat had the gun out and up beside his shoulder, was braced for the terrific downward cut his taut eyes and lips promised, when Swede caught the raised wrist in simple efficiency and wrenched it down behind Bat's back. Doubles saw Bat grimace in pain, saw Swede step away, sucking in his stomach to push the gun into the top of his own trousers. "I'll keep this too," he said coolly. " 'Smade me nervous all afternoon." He stood a little aside from the door, unmoved by the things that raced round behind Bat's trapped, shining eyes. "You first," Swede suggested. "You're s'posed to know this country."

"And leave this guy here with McGraw?" Bat demanded.

"Why not?" Swede said. "What can he do except save his own hide, if he ain't too scared to move? Leave him alone and come on, y' blood-crazy stoop."

Doubles watched Bat go out, Swede after him, and he didn't really believe it; the handcuff key clinked to the floor, and he crouched to recover it as if that would be the signal for them to come back and jump him from behind. But nothing happened—except the braver crackle of the flames and the growing glare of heat within the walls. Doubles unlocked the cuff that was round the head bar of the cot and let it dangle from the keeper's wrist while he helped him to his feet, and stumbled with him to the door. They scraped through together, somehow: the cool outside was clean and delicious, and the tiny embers on the lint of Doubles' uniform died out. He got McGraw to a tree, well clear of the shack, and propped him against it.

And now, miraculously, he was clear of all the perils of this grotesque, unheralded day, and he was free to do



"That's Joe Dobson. He's not very good in Latin or algebra"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Smiles May Speak When Words May Fail

Be sure your dentifrice brings quick, complete refreshment to mouth, gums and teeth.

Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

WHAT CHARM is added to your smile when your mouth feels refreshed—actively "awake"! Yet so often ordinary care of teeth and gums is not enough to give this feeling of complete refreshment. Here is the reason why—

During every meal, minute food particles lodge in tiny crevices in and between the teeth. Here fermentation may begin and acids form—acids that may attack enamel, and be a factor in tooth decay. Also, such fermentation may mar the sweetness of breath and taste.

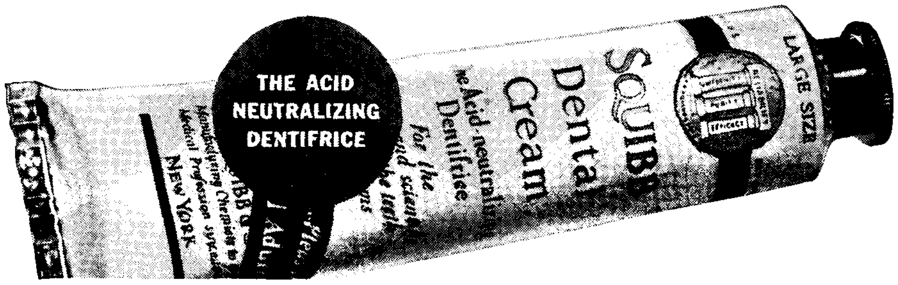
That is why you should fight acid when you brush your teeth. That is why Squibb Dental Cream is made with a safe, scientific antacid that can penetrate into tiny crevices and neutralize these acids of decay wherever it comes in contact with them.

Switch to Squibb Dental Cream for yourself and every member of your family. It costs no more . . . and think what assurance it gives!

And remember that, by the use of Squibb Dental Cream and adequate professional care, most tooth decay can be prevented.

FOR THOSE WHO PREFER POWDER. Squibb Tooth Powder contains the same essential ingredients as Squibb Dental Cream.

SQUIBB Dental Cream



The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

TRUE-or False?

Here are four statements about coffee, the world's most popular drink. Which are true—which are false? You hear many things about coffee. Many sound, sensible, scientifically established facts. And oceans of notions that are silly and absurd. Here's a chance to test your knowledge about the beverage you drink every day.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS—References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

COFFEE IS SOMETIMES PRESCRIBED TO RELIEVE INSOMNIA.* True? ☐ False? ☐

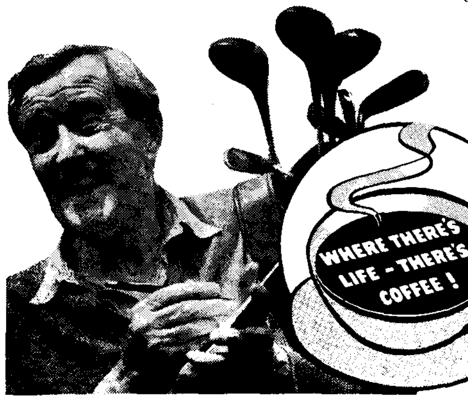
There are certain unusual cases—types of people so highly nervous, so lashed by anxiety, that doctors prescribe coffee to relieve their disquiet, thus enabling them to sleep. Obviously this does not mean that all doctors prescribe coffee to all patients for insomnia. If you are like most people (97 out of 100) coffee has no influence on sleep two hours after you drink it.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES.* True? ☐ False? ☐

The leading coaches of the country were questioned, and agreed with medical authorities that coffee is a thoroughly healthful drink. It is not only served at training tables, but between the halves of football games.

Statement in the headline above* is True.


WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

COFFEE PROMOTES REGULAR HABITS.* True? ☐ False? ☐

"Coffee tends to increase intestinal peristalsis" (the gentle wave-like motion of intestine which carries waste out of the system). See "Dietetics for the Clinician," by Milton A. Bridges, M.D. Good hot coffee is a definite aid to regularity.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

COFFEE GIVES YOU A HANGOVER.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Coffee, unlike alcohol, doesn't pick you up only to let you down later. Coffee does invigorate you, induces a pleasant sense of well-being, chases fatigue, and generally makes life more pleasant, but the stimulation lasts only two hours, leaving no depression afterward, no "coffee hangover."

Statement in the headline above* is False.

Copyright 1938, Pan American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall Street, New York

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.
BRAZIL · COLOMBIA · CUBA · EL SALVADOR · NICARAGUA · VENEZUELA

what every raw nerve in his body urged him to: get away. He dropped on hands and knees beside McGraw and shouted into his face, "I'll go down and get help." He was past minding that half lie: he was going down—but not for help, not to catch up with Bat and Swede, not for anything except to get to Ellen somehow and stay there always.

He'd started to hoist himself up again when cool metal hit his wrist, clasped it tight down to the last notch in the ratchet, and he was cuffed to McGraw. In the skin-prickling shock of this betrayal, Doubles realized the key had gone minutes ago: he gave a half wail as energy and hope dropped out of him and he sank to the ground, all sick inside. "I didn't wanna go back," he said, weary tears near his voice. "I didn't wanna go back."

WITH a lack of triumph, of interest even, that carried its own special grimness, McGraw said, "Didn't, hunh?"

Doubles tried to remember where he could have done anything different. All along, as he saw now, he'd hoped that the events of this afternoon were leading him to Ellen, but he hadn't thought it out ahead—and that's what you did if you were going to get anywhere: you planned things, like Bat and Swede—even like McGraw with his reckless kicking of the lamp. So he was chained to McGraw here on the cool ground while somewhere down there in the gloom of the gorge Bat and Swede were finding the railroad, finding the trestle that took it across the invisible river and into the tunnel through to the other side of the mountain. On that other side—even without a loaded gun and money—there was freedom: Ellen, and a couple of rooms over the delicatessen, and Echo Lake, and—

As if to mock his thought of these things, the mouth of the tunnel began to define itself with ghostly, inner light down there in the gorge. The light grew as he watched: a train coming. Then the headlight itself was staring out of the hole, swelling forward, but there was no sound: it was the new streamliner, and he'd never seen a streamliner. The clean blaze of the headlight shone over the separate ties of the trestle now—and Doubles' tight throat squeaked in horror at sight of something else: the two poised miniatures of men in the swift path of light, out on the trestle. One of them crouched, hugging his head down in his arms as if the light burned him: the other stepped to the edge of the ties and went off, arms wide, into the gloom beyond—

Doubles pushed his head hard against McGraw, braced against some horrible sound he knew must come up out of the gorge, but it didn't come and there was only the gluttonous crackling of the flames. McGraw's free fist closed on a handful of Doubles' hair, pulling his head up. The light from the framed furnace of the shack played tricks with the keeper's eyes, for Doubles couldn't believe that the fierce sort of benevolence in them was their own. McGraw said, "Now y'see where you mighta got yourself if you hadn't stayed with me?"

Doubles nodded readily, his frightened look searching for some advance notice of the new trap being laid for him.

"Why did y'waste time taking care o' me if you wanted to get away with them?"

"B-because—" Doubles began, sure he was playing right into whatever McGraw was building up for him. "Well, because they were bein' tough with you, an'—an'—"

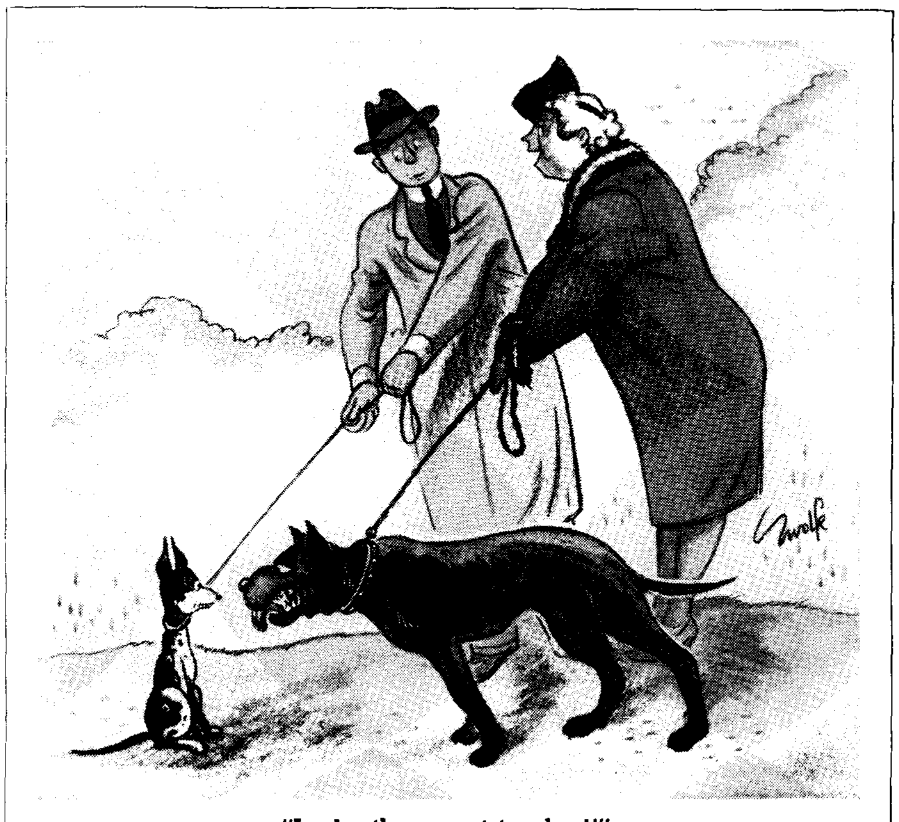
"I been tough with *you*," McGraw said. "Why didn't j' let 'em go ahead?"

"You mighta died," Doubles said. "An' anyway, I didn't wanna go with 'em. I just wanteda—wanteda—" there wasn't any way to finish now except with the truth, which McGraw would pounce on in triumph—"t' get to my girl."

IN THE flickering light, the keeper's eyes didn't pounce, didn't even doubt as they watched Doubles. After a pause, with the quiet of great fatigue, McGraw said, "I'm gonna put in for your parole tomorrow. And when it comes through, I wanta talk to you before you go to your girl. Y'gotta quit being such a goodhearted little dope. People don't get it: they put stuff over on you unless you're tough once in a while. Do y' understand any o' that?"

"Sure," Doubles said in incredulous confusion. "Sure, but you didn't want me to leave y'to be—"

"Skip it," McGraw said as the bright round of a flashlight started out of the dark just below them. "We'll pick it up when the parole comes through. You keep your face shut now: I'll do the talking."



"Look—they want to play!!"

GEORGE WOLFE

Girls go for Massacres

Continued from page 15

somebody win at her expense. She takes defeat as a personal affront; she has a constitutional inability to regard her licking objectively. Every woman is a supreme individualist at heart and anything that tends to deflate her ego, be it another gal's triumph at the milliner's, at the altar or at a silly game, is a terrific blow to her vanity. And she never forgets; compared to her, an elephant is a victim of amnesia.

It is no coincidence that a top-notch lady athlete always is involved in a feud with the Amazon who is the closest contender for her laurels. The average tennis fan cannot tell you how many championships Mrs. Helen Wills Moody has captured. But every literate American knows that Mrs. Moody defaulted to Helen Jacobs at Forest Hills in 1933 when she was on the threshold of one of her very few defeats. Before the Moody-Jacobs feud enlivened the tennis racket, the *cause célèbre* of tennis was the run-out powder Suzanne Lenglen took on Molla Bjurstedt Mallory at Forest Hills in 1921 in a similar situation.

They Claw, Scratch, Gouge

Women are much too emotional in the heat of competition to relax and play just for the hell of it. A man occasionally will "carry" a weaker rival to let the other fellow make a good showing, but given the chance, a woman will humiliate her adversary with grim glee. Did you ever see a public brawl between two women? A man's first impulse is to hang a shanty on his sparring partner's chin. More often than not the man falls flat on his face throwing his haymakers, but he's in there trying, at least, to put the other guy away as quickly and as painlessly as possible. Little women who forget their breeding charge into battle with tooth and nail—literally. They claw, scratch, gouge, bite, kick and pull hair. The big idea is not to subdue the other hussy so much as to maim her.

The fact that baseball leaves the overwhelming majority of women absolutely cold is the tip-off on their sports tastes. Now baseball is a game teeming with tense, dramatic situations and it is richer in basic strategy than any other sport. The rules are so obvious that they are easily understood by the most casual fan. The game is filled with colorful personalities and engaging screwballs, whose most insignificant actions and opinions are faithfully recorded in the newspapers, which give baseball more favorable publicity, and in longer doses, than any other sport is granted. Commanding, as it does, the most faithful army of all fans, baseball is discussed constantly in the presence of women, but are they interested? The silence is deafening.

The baseball owners alone have made special efforts to stimulate patronage among the women customers, but their diligent promotion has met with a startling lack of success. Every major league team except Detroit now has a Ladies' Day once a week—usually on a Friday—when the gals are admitted to $1.10 seats in the grandstand for a quarter or, in some towns, for the ten-cent government tax. The idea, of course, is that the women might not holler bloody murder when the master of the house suggests a ball game for week-end amusement.

When women do go to ball games they raise such a furious rumpus that men stay away in impressive numbers. Although baseball is plugged industriously by the radio—especially in the Middle West, where it is impossible during the afternoon to tune in on anything but the ball games—the dear ladies still do not know what it's all about. It is a matter of recorded fact that the Cubs once pulled a brilliant triple play on a Friday at Wrigley Field and 20,000 women, who had just gone into ecstasies over a long foul ball, sat there in absolute silence. The rarest play in baseball meant nothing to them; an inconsequential foul gave them a terrific kick. Figure it out for yourself.

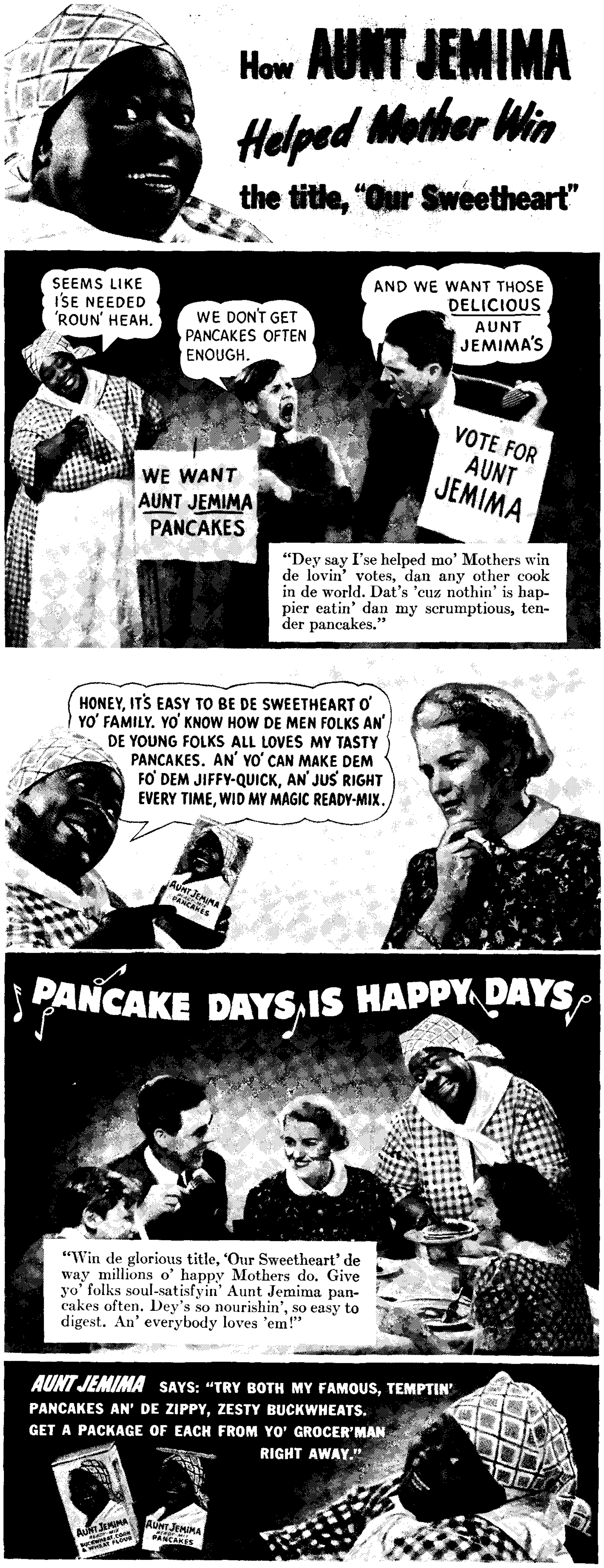
Baseball holds little appeal for women for several reasons, all pertinent to the general trend of their sports preferences. First of all, the element of violent physical contact among the players is negligible. There are few serious injuries to satisfy the sadist; few people are deposited on the seats of their trousers with great vigor and vehemence. Of paramount importance is the fact that the ordinary ball game is neither a spectacle nor an event. There are 154 games on the schedule every year. Suppose you do miss today's game? The same teams will be playing tomorrow or next month; what's all the shouting for? But there is only one championship heavyweight fight a year. Tommy Hitchcock, Donald Budge and Ralph Guldahl do not battle for national titles every day in the week; the Yales play the Harvards once a year, no more, no less.

History is being made this very minute. Hurry . . . hurry. If you don't see it today, you'll never see it. And if there is anything that drives women crazy it is missing a game, a funeral, a wedding, a personal appearance—any event that is here today and gone the rounds by word of mouth tomorrow. It is significant that a heavy representation of women invariably pops up at world series, all-star and night baseball games, possibly because the sideshow hoopla relieves the ordinary routine and the high prizes at stake definitely make the exercises Big Stuff.

What Woman Likes Football?

Then again, the concentration capacity of women is limited. They cannot stay, in a mental sense, with a situation that builds up to a series of climaxes, such as a nine-inning ball game. They insist on getting their thrills in large, unadulterated doses that purge them emotionally. Every sport that attracts women as spectators carries the distinct possibility of a sudden explosion of energy that alters the course of battle radically. The one-punch knockout, the long, stabbing, touchdown run, the spectacular goal in hockey and polo, the hell-for-leather drive down the stretch in racing, are illustrative of this, and those citizens who promote sports in which there is a gradual accretion of suspense might just as well abandon hope of making women a steady source of revenue. The event that draws the largest proportion of women in the world is the annual 500-mile automobile race in Indianapolis. Nearly 75,000 of them sit under a broiling sun and inhale nauseating gas fumes for more than five hours every Memorial Day because men are flirting with sudden death on the Speedway—and occasionally succumb.

Like the fine art of drinking, attendance at sports has been turned into a social event, which accounts for the large number of dames cluttering up the better bars, country clubs and arenas these days. No other reason adequately explains why women are daffy over football, for example. A pretty girl is God's noblest creation, to be sure, but she be-



How AUNT JEMIMA Helped Mother Win the title, "Our Sweetheart"
SEEMS LIKE I'SE NEEDED 'ROUN' HEAH.
WE DON'T GET PANCAKES OFTEN ENOUGH.
AND WE WANT THOSE DELICIOUS AUNT JEMIMA'S
WE WANT AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
VOTE FOR AUNT JEMIMA

"Dey say I'se helped mo' Mothers win de lovin' votes, dan any other cook in de world. Dat's 'cuz nothin' is happier eatin' dan my scrumptious, tender pancakes."

HONEY, IT'S EASY TO BE DE SWEETHEART O' YO' FAMILY. YO' KNOW HOW DE MEN FOLKS AN' DE YOUNG FOLKS ALL LOVES MY TASTY PANCAKES. AN' YO' CAN MAKE DEM FO' DEM JIFFY-QUICK, AN' JUS' RIGHT EVERY TIME, WID MY MAGIC READY-MIX.
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS

"Win de glorious title, 'Our Sweetheart' de way millions o' happy Mothers do. Give yo' folks soul-satisfyin' Aunt Jemima pancakes often. Dey's so nourishin', so easy to digest. An' everybody loves 'em!"

AUNT JEMIMA SAYS: "TRY BOTH MY FAMOUS, TEMPTIN' PANCAKES AN' DE ZIPPY, ZESTY BUCKWHEATS. GET A PACKAGE OF EACH FROM YO' GROCER'MAN RIGHT AWAY."

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians

BOY! I CAN BREATHE!
VA-TRO-NOL SURE CLEARS HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS
IT HELPS PREVENT COLDS DEVELOPING, TOO

Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication for nose and upper throat—where most colds start. You can *feel* the tingle as this stimulating medication goes right to work to aid Nature's own *cold-fighting functions in the nose.* Used at the first nasal irritation, sniffle, or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril—it helps to *prevent* many colds from developing . . . and even when your head is stopped-up from a neglected cold, Va-tro-nol clears away clogging mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, lets you *breathe* again.

YOU CAN FEEL ITS TINGLING MEDICATION GO TO WORK

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED MEDICATION OF ITS KIND

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1140-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

A BIKE FOR BOYS

This streamlined aluminum bike comes to you fully equipped with newest accessories and balloon tires. Flashy, speedy. Long wheel base. *Earn it and any of 300 other* prizes. It's easy. Just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtained in your neighborhood. Now's the time to begin. Send your name, age, and complete address on a postal card *today.*

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-239
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

SILVER KING

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from *purely vegetable* ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless, non-habit-forming. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help to keep you regular. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

gins to look like the town tramp after a tough night along in the third quarter of any football game played after mid-October.

She suffers acute physical discomfort sitting in a cold, and often rain-swept, stadium for two hours or more. Her nose runs; as the bites from frost and liquid refreshments dig deeper under the skin you love to touch, she gets slightly green and ghastly under the gills. She wears heavy, bulky clothes that do not flatter her frozen assets, as it were. Most of the seats are bad and she doesn't know what they're doing on the field anyway. (Who does?)

Yet any self-respecting girl will pawn her rings for a bid to the Army-Notre Dame, Yale-Harvard, Army-Navy, Michigan-Ohio State or Stanford-U.S.C. games. A college boy who cannot get a date for a football game is a leper or something. Old grads trying to recapture their lost youth always drag along the indiscretions of same. Even the subway alumni regard their broads as standard equipment for full enjoyment of the All-America madness.

Since women look upon football as a spectacle rather than a character and bank-roll builder, they probably get a bigger bang out of it than the men. There are twenty-two muscular, sinister gents on the field walloping the quivering daylights out of one another, the basic requirement for captivating the female trade. Then the phony showmanship, which began to infest football when it went big business in the early 1920's, is a great help in keeping the women clients happy. In recent years it has been difficult to determine whether the game, the animal mascots, the antics of the cheering sections, the resplendent uniforms of the bands or the size of the crowd is the main attraction, but the girls don't seem to mind much.

The sweet uses of ballyhoo have made boxing, the most sordid of all sports, a prime favorite with the women and a heavyweight championship fight now ranks as the Number 1 event on the sports calendar in any given year. Underworld characters, who generally control the performing seals, have succeeded in investing their enterprises with an aura of respectability by getting the very best people to subscribe to their meat shows.

You've Got to Hit Hard

A promoter would sooner be found dead up an alley than to omit from his final press release the list of celebrities who will patronize his championship exhibition in the manly art of modified mayhem. Movie stars, a handful of governors, political brass hats and so-called society folk always are prominently displayed, but no mention at all is made of the common people who park their clamorous women in ringside pews at prices ranging from $25 to $50 a copy. It is significant that lithe lightweights, who box so prettily and are so very cute with their hands and feet, do not earn the money or the adulation of the dolls that is lavished upon heavyweights, and for an obvious reason. They don't hit hard enough to knock the other guy's brains out.

Most women always are in good, shrill voice; they seldom have any trouble making themselves heard, publicly or privately. A wrestling match offers a stern challenge and the fact that their squeals rise over the anguished groans of the trained seals in the ring is eloquent tribute to their perseverance. It takes a bit of doing, but not too much, for wrestling is a natural for bringing out the beast in them. Dames love to see 'em drop, the bigger and more often the better. Wrestlers are big guys and they bounce up and down like elevators. Further attractions of wrestling are the novel and spectacular gags the boys think up for torturing each other. The gals would like to operate on some of their best friends in the same fashion if they had the chance.

Shrewd build-ups have made horse racing the great coeducational institution that it is. Here again the better minds had to push into the background the coarse, vulgar characters who abounded in the industry. Women stayed away from the horse operas until they got the vague impression, fostered by the movie newsreels, that American tracks were replicas of Paris' Longchamps, where sumptuous fashion shows are held in conjunction with the opening of the spring meeting. Then the fact that the Vanderbilts, Whitneys and Belmonts gravitated from gentil hunts meetings to the rough-and-tumble flat didn't hurt either.

There are no casual racing fans; you take it or leave it. And when a woman takes it—or is taken, as the case may be—she goes whole-hog. In extreme cases she studies the dope charts diligently, has the horse-player's common breakfast of aspirin and coffee and loses her money just as thoroughly as a man—only faster, because women know no restraint when they gamble.

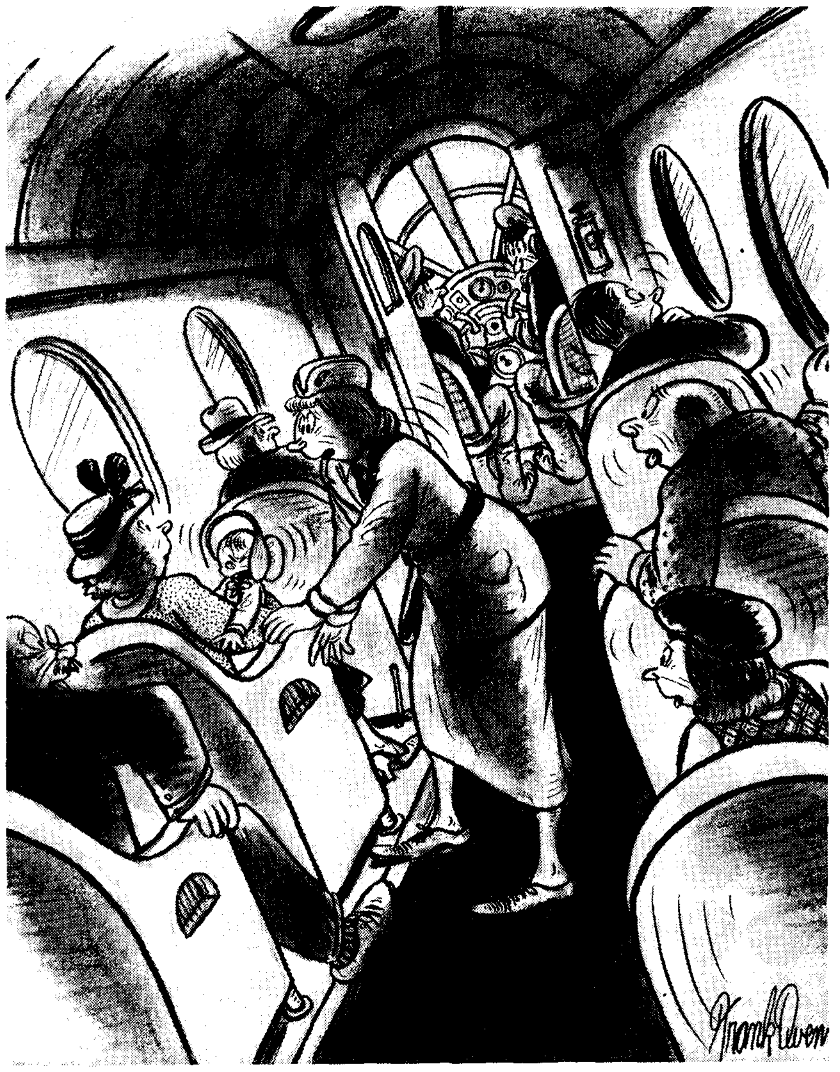
For proof of this, give a party a shot in the arm by suggesting a friendly crap game and for goodness' sakes, fellas, no bets over a quarter. Listen to the shrill yelps of delight from the female side of the house. Watch how the game gets out of hand as soon as a gal makes two consecutive passes and reckons as how she'll shoot a buck. The panic is on and nothing can be done about it, for women have no inhibitions under the stress of excitement. Women like a fast shake, which accounts for their preference for sports with continuity or diversity of action. Sports, for example, such as six-day bike races, basketball and track and field.

No allusion has been made to the weaker sex because this is one of life's more pleasant and cockeyed delusions. Women are supposed to be ethereal creatures attuned to the aesthetic nature of things. You don't see them running like mad, though, to watch sports in which sheer form and gracefulness of execution are the pay-offs. A Sonja Henie with a glamorous Hollywood background draws the mob, but the other poets of pure motion perform in comparative privacy. When Miss Henie packs 16,000 cash customers into Madison Square Garden it is because she is a movie celebrity primarily and a wondrous artist on skates only incidentally.

It's Danger They Want

All the women who are genuinely interested in the intricate gyrations performed in mid-air by fancy divers can be accommodated in a telephone booth and fencing is a dreadful bore to them. Let the fencers remove the protective buttons from the blades and engage in an honest-to-George duel, and no foolin', and a woman will hock the baby's carriage to see the passage at arms. Especially if she happens to be the party of the third part in the affair of honor.

Perhaps it's just as well that women are content to take their sports thrills vicariously. The atrocities they would wreak upon men as active participants in the more exuberant games are too horrible to contemplate. Remember how the Basque fishwives gave the Italians the old heave-ho into the sea at Brihuega? Man will be a doomed breed when women pour out of the stands, roll up their sleeves and join the gladiators in the arena.



"The pilot can't rock the ship any more to put your baby to sleep—the passengers are getting sick!" FRANK OWEN

SAVES TIME AT THE START
Why close your trousers with five fastenings—when you can now have the ease, speed of the TALON *trouser fastener?*

WHY FEEL THIS WAY?
Say good-bye to fastenings that pop off your pants. The TALON slide fastener is *permanent*—never gets loose—never comes off—never has to be sewn on!

SURE OF YOURSELF
No trouser gaps "hit the eye" when you have the TALON fastener. You're always well-groomed—always *sure* your trousers are properly closed.

"Say! Who started this swell Idea for Pants?"

It's time we answered this interesting question for the millions of men who now insist on **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *trouser fastener.*

WE'RE human enough, Mr. A. M., to enjoy admitting the idea was ours. But let's skip on to a more interesting story.

Did you know that the TALON fastener on your trousers is different from all other slide fasteners? It is perfected *expressly* for trouser-use.

Notice how small, flat it is. Yet pressing and cleaning do not damage it.

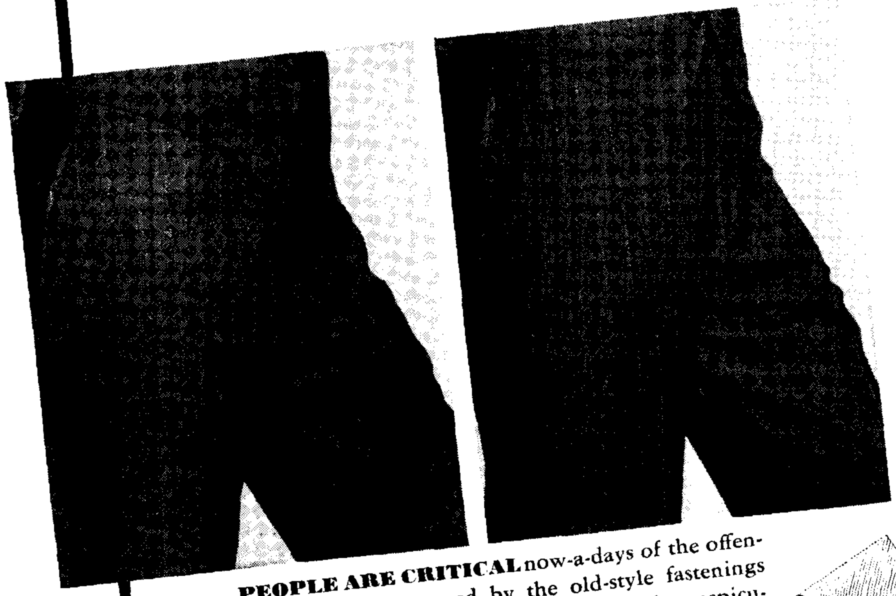
Bend it. It's as flexible as fabric. Yet it will outwear your suit many times.

Will it slip open by accident? No.

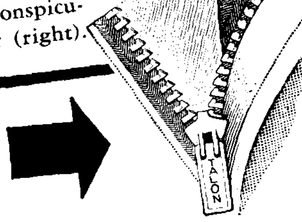
Does it jam? On the contrary, the TALON fastener *always* works smoothly!

Introduced in expensive, custom-tailored clothes—today the TALON trouser fastener is worn by millions of men in better-made suits and slacks of all prices.

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA



PEOPLE ARE CRITICAL now-a-days of the offensive gaps often caused by the old-style fastenings (left). Be sure your next suit has the neat, inconspicuous closing of the TALON trouser fastener (right).



Look for the name **TALON** on the pull tab —the trouser fastener that **ALWAYS WORKS**

TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. **ORIGINATORS OF THE SLIDE FASTENER**

ONE
WILL ALWAYS
STAND OUT

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S THE ONE THAT GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS AND DOES A JOB—RIGHT NOW!

TRY IT YOURSELF

Your favorite dealer has this convenient demonstration unit that makes a free trial quick and easy.

Up and down the land hundreds of thousands of men have found in Shavemaster the answer to quick, close, comfort-shaving! It gives them the kind of shaves they have been looking for in an electric shaver. It makes friends quickly—*and it keeps them.* It has come to stay!

This trim, powerful, easy-to-handle little marvel requires no skill or patient practice. It has a new patented principle that is all its own—exclusive features different from all other electric shavers. It has *steady* POWER that doesn't swoon when a man-size beard comes along. It gives you results—*not promises.*

If you haven't yet used Shavemaster, you ought to—just to see what a quick, close, comfort-shave this new, electric, latherless way feels like. Or perhaps you've used other dry-shavers, or been waiting for the *right* one to come along. If so, Shavemaster is made for you. See your dealer today.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY,
5511 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois,
Canada Factory, 321 Weston Road South, Toronto
49 YEARS MAKING QUALITY PRODUCTS

THE "INSIDE STORY"

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver by a manufacturer qualified by nearly 50 years' successful experience in BOTH the hair clipping and electric appliance industries.

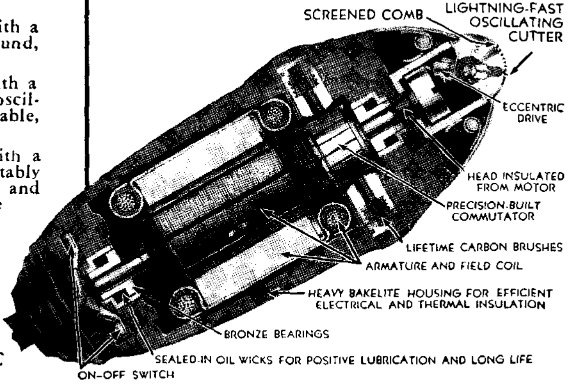
★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a powerful, brush-type, series-wound, self-starting Universal motor.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a lightning-fast, single-cutter that oscillates in an arc inside a comfortable, smooth shaving head.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head shaped to comfortably fit every contour of the face, and screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.

★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head screened not only to shave the short beard, but also to pick up curly hairs that often cling close to the neck.

$15 AC-DC


SCREENED COMB
LIGHTNING-FAST OSCILLATING CUTTER
ECCENTRIC DRIVE
HEAD INSULATED FROM MOTOR
PRECISION-BUILT COMMUTATOR
LIFETIME CARBON BRUSHES
ARMATURE AND FIELD COIL
HEAVY BAKELITE HOUSING FOR EFFICIENT ELECTRICAL AND THERMAL INSULATION
BRONZE BEARINGS
SEALED-IN OIL WICKS FOR POSITIVE LUBRICATION AND LONG LIFE
ON-OFF SWITCH

By the makers of SUNBEAM MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER, CLIPMASTER, ETC.

Ruthie

Continued from page 25

that? Never Dearest Enid, never Darling . . . and of that he was now glad for some reason that escaped him.

He stared down at the words, and Enid's thin face smiled at him from the blank page. He pressed the pen nib into the blue blotter, watching the tiny blobs of ink spread, dry with furry edges. Enid doing a hundred things, inconsequential, remembered with clarity. The years during which they had postponed their marriage because she couldn't leave her mother and come down here to live. The years during which her frail, birdlike prettiness faded, sharpened, till there was a crease between her eyebrows, and her figure lost its grace and became merely—angular. Those years . . . till now. Till *this summer.*

"Something has happened," he wrote, "that I wish had never happened; and I feel very bad telling you about it." ("Feel very bad," he thought . . .) "I know that you, that everyone will think I have gone suddenly insane, but I should like to explain to you—as honestly as I can—"

BUT he couldn't go on. Enid so fragile, so easily hurt, hiding pain and disappointment within herself, silently, smilingly. . . . Self-effacing Enid, going up and down the narrow stairs, carrying trays and basins to the crabbed invalid who was her mother. . . . He tore his mind away. "You see," he continued, "realizing that we were to have been married this summer—" Oh, God, he thought, I can't write that. I can't mention that. His pen traveled on. "I thought, when the opportunity afforded itself that time to tutor—" Stiff. English Grammar for First Year: A Friendly Letter.

He paused, thoughtful for some moments, then wrote more firmly than before, "Enid, I could not—and know that you would not want me to come to you, now that someone has stepped into my life and possessed it."

He stopped again, put down his pen, sat there. The minutes ticked by. The bells of the near-by church struck, chiming on the soft air. A quarter of eight. Despising himself, he jumped up, washed his hands, combed his hair, and taking his old copies of Virgil and Cicero, he went out of the room and down the stairs.

In the lower hall, he looked at himself in the hatrack mirror for a moment in passing. What did one so young see in him? Insignificant, he thought. Dull. Dry. Chalk pusher. You teacher, he thought. You tutor, you. But it didn't help. His heart stirred and he felt quick and alive.

He rode on the trolley for ten minutes, alighted, walked two blocks swiftly, eager to have them pass, and then turned into the wide, tree-lined street where the Lovells lived.

WHEN first he had come to the Lovells' house, he approached the extra hour of teaching in a philosophic and businesslike manner. Three dollars an hour, five nights a week; and trusting the child would be slow, and the lessons could be dragged out a month, the net take would be sixty dollars. A chair for the apartment he and Enid would furnish here in town. He thought of this, as he stood neat and quiet and trim before the plate-glass doors that cool May night, and the maid came out to admit him.

The maid was shortly followed by Mrs. Lovell, a large woman, firm-skinned, blond and pleasant-looking. She greeted him cordially; her handclasp was surprisingly strong.

"I'm very glad you've come, Mr. Markham," she said, leading him into a small room that he surmised to be a library. It was comfortably dowdy. Leather chairs, chill to the touch, a ponderous table with a tanned leather hide and a metal lamp. A stuffed owl. Silver golf trophies. Books. . . . She turned to him and smiled. "I rather expected someone older—"

"I'm thirty-seven." He leaned forward in his chair, looking up at her.

"Well, it really doesn't matter. I—may as well tell you the worst right off. I've just sacked the last tutor we had. A woman. That's why I thought someone who's taught young men might be *able to do something.*" She smiled. She had blue eyes, and very good teeth. "My daughter is trying to graduate from the Academy this June. Her main difficulty appears to be Latin."

"Yes. So I understand."

"You see, I took her out of Miss Owen's School at the midterm, and sent her to the nuns at the Academy, but—" she smoothed the skirt of her tan woolen dress—"I may have made a mistake. Ruthie tells me the nuns teach differently than they do at Miss Owen's. I—I trust you can iron it out somehow." She rose, smiling. "The arrangements—I mean three dollars an hour—"

"Yes." He coughed.

"Perfectly all right. Would you prefer it weekly?"

"Yes—that is—if it's—"

"Fine. Perhaps now you'd like to get started. The problem child is at her lessons in the dining room."

They crossed the central hall and went through a long unlit living room. It had a pier mirror, an upright piano . . . oil paintings. Satin furniture. Gilt tables. Markham pushed back the pale folding doors and entered after Mrs. Lovell. There was a young girl in a yellow sweater bowed over the table, with books sprawled out before her.

"RUTHIE, this is Mr. Markham. He's going to help you with your Latin."

Ruthie stood up, hung her head.

"How do you do, sir?" she answered, and slumped down in her chair again. Her eyes were red from recent weeping.

Mrs. Lovell removed a newspaper, a magazine and some string from the buffet, and without a word, or a sign of annoyance, lifted some of Ruthie's papers, and disclosed a sheaf of glossy photographs. She folded them in half with a crackling noise. They were, Markham saw, autographed photographs of Gene Raymond and Robert Taylor.

Ruthie kicked out her feet beneath the table. Her fist supported her cheek, hiding her face from him. A tear glittered on her lashes. She had a cameo profile, marred by a lowering frown. She was a slender, immature girl, turning seventeen. A ribbon around her straight brown-gold hair. Sweater buttoned up the back. Checked skirt and saddle shoes. . . . She shot him a hostile glance from under her brows, averted her face. Difficult, he thought.

"Well," he asked brightly, "shall we start?" There was no answer. He seated himself. "Now I'd like you to tell me, Miss Lovell, which you find the more difficult, Latin Literature or Latin Composition?" After a moment he prodded, "Latin into English or English into Latin?"

"Both," she said finally.

"Ruthie, do sit up! And take your hand down from your face. I'm sure

Mr.—Mr. Markham can't hear you."

"Both," she repeated stolidly.

Mrs. Lovell remained in the room for the first ten minutes or so, listening to his questions and to Ruthie's halting, monosyllabic answers. Then she nodded, and left them alone.

Markham had the feeling, not entirely new to him, that he was dragging information from an unwilling adversary. When he asked what her previous marks had been, he was staggered.

"Forty-two in Latin Lit. Thirty in the other."

"That's—that's not so good, is it?" She shrugged. "Now," he said, struggling to be brisk, "we'll take a look at the assignment for tomorrow. It's always best to have the written work out of the way."

She unfolded a sheet of paper and gave it to him. The usual involved sentences: "After the villages had been sacked and burned, the daughters of Gabla the good farmer rushed with great clamor—" Under his direction, she began to write. She tried to cover her hands. There was a face drawn in ink on each of her fingernails. Two dots for the eyes, dot for the nose, a line for the mouth. . . .

In the stillness, sounds from upstairs. . . . A man's voice rumbling, reading something from a newspaper. . . . A girl running along the hall to answer the telephone.

Ruthie scowled, examined her pen point, tried it on a piece of scrap paper, scowled and examined it again, made a splattering of blots.

"Before you begin this next sentence, Miss Lovell, 'Who can doubt Cicero if he says—' I should like to make clear—" His voice murmured on.

He glanced around the dining room. It was large and square. An old-fashioned wainscoting, a plate rail, and, above the buffet, two dark prints of birds hanging by their feet.

Ruthie finally completed her theme, put down her pen and stretched her cramped fingers. A grandfather's clock chimed in the hall. There was a half hour more to go. No more anxious than I am, Toots, he said to himself, smiling behind his dark, quiet façade. He opened the Aeneid.

"How far have you gone in Virgil?" he asked.

"Oh"—she made a disgusted face—"we're reviewing."

"Suppose then, we begin at the beginning, '*Arma virumque cano* . . .' Translate please. Read the Latin, and then translate."

She read poorly, with no sense of rhythm. No sense at all, he told himself, closing his eyes. "Dear Enid," he mentally composed the letter, "A little windfall has come our way. Dixon put me next to a child who must be blasted through school. She's a brat of a girl, and lives quite a distance from my place; however, in view of our plans for this summer, I feel three dollars a night is not to be sniffed at. . . ."

Ruthie had started to translate. Her voice was high, yet strangely soft.

He opened his eyes. Her head was bowed very close over her book. She went on, the color mounting her cheeks.

"I think," he remarked with scholastic dryness, "your text is apt to be confusing, Miss Lovell. Suppose you try mine instead."

In hers, as he had expected, there had been written in pencil, over every Latin word, its English equivalent. Around the margins there were little stick men, their fingers up to their noses.

"Miss Lovell, I feel I should warn you. . . . It will be a waste of time on your part to try to put anything over on me. I've been in this business just a little too long. . . ."

That didn't prevent her from trying. . . .

DURING the first week, Ruthie Lovell tried everything, used any excuse to get away from the table, even momentarily. Opening and shutting the windows. Going out to the kitchen for glasses of water. Running to answer the doorbell, even at times when it didn't ring. . . .

"Mr. Markham," she demanded once, without warning, "do boys hate Latin as much as girls?"

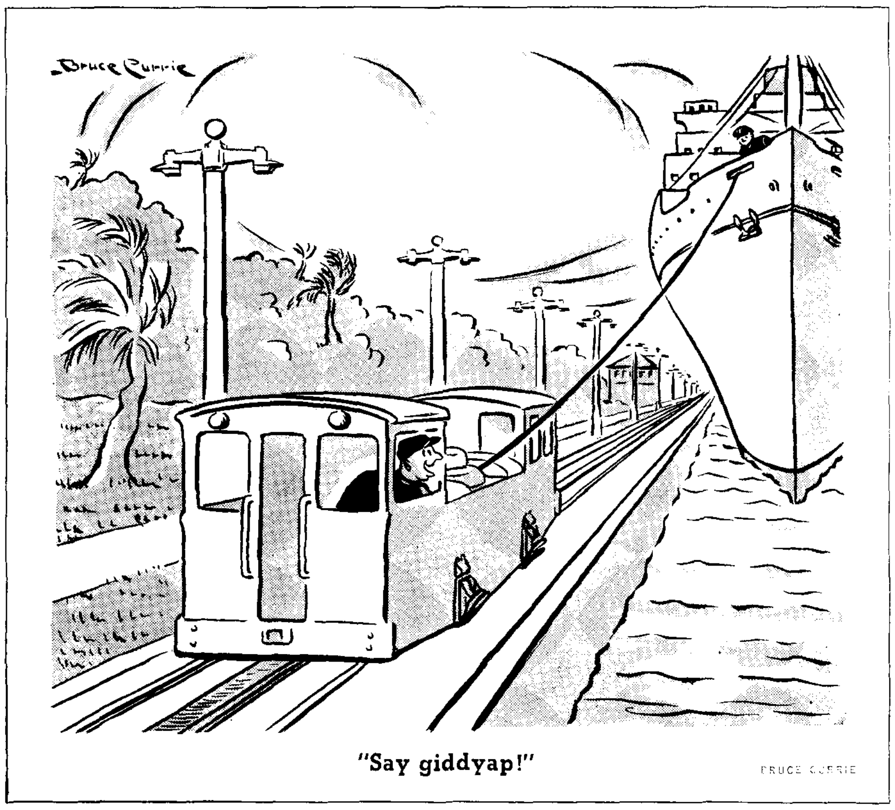
"I'm afraid they do. However, they usually make the best of it. And now line one eighty-seven: 'Here he stood, and seized in his arm, his mighty bow, and swift arrows—' *Hic:* here . . ."

"No, but I mean—with girls it's different. Especially with me. . . . You see —I—I'm going to be a great actress."

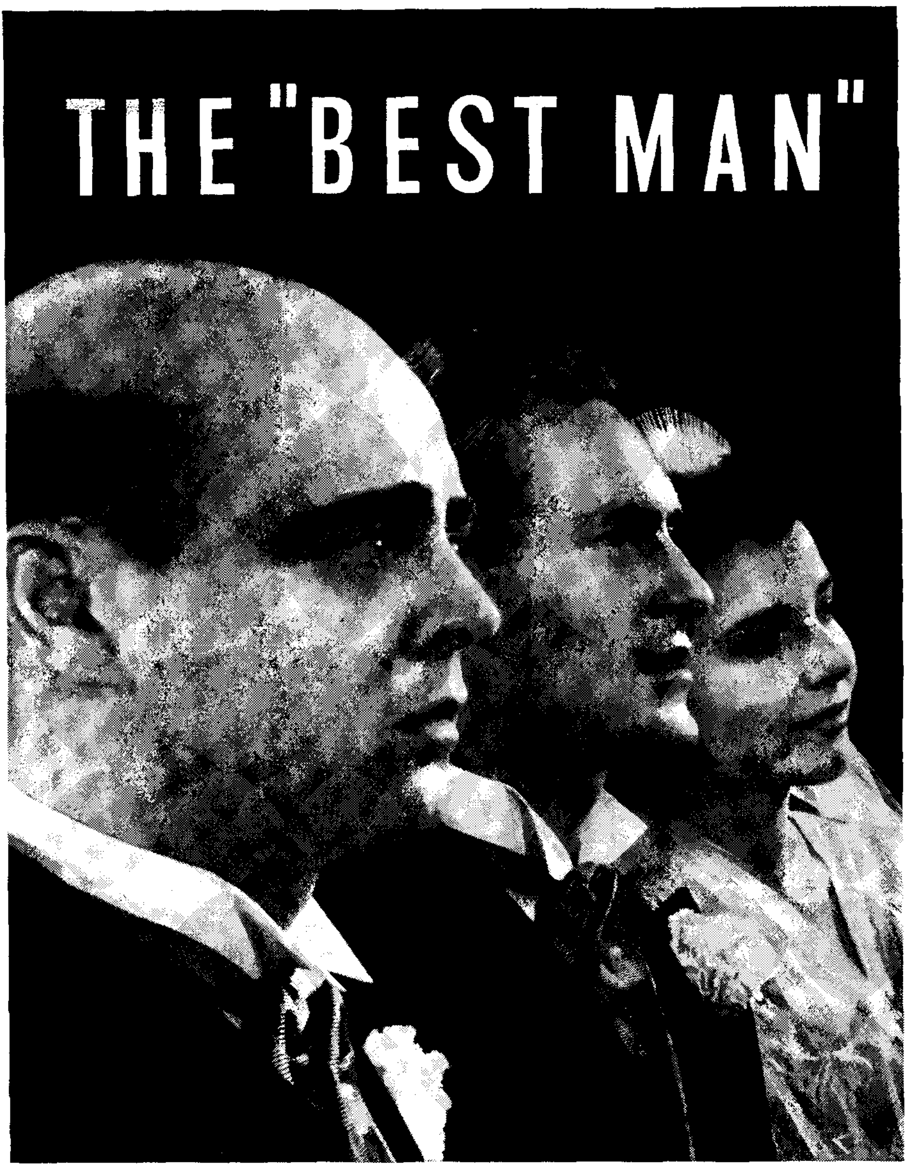
He smiled a little. "That's very interesting, Miss Lovell. *Hic:* here, *constitit:* he stood . . ."

"But this is what I wanted to know: why should I study old—Latin and things? If I'm going to be a great actress—"

"There will be many things you must study before you reach that point. And



"Say giddyap!"



THE "BEST MAN"

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

When he stood at the altar he looked ten years older than the groom, yet they were classmates in college.

Such is the measurable tragedy of a bald head. The younger the man the more conspicuous, in business as well as social life.

Don't let this happen to you. Take care of the hair you have. Start now the daily use of Kreml and let its benefits help to keep a head of healthy hair.

Kreml removes every speck of dandruff, relieves itching scalp, and stops excessive falling hair.

After applying Kreml, use the comb and marvel at the results. Kreml is a wonderful dressing; keeps the hair neat as a pin without being greasy or sticky. Kreml gives the hair the look of lustrous new vitality.

Women, too, love Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure, especially after a permanent. Ask for Kreml at your druggist's; call for it in better barber shops and beauty parlors.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

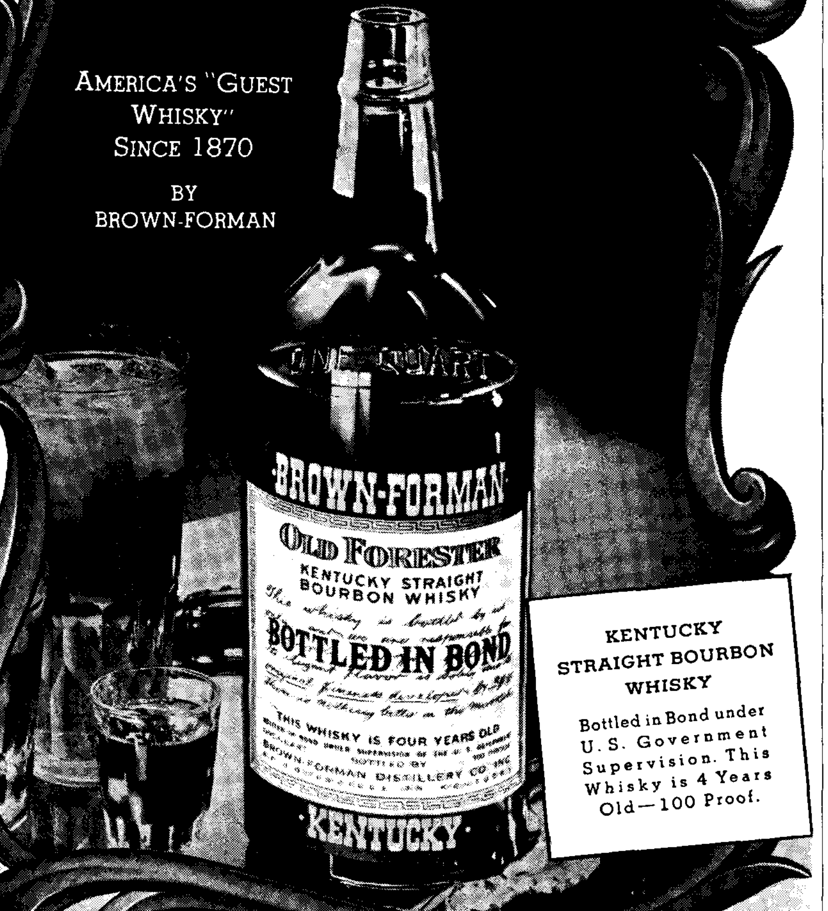
REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

OLD FORESTER

ITS FAMOUS LABEL STILL CARRIES
THE SIXTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD ASSURANCE

"There is nothing better in the market."

AMERICA'S "GUEST WHISKY" SINCE 1870 BY BROWN-FORMAN


ONE QUART
BROWN-FORMAN
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Bottled in Bond under U. S. Government Supervision. This Whisky is 4 Years Old—100 Proof.

"By Brown-Forman"
NO FINER NAME IN WHISKY

BROWN-FORMAN
EARLY TIMES
KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN
OLD TUCKER

EARLY TIMES
The Whisky That Made Kentucky Whiskies Famous
A name that is famed through the years to lovers of fine whisky. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 90 Proof.

OLD TUCKER
4 Fine Whiskies in One
Selected for particular qualities to meet the taste of those who prefer fine blends. The straight whiskies in this product are 3 years or more old. A Blend of Straight Whiskies 90 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED, At Louisville in Kentucky . . . Since 1870

more immediately, line one eighty-seven in the Aeneid. It might help if you recall that this poem was recited by bards who were, perhaps, the greatest actors of their day. . . . Please try to emulate them."

She gazed at him a long moment, and then, contrarily, amazingly, her whole face softened with a smile.

"I like to hear you say things," she said.

"MR. MARKHAM," she asked the next night, "how old are you?"

"Quite old."

"Oh, no, you're not," she laughed. "Because I know. A girl in the Academy with me—Lucille, she's my best friend, she says you're only around thirty but you *look* older." He winced. "You taught her brother—and he told us all the boys like you." She giggled. "You know what they call you?"

"Yes. I believe by now I know my nicknames."

"Do you want me to tell?" She was laughing, flushed with impudence.

"No, Miss Lovell. I really prefer you to put your mind on your lesson."

"Oh—" She pouted, "Oh, all right, so long as you insist—but just because I don't like Latin is no reason why we should always be *enemies*—is it?"

"No," he said after pausing.

"Then we're friends?"

"Very well, friends."

"Friends," she repeated, smiling at him. "And now I suppose you'll expect me to start right in—?" She looked up hopefully.

"Yes."

"Well . . . *all right!*" she said, laughing; and went through the hour without a hitch.

He came to regret the friendship. In the evenings she greeted him warmly, ready to talk, to make him laugh, to romp.

"Miss Lovell," he said, "I'm afraid our friendship will have to be strictly outside office hours, as it were. . . . We have a tremendous amount of matter to cover."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't care if I don't graduate."

"But I do. I care very much. That's my—my main interest in you. That's the only thing that brings me here, do you see?"

Upon consideration, she said yes, she did see. And for a while she appeared to be a model pupil, studious, circumspect, even shy. He noticed idly, one night while she was writing, that her nails were tinted, and the ends of her hair had been waved. It was then that he noticed a habit she had of fluttering her eyelashes, and staring at him. It was uncomfortable.

And the next night her hair exhaled a faint perfume. Her staring, the slow lifting and falling of her lashes, became acutely embarrassing. He wished she would break herself of the habit. Her lessons, however, were well prepared, and the hour passed with very little effort on his part. When Mrs. Lovell came in at nine o'clock he complimented Ruthie, telling her that with application she might become a very good Latin scholar.

RUTHIE turned unaccountably shy and dreamy. Her lessons were forsaken, and instead of following his explanations in the text her eyes remained upon him, softly shining. "Yes," she would say, or "Yes, Mr. Markham," or in the midst of his sentence, "Mr.—Mr. Markham—"

"Yes? What is it?"

"N—nothing." She smiled absently, twisting a spray of rambler roses before her face, became embarrassed. "It was—it was nothing. . . ."

"Miss Lovell, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to put that flower down and pay close attention to this lesson. There are some very complicated constructions here—"

"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, but her eyes did not drop. She drew the flower across her lips, sighed happily. . . .

Twice the following night he found her chair had been hitched somehow too close to his and, looking down at her scratch pad, he saw, almost scribbled out, his initials and hers, surrounded by a heart and pierced with an arrow. This is ridiculous, he said to himself. This child is a fool, a forward, shameless fool. Nettled, he retreated behind a bulwark of dignity. He became excessively stiff, became curt, sharp, sarcastic. To no avail. . . .

He thought, as the week wore on, that he would be forced to leave, to explain to her mother—but the interview would be so damned embarrassing. . . . A man his age. . . . And it might get back to the school. He'd never hear the end of it.

If she doesn't stop, he promised himself again, halfway through a lesson, I shall tell her. I'll hand it to her proper. Give her the talking-to of her young life. Then I shall tell the old lady and . . . oh, yes, you will, his voice mocked back, and you'll be out the fifteen bucks a week, and the chair you promised Enid.

" 'But two serpents,' " he read aloud, " 'by gliding' . . . Miss Lovell! Will you *please* look at your text? There are no Latin words on my face!" He closed the book over his knuckle. "And since we may assume you have completed your teething, would you kindly stop that infantile biting on your necklace? You're a d—a—a *most* annoying pupil!"

She smiled, colored quickly in confusion. Tears filled her eyes.

"And now," he snapped, "translate that passage! Begin!" His voice was sharp, hard. " 'But two serpents.' . . . Go ahead. Go ahead!"

She drooped suddenly. Her head sank, and a strand of her hair fell forward, almost touching her book. She began to cry. He sat looking at her, fuming with irritation, cursing at himself. She bit her lip softly and kept doing it.

SHE was quiet, gentle through the rest of the lesson. He refused to look at her, and was reserved, trying to preserve the teacher-and-pupil basis. . . . But when he did glance up, when it became an intolerable strain not to do so, her tear-blurred eyes were studying his face, were intent upon his hands. She dropped her lashes, blushed, and then a moment later their eyes locked. He knew that time passed while they stared. The breeze turned all the pages of his book. He wrenched his eyes away. The blood drummed in his head.

"I think," he said, and his voice sounded odd, "I think you—you had better continue translating, Ruthie. I—"

She trembled, stammered, lowered her head.

And he couldn't look away.

He didn't care. There's no harm in it, he said. She's a very pretty little girl. It isn't unfair to Enid. Enid would be the first to cry, "Oh, Dennis, do look at that lovely child!" He told himself these things, yet his heart beat to an unaccustomed rhythm. Pale, luminous skin. Velvety lashes on the curve of her cheek. Her shining silken hair. Seventeen, he said, and I am thirty-seven. At twenty, he would be forty. . . . A girl twenty, and a man forty. . . . He jumped up from his chair with a clatter, frightening her.

"Don't be staring at me," he barked harshly, as he paced up and down the room. "Go on with your lesson!"

But a few minutes later he was back at her side, leaning near her, not caring if she knew.

All the next day in the classroom,

while he proctored a final examination, he moved up and down the aisles above the bowed heads. Everything kept time to her name. The clock ticked it out quickly. Ruthie, Ruthie, Ruthie, Ruthie. Someone, penholder against teeth, tapped it out thoughtlessly. A tennis ball on the glaring court. Ruth-ie. Ruth-ie. Her hair glinting under the light, her long slender throat. And Enid fighting to come into his thoughts. But before she became clear, he pushed her roughly away.

He tried to be late arriving that evening at the Lovells', but he could not. His feet carried him swiftly down the street. He had bought a bright tie, and wore it. He had taken extra pains with his appearance. He hated himself.

He stood impatiently waiting for the maid to admit him, he hurried through his conversation with Mrs. Lovell, went quickly to the tall folding doors, half hoping the sight of Ruthie Lovell would release him, half hoping it would not.

She's a child, he cried to himself; I'm old enough to be her father. I'm a fool. But nothing helped. As the doors rolled back, he saw Ruthie sitting at the table in her pale yellow sweater, her eyes lifting, and he knew he was without hope.

THE last swift week was made of moments, of impressions. . . .

Of the night he came down the street and passed Mrs. Lovell, a coat thrown over her shoulders, talking to a neighbor across the hedge. . . . Going up the steps, he opened the screened door, and walking into the cool, shadowy living room he found Ruthie seated at the piano. Hearing her voice, almost a whisper, singing:

"I'll follow my secret heart,
My whole life through. . . ."

He crossed the heavy carpet and stood behind her.

"I'll keep all my dreams apart
Till one comes true. . . ."

Her arms like milk in the dimness. . . . Her hands coming to rest, the sound of notes dying away.

"I knew you were here," she whispered. "The moment you—"

But she didn't finish. She left the piano and moved away from him. . . .

Mrs. Lovell's voice floated to them, coming nearer.

"Oh, I know," she said protestingly. "I haven't given a thought to the country. . . . We're not leaving till Ruthie finishes school. Why, do you know I haven't even bought her graduation dress yet?"

White covers shrouding the living-room furniture.

Shafts of late sunlight burnishing the hall. Flooding Virginia Lovell's face beneath a huge straw hat.

"Hello," said Virginia jerkily, "you're —Mr. Markham—aren't you?" Sunlight on her tan powder, on the thin bright film of lipstick. Sunlight in her golden eyes. A smiling girl. A girl waiting to go out. Sister-in-law.

Ruthie asking a question in a whisper. Ruthie who tried to learn, now that it was too late.

"Mr.—Mr. Markham—here—where it says '*sedit ad astra*'—lifts—lifts to the stars—beginning there—" His hand traveling out, coming to rest beside hers, pointing to the place in the book. The white hand and the dark, dry one with the fine black hairs; and the white one moving away, dropping from the table to her lap. Ruthie, he cried to himself, don't be afraid of me, don't draw away.

That way she withdrew at times; at other times drifted into quiet conversation. The things she told him about. The kitten. A girl in school. Their summer house at the lake. And she really wasn't going to be an actress. She only said that.

The night that Virginia Lovell ran into the living room in a wide pale evening dress, pirouetted before the pier mirror, stepped close to her reflection to arrange the flowers in her hair. A car door slammed, and Virginia slid her arms into a rustling coat, picked up her evening bag and left the room. "Hello, Will," she called. There were voices, laughter, her heels tapping down the path, the car driving away.

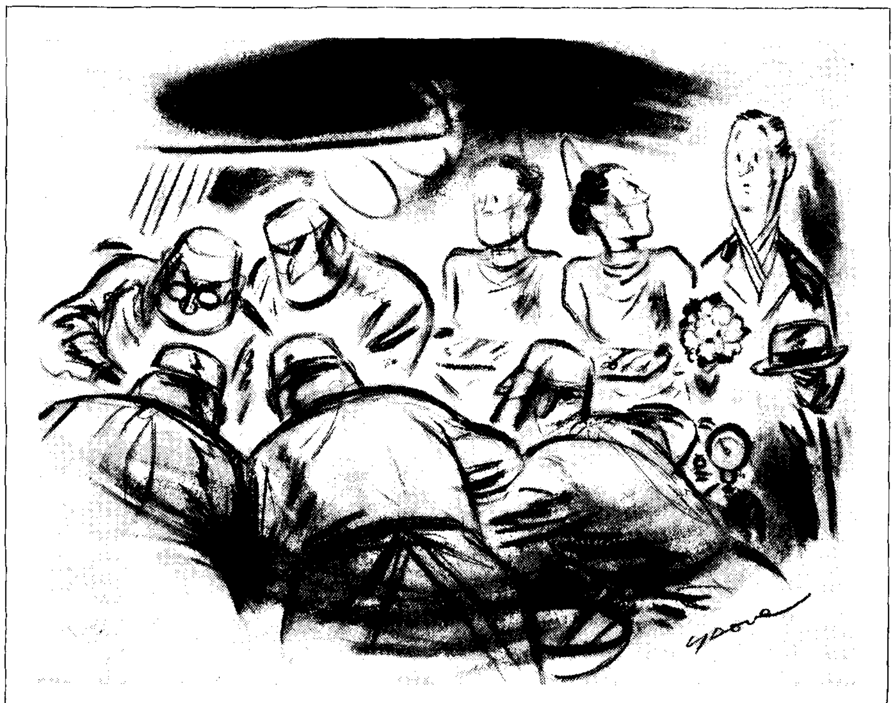
"Oh, I wish," said Ruthie, "that I could go to dances. I love to dance, don't you?"

"Why, I—I don't know. It's—been so long. . . ." But he saw her for a moment in a billowing dress like Virginia's, and himself, by some miracle, ardent and young, whirling her round and round and round on a polished floor.

The nights slipped by, and the June breeze, the sighing sound of the leaves filled the room.

The weekly letter came from Enid. One of her pitiful little letters, attempting to be gay.

"—a kitchen shower, and Dennis darling, you will never *guess* what that



"I've told you, Herbert, you can't see me during hospital hours"

LEONARD DOVE

FREE TO CAR OWNERS!

25,000 COMPLETE SETS OF Pedrick HEAT-SHAPED PISTON RINGS

(INSTALLATION LABOR NOT INCLUDED)

Ask your repairman, garage or car dealer for full details of this amazing offer!

SAVE GAS AND OIL . . . MORE POWER AND PEP!

EATS DUST!
GETS MAD!
NEW RINGS!
HE'S GLAD!

● Here's your opportunity to get a set of the famous Pedrick Piston Rings absolutely free. They will restore to your car that old-time power and pep that you enjoyed when the car was new. And, in addition, you'll stop oil loss—save a lot of money and *add thousands of comfortable driving miles.*

DON'T WAIT—ACT TODAY!

In a nation-wide demonstration to prove to the car-owning public of the United States and Canada the unusual performance of these superior rings, we are making available to car owners, thru repairmen, garages and car dealers, 25,000 complete sets of Pedrick Piston Rings at no cost (labor not included) during the months of October and November. See your repairman immediately and have your car made as good as new by the installation of a free set of Pedrick Piston Rings. If your repairman is not informed regarding this unusual offer, write us today, giving your repairman's name and address. Remember, this is a limited offer, so act now!

"For 20 years Pedrick Piston Rings have been the choice of transportation experts."

Wilkening Manufacturing Co.
2000 S. 71st Street, Philadelphia, Pa. • In Canada: Wilkening Manufacturing Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

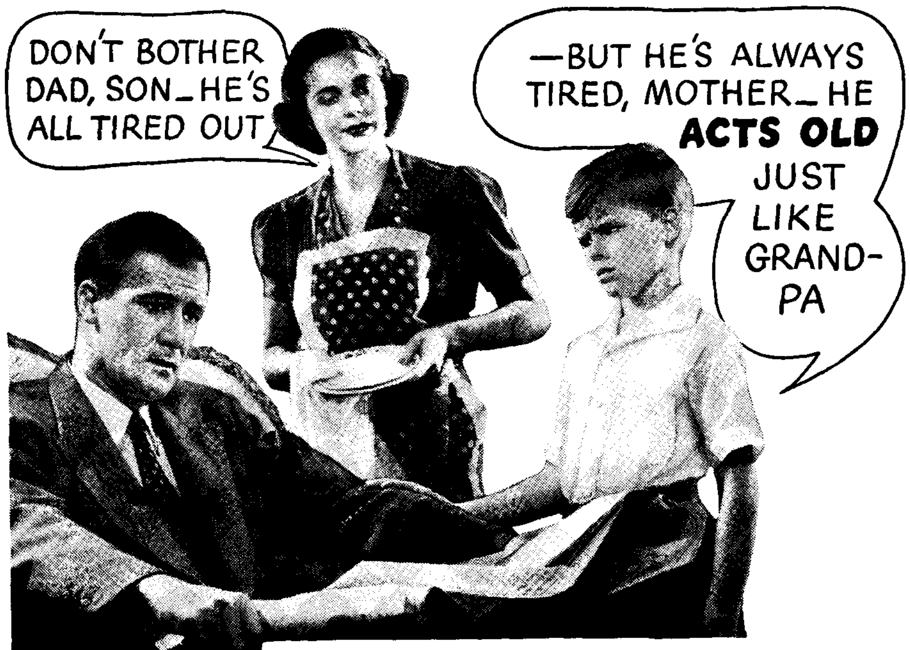
REST YOUR FEET
without sitting down

How do you feel after work? Like going places or going to bed? This shoe helps save daytime energy. Rubber-cushioned Spring Arch* reduces sidewalk jolts, lets your foot flex *naturally*, without strain. Over fifty smart styles. RALEIGH: Black calf. $9.00. Slightly higher West.

WALK-OVER

Other Walk-Overs now $6.75 up. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


DON'T BOTHER DAD, SON—HE'S ALL TIRED OUT
—BUT HE'S ALWAYS TIRED, MOTHER—HE ACTS OLD JUST LIKE GRAND-PA

AFTER 40—many people grow old faster than they should

Fleischmann's Yeast helps many "After 40's" Feel Younger

There are two common reasons why many people grow old fast in their 40's.

1. They need certain vitamins just as much as children do—yet they often don't get enough of them.

2. Poorer digestion—often experienced around this age—may slow you down. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing their full good.

A remarkable aid for *both* these after-40 troubles is Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

It gives extra amounts of 4 needed vitamins. The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help these vitamins and the food you eat do more for you. This should make you feel more energetic.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast ½ *hour before* meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. See if it doesn't help you to feel younger than you have in years.

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

minx Helen Bagley gave me! A cookbook! Of course it was only a joke because she and her sister Grace gave me a lovely kettle too. Oh! and before I go on with the description of the shower, which was simply too cute for *words*, I must tell you of the perfectly beautiful tablecloth and dozen napkins, *already hemmed,* that old Mrs. Harrow brought—"

I can't do it, he thought, sitting in his Morris chair. I can't. The kitchen shower that was too cute, the tablecloth and napkins. Oh, poor Enid. And the years—the years that are our enemies. . . .

Yet when he started to go down to the drugstore, to telephone the Lovells that they would have to find someone else, everything rebelled within him. Why shouldn't I have this chance, he cried. . . . I must write and tell Enid that—that—something has happened—that I wish had never happened. . . .

AND so school closed, and walking up Ruthie Lovell's path that night, a little, quiet-looking man under the blue and pink striped sky, he carefully sidestepped the water sprinkler, and did not see the two people who rose, and separated—not till he took a few steps more, and then inside him things began to topple and crash. Enchantment died; the spring had ended, had never been for him.

"Good evening," said Ruthie. "This is—this is Roddy Holloway. He—he lives down the street."

"Hy'ra?" said Roddy, towering above him, enclosing his hand in a warm, crushing grip. Roddy was snub-nosed, sunburned, light-haired, a vast young man in flannels and a sweater with a letter on the chest. He was frowning, ill at ease. "I—you—I guess you don't remember me, Mr. Markham—from your Latin class—Holloway—'Thirty-five?"

Vaguely he did remember. Holloway. . . . Football. . . . Poor at his studies. . . .

Ruthie stood smiling up at young Holloway. She wore her first summer dress, a tennis dress, short against her bare legs. "Roddy is just home from college," she said.

"That's—that's very nice." Markham coughed a little, tasting dust.

"Well—I—I have to go in now, Roddy."

"Okay, Ru—" Roddy sauntered down the steps, whistling, and he vaulted lightly over the privet hedge and went out across the street.

She was excited that night, bright-eyed, restless. A dimple played about the corners of her mouth. She was unaware of him, of his voice, plodding and dull, reading off the Latin.

"We had our Latin Comp exam today," she said during a pause.

"Oh, you did?" he asked dully. "How was it?"

"It was *awful!* I didn't know a *thing!*" He dropped his eyes. "But I—I hope I *passed.*"

"So that leaves only this"—he indicated the Virgil—"and the Cicero."

"Yes, and then it will be all over." She stretched her arms up over her head, and dropped them, laughing. "Oh, how I wish this were tomorrow night already. And then only one more night till graduation. And I have the most beautiful graduation dress! It's a regular evening gown, and Mother says I can wear it to the dance with Rod—"

She paused, looked up at him contritely.

"I—I hope," he said out of sudden weariness, "you'll have a very nice time. I—"

"Oh, I will!" she cried rapturously. "And that means I'll be able to go to all the dances this summer at the Club—Oh, I wish this was over—"

She sighed happily when the hall clock struck and he closed his book.

"I'd like to *thank* you," she said in a parrotlike manner. "You've been very kind and—and helpful."

He stood up.

"Well—that about finishes us up. I'll—I'll say goodby now." She was kneeling on her chair. Her mouth, smiling mysteriously, was sweet. A lump came into his throat. "Goodby—and I wish you success—in—in all your undertakings."

Mrs. Lovell came in, opening her pocketbook.

"Oh, are you leaving, Mr. Markham?" She gave him the envelope, and held out her hand. "We want to thank you for all you've done—and we hope you'll come back to see us in the fall—don't we, Ruthie?"

"Yes," said Ruthie absently.

"And now Miss, up to bed with you."

"Well—good night," said Markham, "and thank you." He bowed, picked up his books—how heavy they were—and walked through the living room. It was ridiculous, but still hope flickered for a moment. And then just as he was closing the screened door behind him, he heard her voice.

"Oh, Mother I—I forgot to ask Mr. Markham something." She stepped onto the porch beside him. He looked at her, waiting, but she—she was looking down the street, in the direction of Roddy's house.

"Ruthie," called Mrs. Lovell, "don't forget to—"

"Yes, Mother, I'm coming!" She skipped in the door. "G'night," she called thoughtlessly over her shoulder, and raced up the winding staircase.

Neat and quiet, he went down the path, turned to look back. Boughs of the trees stirred. Shadows moved over the house.

He was horribly tired.

Halfway up the street, he heard her swift footsteps behind him.

"Mr. Markham—" she said. "Wait—please—" He stopped, and raised his eyes slowly, with effort. "I—I didn't want you to leave—like that," she said, "—just remembered I wouldn't see you again—and I—I wanted to say goodby to you—"

"Then we're—we're friends again?" he asked, smiling a little crookedly.

"Yes!" she said. "Friends—" And, reaching up, she kissed him quickly on the cheek. In another moment she was gone, a little girl in a short, childish white dress, running, turning in between the hedges, scampering up the steps. . . .

He leaned against a heavy tree. He touched the place, cool on his cheek.

"Ruthie," he said, and he smiled. And the breeze blew refreshingly, the crickets chirped from all the lawns; and, standing there, he felt a weight slip from him like a cloak, falling away.

HE WAS smiling as he swung off the trolley at Ma Healey's corner, crossed the tracks, and let himself in. He climbed to his room and switched on the bridge lamp. A page of the letter he had written to Enid had blown to the floor and, stooping, he picked it up. "I know that you, that everyone, will think I have gone suddenly insane—" He *couldn't read down to the end.* He—why he must have been insane. Calf love at his age. There was, he reflected with a rueful grin, no fool like an old fool; and, touching a match to the corner of the letter, he held it while the paper curled, the flame leaped.

Enid's face smiled from her photograph, and after a few moments his eyes were able to meet hers. His answering smile was embarrassed, sheepish.

"Enid, I'm a man with a dangerous past," he said and, leaning his arms on the mantelpiece, he laughed quietly at himself.

Commuting to War

Continued from page 44

day there are more to shiver in the windy streets and alleys, to eat what crusts they may beg or steal, and to run, in incredible throngs that fill the streets from gutter to gutter, when the air-raid sirens scream.

But it's easy to forget them here in the International Café with its swing band and its neon signs and its dance floor and its bar. Almost the same sort of crowd that danced and drank in Hankow before the invasion is here tonight. There are the same sailors from the British and French and American gunboats in the Yangtze, and the same men from the foreign business houses. There are a few more Russian girls—children of war who left their homeland during the revolution or who were born in China after their parents fled the Bolsheviki.

The Dance Goes On

When the first air raid siren screams outside the music doesn't miss a beat. The first signal means the bombers are still a half hour away. A spontaneously organized vigilante party crosses the floor, grabs a sailor who is humorously drunk and has been tossing firecrackers among the dancers, and hustles him into the street. The dancing goes on. The bartenders shake up some more drinks.

When the lights go off the music ends with a long-drawn comedy bray, and some of us go outside into the cabaret-lined avenue, which the squadron has christened "Dump Street." Voices echo up and down the street in the starlight as people gather in knots to watch the sky. Chinese police warn them, sharply, to take cover. The sailor with the firecrackers draws the attention of the police from other loiterers. He has his white cap down over one eye and a lighted cigar between his teeth. Balancing a little precariously, he touches his firecrackers off on the glowing end of the stogie and lobs them at the diminutive guardians of the law.

The sky begins to echo to the faint, metallic drone of high-flying airplanes, and the searchlights of Hankow blaze into action; hot blue-white tentacles, feeling up into infinity for the invaders. First one plane and then another is pinned against the dark heavens by the long beams and the sky begins to drip with the red fire of tracer bullets.

The antiaircraft batteries, opening up around the city, join the din of the sailor's exploding cannon crackers, and the voices of the baffled little policemen. Down near the airport flame shivers in the sky like heat lightning, and the great, jarring concussion of a bomb triumphs over the noisy night. The Japanese, as usual, calmly ignore the antiaircraft batteries. Some of the Chinese gunners at Nanking brought down airplanes, but we've never seen any at Hankow who could put a burst into a box kite.

But I can't complain. If the Chinese were good antiaircraft gunners I probably wouldn't be alive.

As a member of the 14th Volunteer Bombardment Squadron I am hired to fly bombers—American-made Vultee attack ships for light bombing and Martins for the heavy stuff. But the retired colonel of the United States Army who is technical adviser to the Chinese air force lets me use his Curtiss-Hawk 75—the hottest pursuit job in China—for any extracurricular flying I want to do. We are paid a thousand dollars gold for every Japanese plane that we shoot down, and I take the fighter up now and then when a raid is coming over to discourage the Mikado's aviators.

Two weeks ago I climbed up over the scattered clouds, which hung at 12,000 feet above the airport, and waited for the Japanese squadron, which had been sighted down the river.

I circled for an hour and nothing happened. I finally decided that the raid must have gone somewhere else, shoved the nose of the "75" down, and started home for lunch. It was a treat to fly that fine airplane, and I came through the clouds doing about 300 miles an hour and came out in front of at least thirty-five Japanese airplanes—a formation of pursuit and a formation of bombers bunched up tight beneath the clouds. I shoved the nose of the fighter up and started for those clouds again. My motor began to conk out. My fuel pressure began dropping. I leveled out and the fuel pump began working again and I started going away from the Japanese back there.

And then the Chinese gunners started shooting at me. I guess they thought I was leading the Japanese. I couldn't try to climb. The shells started bursting so close to me that the plane pitched and bucked and I could hear the bursts saying, "Whump! Whump! Whump!" all around me. The gunners kept missing but they couldn't miss forever. I had about two seconds to think of something smart to do.

I threw the ship around in as tight a turn as I could manage, and jerked my gun switch over to "Salvo" and headed for the first Japanese ship. The "75" mounts four machine guns, two synchronized to fire through the propeller and two on the leading edge of the wing, and when I pressed my joystick trigger they started firing 5,400 bullets a minute. I must have looked pretty impressive. It all happened in only a few seconds and the Japanese must have been as startled as I, and probably thought I had a formation of pursuits around somewhere because they split open just like a flock of frightened ducks and I went roaring right down the center of them.

As soon as they saw I was alone the Japanese pursuit went up and over in Immelmans and started after me. But this time I was going away from the ground batteries and the "75" finally outran them. When I finally got over my fright I sat up there all by myself and called those gunners things that would have made a West Coast longshoreman blanch.

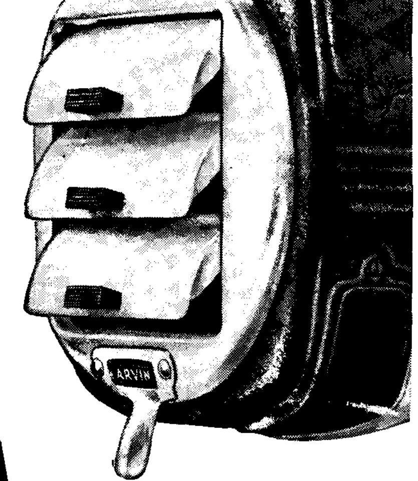
War Becomes Routine

The raid tonight lasts for a half hour. Then the bombs stop bursting and the searchlight beams vanish and the guns cease firing. For a moment, before the lights come on, fires off somewhere in the city cast a faint glow into the night. Then the music inside starts again and the neon signs blink back into being and it is hard to realize that we have been watching modern war being waged. We start for home. Swing music is an anticlimax after a show like a raid. The sailor seems to feel the same way. He surrenders, grinning at the police.

Flying in a war—at least in this war—gets to be routine just like flying anywhere else and pretty soon it is like any other kind of job. I think that is one of the reasons that I can't really believe I will be killed. I am a good combat pilot, trained by the United States Army, the best school for aerial warfare in the world. I am flying good equipment and the Japanese are not so hot.

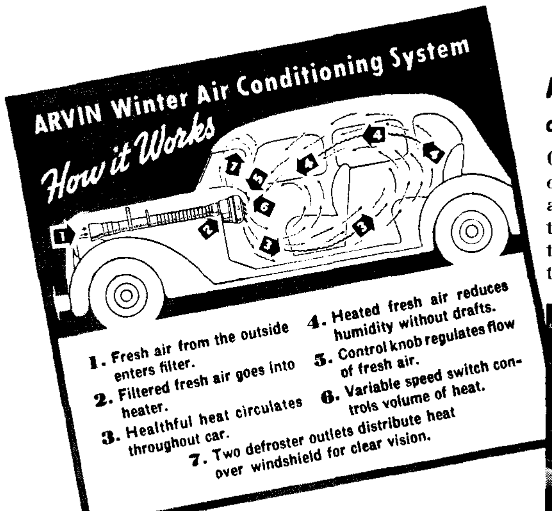
Don't think I haven't been afraid of

NOW! WE GOT HEAT BACK HERE!



● Arvin not only has the capacity to heat enough air—but has the circulating power to warm the car all over. With the new fresh air intake, it offers you a complete heating, defrosting and winter air conditioning system, at low cost. It's pleasant, healthful and safe for everyone riding in an Arvin heated car.

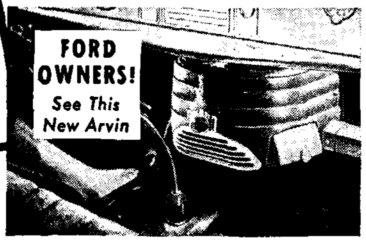
Arvin heats fast and hot, when the water in your engine is thermostatically controlled for temperatures of 160 to 180 degrees. There are two types of Arvin hot water heaters to choose from... famous circular deflector front models and new down flow models. See the Arvin dealer near you for the best buy in car heating comfort. NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, *Inc.*, COLUMBUS, INDIANA.



1. Fresh air from the outside enters filter.
2. Filtered fresh air goes into heater.
3. Healthful heat circulates throughout car.
4. Heated fresh air reduces humidity without drafts.
5. Control knob regulates flow of fresh air.
6. Variable speed switch controls volume of heat.
7. Two defroster outlets distribute heat over windshield for clear vision.

ARVIN HEATERS ***are priced as low as*** **$9.95**

One of the famous Arvin circular deflector front models shown here, as low as $12.95. With fresh air intake, $3.95 extra. All Arvins have two defroster outlets. Defroster fittings at small extra cost.



This special Arvin is tailor-made for Ford V-8 cars. Warms up fast and produces a big volume of heat, even at slow driving speeds. Complete with adjustable thermostat, $16.95.

We recommend Dole Thermostats

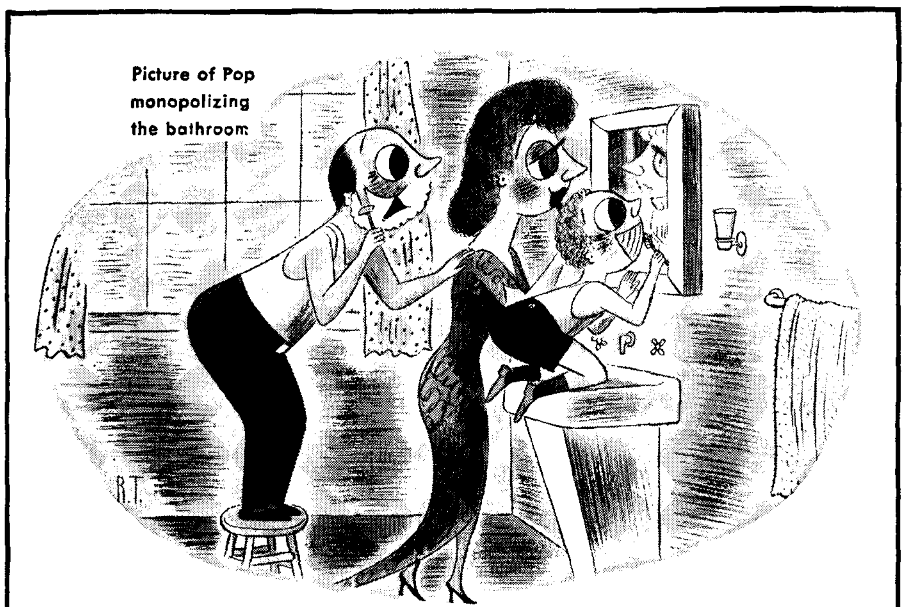
ARVIN

HOT WATER

Car Heating System

WITH WINTER AIR CONDITIONING

HOT WATER HEAT COSTS NOTHING EXTRA


Picture of Pop monopolizing the bathroom
R.T.

"You can't make ME mad as long as I've got my Mennen Brushless."

Shave and Smile!

MENNEN
brushless
SHAVE

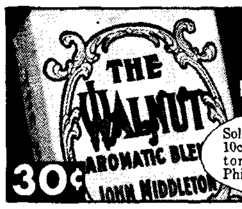
Mennen makes the swellest Lather Shave, too.

Man . . . you simply *can't* have a "sour-puss" when you use Mennen Brushless. This whisker-wilting cream takes the starch out of the toughest beard—brings a smile to the gloomiest map. Your whiskers seem to *melt* away! And your face feels soothed, refreshed, and *smoo-o-oth as silk!* No stickiness. No mess. No razor clog. 'Cause Mennen Brushless is a *cream,* not a grease. Try this *smiling shave!* See your druggist and say—"*MENNEN BRUSHLESS FOR MINE.*"

GUARD HIS HEALTH

Worming is very important! Use GLOVER'S Worm Medicines (capsules or liquid). Best money can buy. Popular for over 60 years! FREE Dog Book—write **GLOVER'S, 462 Fourth Ave., New York**

GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES



Contains the World's 7 Finest Tobaccos

30¢

Sold by your dealer. If not, send 10c for sample to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. C1.

EXTRA MONEY

for Christmas Shopping!

YOU may earn extra money for Christmas shopping and throughout the year by taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. For free supplies, *write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MARLIN FIREARMS-FAMOUS FOR FINE GUNS...OFFERS

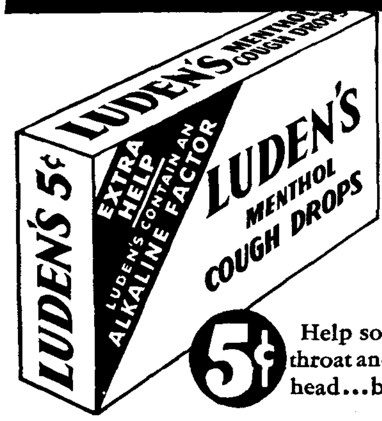
Marlin

HIGH SPEED RAZOR BLADES 20 for 25¢

Single Edge Blades 15 for 25¢

Marlin Firearms Company New Haven, Conn.

Use Luden's to contribute to your Alkaline Reserve


LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S 5¢
EXTRA HELP
LUDEN'S CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
5¢

Help soothe your throat and clear your head . . . buy Luden's.

getting shot down. I've been scared green. But that is routine, too, now, a familiar part of the existence that has come to seem orderly and usual. If you ever played football you got used to getting scared every Saturday before a game. Fear can give you an almost clairvoyant insight into things that happen in split seconds, and sometimes a kind of crazy strength.

I learned about that in my first air flight.

It happened during the winter. I climbed to 12,000 feet with the colonel's "75" after the sirens warned the field of a daylight raid, and then cruised, with the sky empty and cold and blue above me, and with the snow-covered rice paddies of the Yangtze plain white under the clouds far below. It seemed as though endless time passed before I saw, three miles ahead, the Japanese bombers flying home at 10,000 feet.

And then, a few moments after that I saw three pursuit ships flying in echelon, parallel to me, and at my altitude. They were low-wing monoplanes. I knew they must be Japanese; part of the bombing squadron's escort. My ship was also a low-wing monoplane, one of the few in the Chinese service then. I wondered if I couldn't play the Japanese for suckers. I remembered the Chinese aviator who got into formation with a Japanese squadron just at dusk one day, flew all the way to Shanghai with them and then bombed their field after they had landed.

The three ships flew tranquilly. But when I was yet a mile away from them I knew they had seen me. They banked in formation and I saw the big red rising suns on their wings. I skidded the "75" around so they could not see the blue, twelve-pointed star on mine and headed for them. Things happened at blurring speed after that. I was flying at 280 miles an hour and they almost as fast.

Then Fear Took Hold

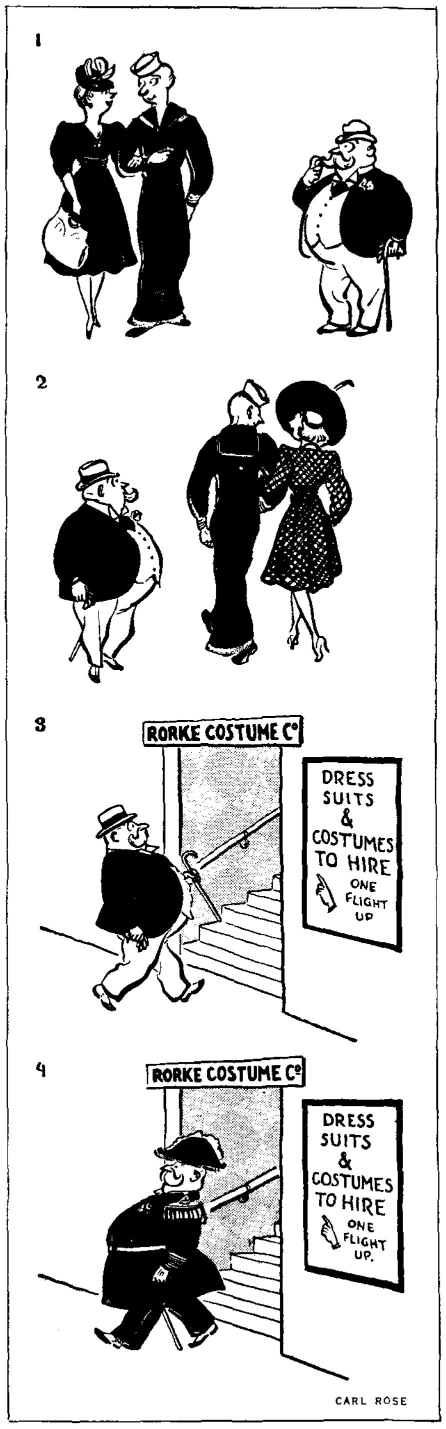
I looked through my right sight, past the bead mounted up on the fuselage, and the first Japanese airplane settled into the center. My forefinger tightened on the trigger. There were tracers loaded, one in five, in the clips on my guns and four tiny streams of flame appeared before me and drilled into the gray enemy airplane and I was calm no longer. I squeezed off another burst, and another, and the Japanese plane staggered off on a wing and the next two were in front of me. I went off in a wingover to avoid a collision and in a split second they were both on my tail.

It was then that a crazy kind of fear took possession of me and made me strong. I shoved the stick forward and threw the plane straight down into a vertical power dive. I had heard that Japanese ships would fold up if they were pulled out of dives faster than 350 miles an hour. I told myself they'd have to go faster than that to catch me. My engine was trying to tear itself out of the ship and the exhaust was pitched up to a steady scream before I saw, jerking glances over my shoulder, first one and then the other of the Japanese leveling off—giving up the chase.

I looked down. The clouds at 3,000 feet were coming up to hit me in the face. I had come down 9,000 feet in a little more than 14 seconds. I braced myself and caught a glimpse of the airspeed indicator out of the tail of my eye. It rested at 180 miles an hour—but it had already made one full revolution of the dial; had crossed the gap from 300 to zero and wound around again. I was falling at 500 miles an hour. I prepared myself for the seconds of unconsciousness that come to a pilot in a hard pull-out, prayed that my wings would stay on, and hauled back on the stick. Gravity tore at my stomach and jerked my jaw open like a broken hinge. It squeezed me down in the seat as though some giant had shoved me into it with all his weight in one, great lunging push. The blood drained out of my head but I didn't black out.

I kept waiting, helpless and dazed, like a man whose wind has been knocked out, but that wild need for escape kept me conscious. The sunlight was replaced by shadowy gray and I knew I was in the clouds and realized that the ship was flying level again and that I could straighten in the cockpit. I had blacked out at 200 miles an hour before, but that time I was scrambling for altitude and looking for the vanished enemy almost before I realized it. I don't quite understand how a human body could resist all that pressure. But it happened.

Mornings after breakfast I drive through the Settlement with one of the squadron's automobiles, picking up those who live nearest to me on the way to the field. I imagine that we are the oddest part of this odd war. We've come from a half-dozen corners of the globe to form the 14th Volunteer Bombardment Squadron. We are not members of the Chinese air force proper though the tail assemblies of our ships bear the blue and white stripes of China. We work by the day and have the privilege of walking over to the Air Ministry and saying, "I quit," any time we please. Half of us cannot talk the languages of the other half and none of us can talk


1
2
3
RORKE COSTUME Cº
DRESS SUITS & COSTUMES TO HIRE ONE FLIGHT UP
4
RORKE COSTUME Cº
DRESS SUITS & COSTUMES TO HIRE ONE FLIGHT UP.
CARL ROSE

to our Chinese machine gunners and bombardiers, but we have as much *esprit de corps* as squadrons in most regular forces.

It is early when we bump out over the field, but the damage from last night's raid is almost repaired. There are five thousand coolies—China's answer to Japan's mechanical superiority—stationed at the airport and they fill up the bomb holes as fast as the Japanese can make them.

The Russians have done a lot to help the Chinese keep ships in the air. They have sent bombers and pilots—big, well-disciplined fellows who never get more than twenty feet from their planes all day and who eye us curiously when we play baseball to pass the time away.

They have given the regular Chinese air force teeth, too, by ferrying down a lot of Russian models of the Boeing P-26, tiny little fighters that have more power than the American job and are better than anything Japan has used in this war. The Chinese air force was almost demoralized when the new airplanes arrived. Half of Madam Chiang Kai-shek's aviators had been killed in the early weeks of fighting because of inferior equipment and the raw pilots who replaced them were convinced that they had no chance against the Japanese.

They accepted the new ships without enthusiasm. They were ready to die, but not to win. Then a squadron of Japanese pursuit ships attacked a Chinese formation of Russian planes. The Chinese looped—it's the one maneuver a lot of them know—and found themselves on the tails of the Japanese ships. They shot down twelve of the fifteen Japanese and lost but two ships themselves.

They ran round the field like crazy men when they got back. They've been ready to tackle anything since, but they certainly have Buddha riding on their wings. They escape unscathed from all sorts of hair-raising landings and take-offs.

We spend most of our spare time marveling at them on a day like this.

But in the afternoon the colonel—we get our orders direct from him—calls us into the ruined hangar we use for headquarters and tells us we will fly tomorrow. Chinese troops are fighting desperately along the Whai Ho River to keep the strangle hold they have maintained on the Lunghai Railroad since the war began. The Japanese are driving north from Nanking and south from Suchow to open the line. We lean over a large-scale map and watch the colonel's pencil tracing the route to Pengpu, headquarters of the Japanese operations. We are to fly seven Vultees in a bombing raid on stores and munitions concentrated there at the railroad station.

Lucky 13

At home our servants give me a big send-off in the morning. Ho Li Ha, the cook, is a big shot because he works for a foreign aviator and he grins from ear to ear when he comes in with the eggs and toast.

"Get Jap today, master," he says, "I make ice cream."

The squadron gives me the Bronx cheer in three languages when I get to the field. The Chinese are assembling their ships at Hankow, now, and I am assigned one that was checked out only yesterday. It is the thirteenth ship assembled for the outfit and some Chinese with no regard for Occidental superstition has painted a huge 13 on its shiny new skin.

I forget about that while I lug ten hundred-pound bombs, twenty thirty-pound bombs, 450 gallons of gasoline and two machine gunners into the air. The Vultees, built for a thousand horsepower, have engines that turn up but eight-fifty. I run a mile before I get my wheels off the runway. The squadron forms in two V's and we climb to cross the mountains, flying due north along the Hankow-Peking Railroad with everything going smoothly.

But after two hours we turn east and weather begins forcing us down. We lose a thousand feet every twenty minutes. Drifting streamers of mist keep blowing over the ships and it is hard to hold formation. We follow a little river that I know must be the Kwoho, flying at only a thousand feet. It joins a larger river with miles of cultivated plain on each side. The Whai Ho. Only a few more minutes. We cross a series of walled villages—outskirts of Pengpu—with that murderous sky smothering us. There is nothing but white mist ahead and we are only three hundred feet off the rice paddies with fog wisps marching into the slip-streams like aimless armies of lost souls. Things begin to tighten up in my stomach. We'll never get into Pengpu. Up ahead the squadron leader's wings begin wagging. The bombing signal.

I look over the side. There are bright touches of flame blinking from the windows of thatch-roofed houses under my wings. We have blundered over the quarters of the Japanese reserve troops and at this altitude their rifles and machine guns may blow off our bombs or fire our gas tanks.

Muddling Through

The two V's move into echelon and then the squadron strings out into an irregular column of ships. To our left low hills loom through the mist and below us on the misted plain another village with flashing rifle fire at its windows comes rushing up. Bombs tumble from the three ships ahead of me. I let go a rack of hundred pounders—five of them—and as I pull my release the earth below me erupts with a terrific roar and the ship bucks almost out of control. Flying metal howls. I am so low that the shrapnel from the bombs of the ships ahead of me is hitting my plane. Another village rushes up and I let go two thirty pounders.

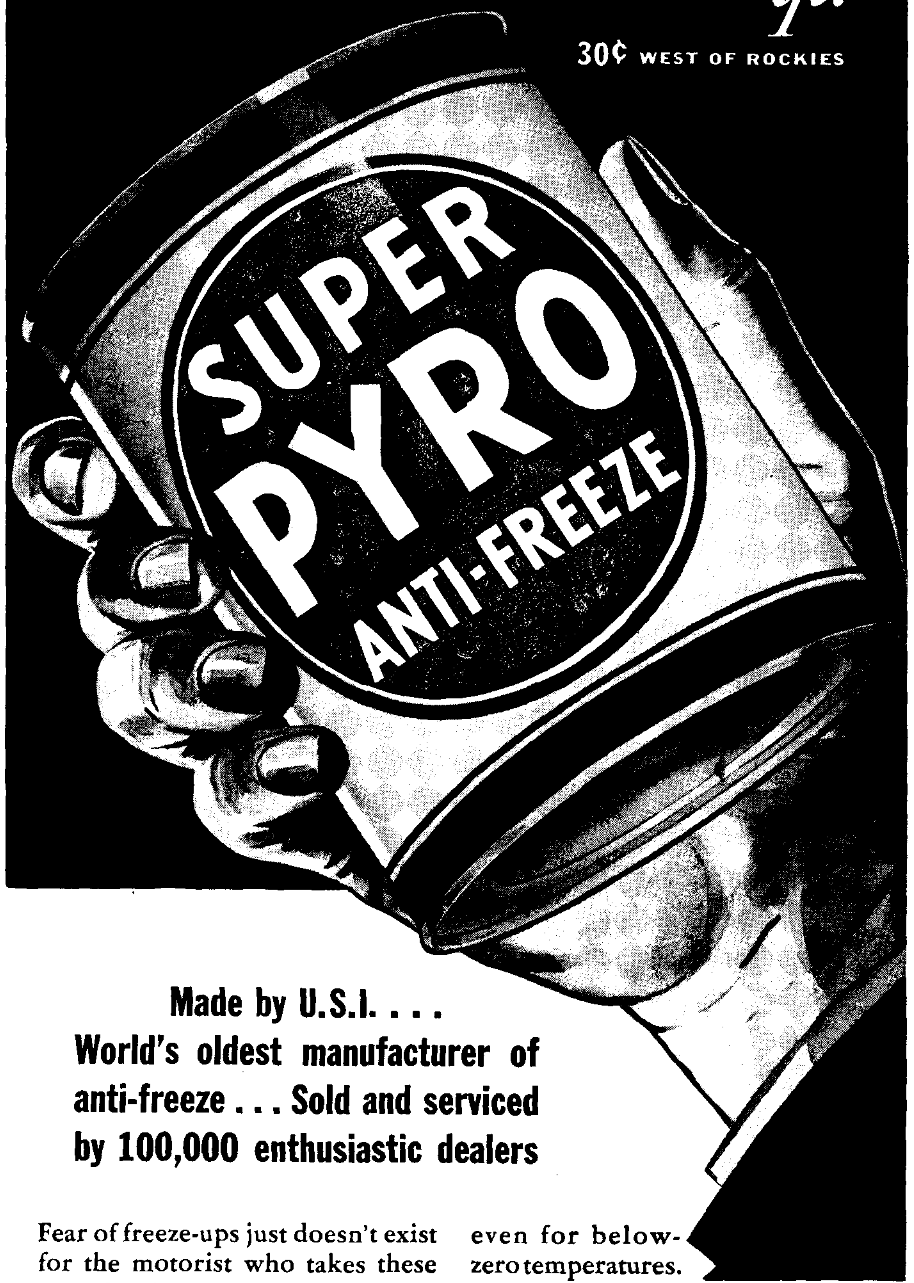
We blunder through a draw in the hills, follow the river down and circle back over the series of villages again with the ceiling still coming down. There are fires ahead, now, where the bombs have burst and hundreds of tiny soldiers are running—running and kneeling to shoot while the plain sparkles with their fire.

My machine gunners open up and the hammer of their pieces comes to me over the engine noise. Something goes "Spa-a-a-a-a-n-g!" and smoke drifts to my nostrils and the guns stop firing. My heart tries to jump out of my chest. I think a bullet has hit my gas tanks. But the ship keeps flying along and I keep dumping bombs. We swing around for a third attack and I empty the last rack and look around at my top gunner. His face is expressionless, but he's holding his leg and there is blood on his flying suit. There's nothing I can do but get him home—five hundred miles as fast I can.

They bundle my machine gunner into an ambulance at Hankow. I look under his seat. He had dropped a machine gun drum on the floor. A rifle bullet had hit it and exploded four of the bullets in it. It should have blown us off the earth. There are thirteen bullet and shrapnel holes in the ship. I get a paint bucket and cross off the number 13 and then walk into the hangar, tightened up by a taut, twanging exhaustion.

I walk back to routine. My report must be filled out. Destination . . . purpose of flight . . . type of ship. . . . Then I go home.

PEACE OF MIND
All Winter Long
FOR ONLY qt.
30¢ WEST OF ROCKIES



Made by U.S.I. . . .
World's oldest manufacturer of anti-freeze . . . Sold and serviced by 100,000 enthusiastic dealers

Fear of freeze-ups just doesn't exist for the motorist who takes these two simple precautions:

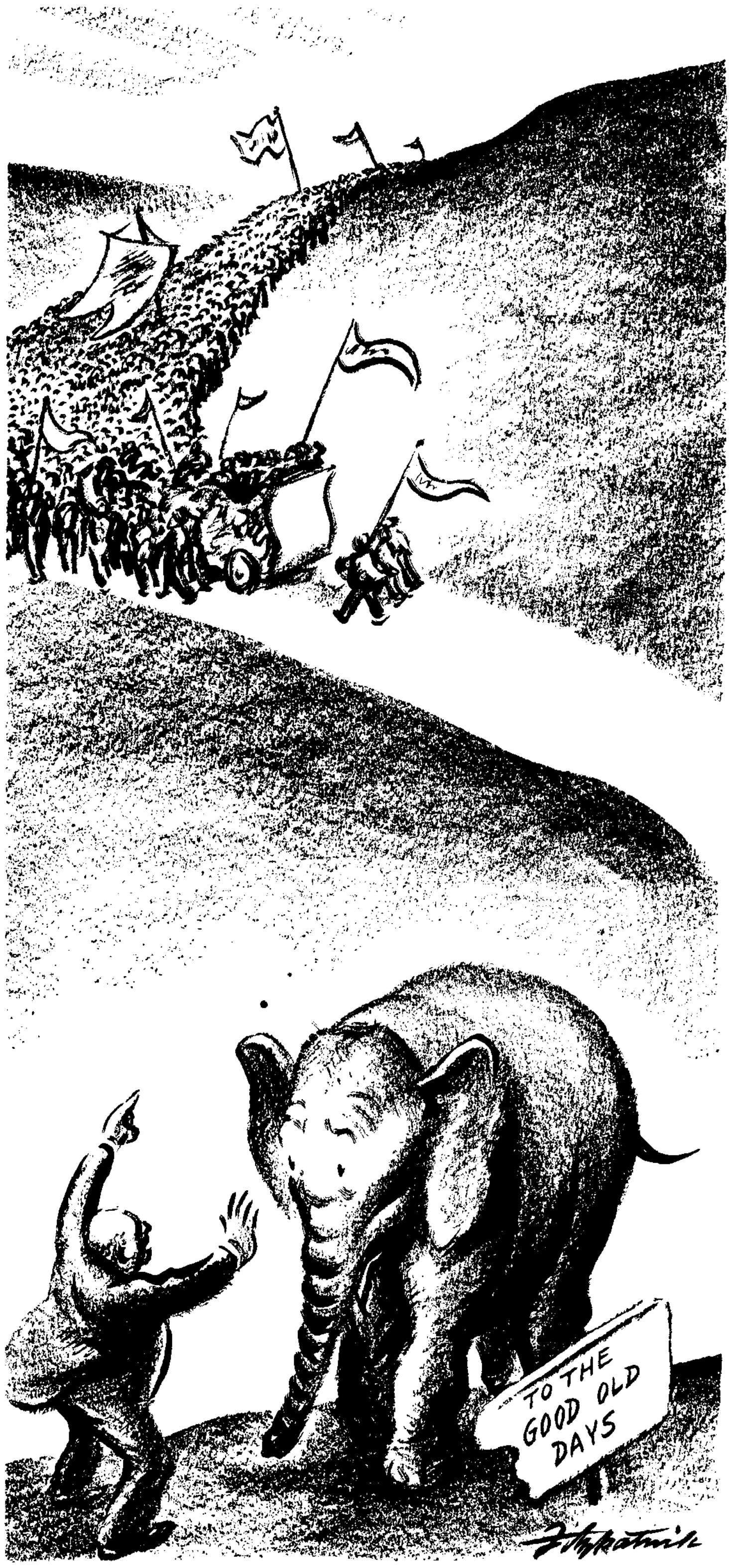
One. Don't merely say "anti-freeze." Specify Super Pyro by name. The dealer will put in the exact amount indicated by the scientific Super Pyro chart for *your* car and *your* weather. Remember, Super Pyro has saved money and worry in 15,000,000 cars, in all kinds of winter weather, all over the country.

Two. Let the dealer check your radiator when sudden cold spells are predicted. You thus get added assurance that your car is ready even for below-zero temperatures.

This is the economical way to get real peace of mind, which will enable you to use and *enjoy* your car all winter long. The cost of this *complete* and *safe* protection is only $1 a gallon. And the patented ingredients in Super Pyro give you a big *plus* value—they keep the cooling system clean and efficient by stopping all rust and corrosion.

Make sure that you get the genuine product. Look for the Super Pyro name at your favorite service station or garage, also on the small cans or large drums.

PROVED IN 15 MILLION CARS


TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS
Fitzpatrick

COLLIER'S

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

You Can't Go Back

THE big country-wide ballot splurge comes on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, as a culmination of the state-primary splurges that punctuated the summer and fall between war scares, political trials and baseball upsets.

If the less-biased advance dope is correct, the Republicans should gain from thirty to sixty seats in the House. As to that, we don't attempt to predict. There is just one political notion that we want to get off our chests at this time, and here it is:

Of all the political remarks we read or heard during the primary period, the most intelligent seemed to us to come from Bruce Barton. We say this, not because Congressman Barton (Rep., 17th N. Y. Dist.) is handsome or because he belongs to the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, from which we have accepted many a contract and hope to accept many more, or even because we've published editorials by him in this very space. We say it because we mean it.

Barton hammered through the primary season on the proposition that the Republican Old Guard's tactics have been completely haywire since 1932, and that the Republicans had better change tactics.

His main contention is that the chief New Deal changes will never be repealed, because the people like them too well—such changes as Social Security, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, bank-deposit insurance, crop control, public water-power "yardsticks." Republicans who fight to abolish these measures, says Barton, are butting their heads against a stone wall.

But, he goes on to say, many of these things are being badly run by the New Dealers; and many of the New Dealers are humanly blind enough to believe that the reforms they brought in were perfect at birth and cannot be improved. Here, according to Barton, lies the Republicans' chance.

Promise the voters, he urges, better and more economical administration of the various New Deal measures, and improvements in them when and as indicated by experience with them. Thus the Republicans, who always did have a reputation as better administrators and executives by and large than the Democrats, may some day win back to power in the national government.

It seems the plainest common sense to us; and we wish the Republican leaders would take Barton's advice to heart, even if they win 100 seats in the 1938 congressional elections.

Not that we love the Republicans more or the Democrats less. But this country's political health is good only when it has two strong parties vigorously opposing each other—and for six years, now, we have had but one strong party.

That unsafe condition will be remedied, as things look now, in one of two ways. Either the Republicans will grasp the opportunity Mr. Barton points out to them, and so stage a national comeback sooner or later; or the conservative wing of the Democratic party will get itself organized, take a new name and on some opportune election day romp off with the prize the Republicans might have captured.

We're not hotly concerned over which of these things comes to pass. But after all, the Republican party has deserved well of the Republic from time to time, and it would be a pity to see it commit suicide through the shortsightedness of die-hard leaders.

Let's See Your Credit Card

A BARBER in Nantucket was sobbing on this writer's shoulder a while ago about how often his trust was betrayed by customers who got shaves or haircuts from him on credit. It seems they have deadbeats even in New England.

"You can't ask the guy for the money beforehand," said the barber, "even if you've got a hunch he's no good. After his hair's cut, you can't put it back if he says 'Charge it. . . .' "

About this time a hard-bitten, seagoing Nantucket Islander, ruddy and strong-voiced and wearing a navy-blue flannel shirt, came into the shop. He bent an ear to the conversation for a few moments, then spoke about as follows:

"Well, I guess you fellows are talking about credit. Well, I had a notion once, and I can't get it out of my mind, and I can't figure out what would be wrong with it.

"My notion is, why shouldn't the government issue to everybody a credit card to show how good a risk each grown-up person in his or her right mind is or isn't? Revise the card once a month—punch a hole in it, maybe—and grade credit, say, in four classes.

"If your credit card showed Grade A, it would mean you were a good risk, prompt pay, and never known to beat a debt. Grade B would indicate you were good but slow pay; Grade C, anybody dealing with you had better do something ahead of time to make sure of getting paid; Grade D, very bad pay, and anybody dealing with you on credit did so strictly at his own risk.

"See what I mean?

"Of course, this credit-card system wouldn't interfere with cash deals at all; anyone who wanted to pay cash could pay it. And it ought to stop the petty chiseling our barber friend here is beefing about; and that ought to mount up into millions, maybe billions, all over the country in the course of a year.

"If it could be operated on the level, it ought to help things in a lot of ways—let merchants lower their profit margins, for instance, because they wouldn't have to allow so much for bad accounts.

"Of course, it would be a disaster, a catastrophe, for people who make a business of never paying a bill until the sheriff is sitting on the doorstep. But it ought to help the rest of us. . . ."

We pass these remarks on for what they may be worth. We don't know whether the credit-card idea as outlined by our chance acquaintance is feasible or not—a gigantic, nation-wide system of individual credit ratings. We'd like to hear some discussion.

Certainly the mechanical and physical difficulties ought not to be insurmountable, if the Social Security Board, using modern tabulating machines, can keep track of more than 30,000,000 Social Security claims and their individual accounts.

And what with the government doing so much nowadays for the handicapped part of the population, it is hard to see how anyone could justly complain if the government were asked to do something nice for those who persistently pay their debts, and who must be able to collect with reasonable regularity to remain constructive units in our economic system.

IN 8 [illegible]NDS
WHIS[illegible] [illegible]VISE
MEN [illegible] FOR
6 YEARS OLD
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

[illegible]anadian Club's rare flavor a[illegible] in the Temple of the Sun!"

[illegible] Club is as much a favorite in 87 [illegible] the world as it is here at home, [illegible] you can see how utterly *different* [illegible] any other whisky, Canadian Club is. [illegible] there are several choice Scotches, a[illegible] [illegible] ryes and bourbons — remember [illegible] Canadian Club. Stay with [illegible] Club all evening long — it's un[illegible] [illegible] in Manhattan or Old-Fashioned, [illegible] hands prefer it in highballs with [illegible] or plain. Start to **enjoy it today.**

[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible] Temple of the [illegible] local curio deal[illegible] there one night [illegible] bottle of **Canadian Club** [illegible] magnificent settin[illegible] Canadian Club, [illegible] est Roman Empire [illegible]

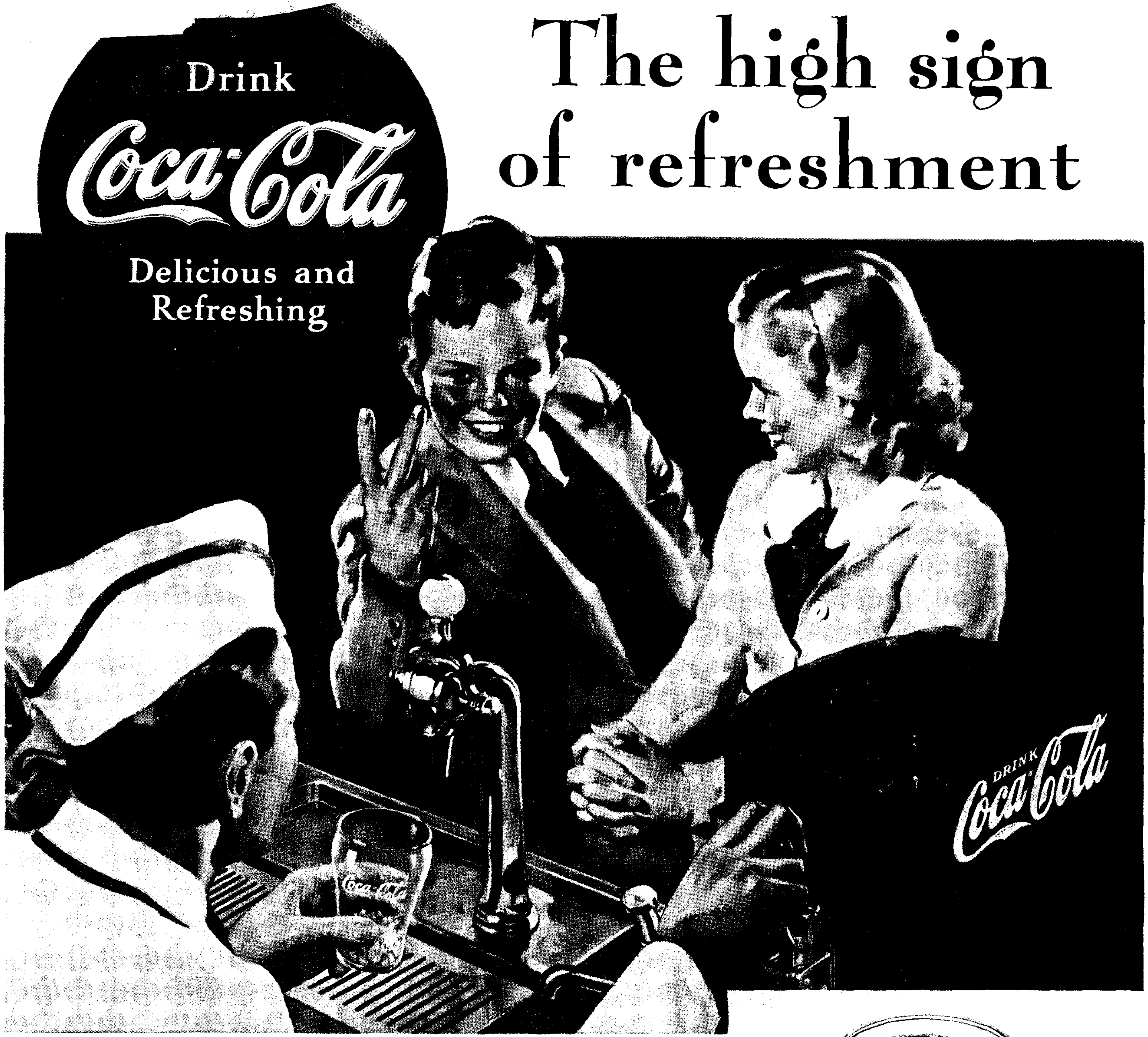
A favorite in Cocktails before
and 'Tall Ones' after dinner

Try this rare imported [illegible] The instant you taste [illegible] [illegible] hotels, bars, clubs and dealers, through[illegible] [illegible] Canadian Club Blended Canadian [illegible] This whisky is six years old. 90.4 proof.

Hiram Walker & Sons
Distilleries at Peoria, Illinois;
Walkerville, Ontario;
Glasgow, Scotland.

MRS J O MAJOR
21[illegible] S BUCKEYE
IOLA
KANS 26N38

The high sign of refreshment


Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing
DRINK Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

COPYRIGHT 1938, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

It's the refreshing thing to do . . . to pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pure refreshment does things for thirst that everybody likes. And so, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola is America's favorite moment.

GET THE *FEEL* OF REFRESHMENT
. . . AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN